PICTURESQUE EGYPT

BY

PROF. G. EBERS.

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NEW CHURCH
APR 21 1921
THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL

EGYPT:

Descriptive, Historical, and Picturesque.

MOHAMMED ALI.

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REV. T. F. WRIGHT

EGYPT:

DESCRIPTIVE, HISTORICAL AND PICTURESQUE.

BY

G. EBERS.

Translated from the Original German

BY

CLARA BELL.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

S. BIRCH, D.C.L., LL.D., F.S.A.,

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THE KHEDIVE TAWFEEK.

Preface to Vol. II.

NOW that the second volume of this work lies finished before me, and I once more glance over its contents, I feel irresistibly impelled to address a few words of explanation to the reader, for the production of such a book is a slow process, and events crowd on each other's heels in the East with a rapidity unknown in any other part of the world; they have, in fact, outstripped the publication of these pages. The man who for many lustres governed Egypt has yielded without a blow to the decisive interference of foreign powers; he has descended from his throne to set his son in his place, and has been forced to quit his home and dominions as an exile. This

hapless fate has not, indeed, fallen on an innocent man, for the recklessness with which the Khedive Ismail squandered and exhausted the enormous resources of his country led him at last to ruthlessly plundering his subjects and damaging their best interests, to a contempt for pledges that ought to have been binding, to *coups d'état*, to ignoble intrigues, to favouring worthless adventurers, and, finally, to bankruptcy and disgrace. And hardly was the tree—to use a bold image—felled to earth—the much-belauded tree, whose branches had afforded shelter and shade and a harvest to so many of the denizens of the wood—than it was deserted by all those who had been wont to resort to it with thanks and praise, and those very songsters which previously had sung it the sweetest and most flattering lays were those which now wheeled round it in its fall with the loudest shrieks and bitterest reviling. The shade it had bestowed, the fruit it had borne, all was forgotten; and the verdict of its judges was so loud and stern that, at the present time even, a thoughtful spectator of the end of the Egyptian tragedy is inclined to include the fallen potentate among those princes of the East who, living in indolence, sloth, and lavish self-indulgence, while squandering with heartless cruelty the sweat of the people's brow, pursued no aim with zeal but that of ruining themselves and their nation. It is the duty of history to lighten the tints of this dark picture of a fallen man.

In these pages much has been said of all that Egypt owes to this most extravagant of her rulers; nor need I here withdraw the due meed of praise, for even in the days of his greatest splendour and good fortune the exiled Khedive was an indefatigable administrator, and of the millions he spent, a considerable fraction was applied to really productive undertakings. Without his support the Suez Canal would have remained unfinished; he constructed numerous railways, and established telegraphic communication for long distances on the shores of the Nile and the Red Sea; his additions to the network of canals cost many thousands of pounds, as did the magnificent works in the new port of Alexandria. He devoted vast sums to the disinterment and preservation of the monuments of antiquity, and he constantly endeavoured to raise the standard of public education with patient good sense, liberal assistance, and excellent judgment, which was displayed in his choice of Dor Bey as head of the council of education. He even aided the Christian communities in Egypt by building schools and churches; and many scientific societies are indebted to him for liberal pecuniary assistance, heartily bestowed.

The frontiers of Egypt were, under him, considerably extended; forced labour was—at least nominally—remitted, and actually claimed with much greater moderation; slavery was suppressed with energy and determination—all this must not be forgotten to his credit. Many of these achievements, it is true, were certainly not

performed solely for the advance of culture and the benefit of his country, but in order to attract the eyes of Europe, and more for the advantage of his own family than that of his people; still it is indisputable that he did undertake them, and—to return to the figure of speech I have already employed, and to compare him once more to a fallen tree—these deeds were its fruit, and the exiled ruler may demand of posterity that it shall weigh and allow for them before recording judgment against him.

Great expectations have been formed of the Khedive Tawfeek, his eldest son—as of so many young heirs to a throne—and there seems to be some foundation for them, for all we learn of his private life from trustworthy witnesses, to whom the Khedive Tawfeek is well known, gives us a favourable impression of his character.

I here give the reader a short account of him, chiefly founded on information received from Pastor Transvetter, for many years the estimable and energetic minister of the German Protestant community in Cairo.

No member of the family of the Khedive Ismail has ever been less a subject of report and gossip than the heir-apparent to the throne, Tawfeek, for until within a short time he led a quiet and unobtrusive life, never appeared in public, and consequently was not sought by the ambitious or adventurous, although the succession was secured to him by the firman I have had occasion to mention. But this document was never regarded as good for much, and its execution was looked upon as extremely doubtful. Besides this, his brothers, Hasan and Huseyn, now exiled with their father, made much more display than he did, and many thought they saw in them the real successors to the throne. Many were highly displeased because Tawfeek was never sent to Europe for his education, as the others were; but in this they were wrong, since experience has shown that young Egyptians, when transplanted to the capitals of our more cultivated countries, generally lose their happiest natural gifts, and gain nothing in exchange but the knack of chattering in a few languages, a thin varnish of superficial cultivation, a taste for the dissipation and extravagance of our great cities, and indifference to religious matters. Tawfeek has been preserved from this moral poisoning; and, nevertheless, he has acquired in Egypt, from competent tutors, a really estimable store of knowledge in every department. He is a cultivated man, even in the European sense of the words, and at the same time a good Moslem. In spite of his strongly-marked Mohammedan tone of mind, he has remained singularly free from rigid fanaticism, as is proved by the circumstance that he has assumed the honorary presidency of the free schools—gratuitous, and for all denominations[1]—now existing in Cairo, and founded, for the most part,

[1] Ecoles libres, gratuites, et universelles.

by a Franciscan sisterhood. In this respect he has distinguished himself favourably from his brethren by his moderation. Perfectly content with a charming country estate, he always refused to have any splendid palace built for him, in spite of his father's reiterated desire, and was so disinclined for the society of the harem—the fertile cause of ruin to many an Oriental dynasty—that up to the present time he remains content with one wife, a woman of remarkable education for an Eastern lady, who is even equal to the duties of superintending the education of her children; and his domestic life is said to be a happy one. It follows from all this that far fewer adventurers have crowded round this reserved and domestic prince than round the former more splendid and extravagant nobles and rulers of Egypt. This speaks volumes in his favour; not less so the other fact, that he was the first of his family to put his property at the disposal of the commission for the discharge of his country's obligations, when it was necessary to find means to cover both the floating and consolidated debt. Those who know him praise the honest and frank nature which he is said to have shown also in the late change of ministry. We must hope that he will justify all this favourable augury, and that he may be so happy as to overcome all the enormous difficulties and hindrances which he will meet with on every side.

These are the last supplementary words which I desire to add to this book; and now that it lies complete before me, and I contemplate the work of my pen, I feel as though I had honestly accomplished my share of all I could venture to promise, in the publisher's name and my own, in the Preface to the First Volume. The work—though carried through at so much cost, with so much pains, and, at the same time, with so sincere a love for its subject—cannot but have defects and deficiencies; still it may, on the whole, be said that it has been successfully accomplished, since it has won the suffrages of such admirable judges of all relating to ancient Egypt as the great Lepsius, Dr. Maspéro of Paris, and Monsieur E. Naville of Geneva, and of the learned Von Kremer with reference to the modern portion.

The friendly reception accorded to it in Germany, and far beyond the frontier, is amply proved by the fact that two editions have already been called for, and that it is found worthy of translation into French, English, Italian, and Spanish.

I close my task with feelings of gratitude; and I must not omit to avail myself of this opportunity of expressing my heartfelt thanks to the admirable artists who have placed their best services at our disposal, to draw what was old and invent what was new; to the publisher, who has made great pecuniary sacrifices, and whose leading thought it has been to make this work worthy of its pretensions, and to carry the artistic portion of it to the highest pitch of perfection possible;

and, finally, to those gentlemen to whom I owe the material assistance of contributions and information. To Dr. Goldziher I owe a valuable notice of the mosque-university of El-Azhar; to Dr. Spitta of Hildesheim—known in Cairo as Spitta Bey—librarian to the Khedive, an admirable essay included in the chapter on the life of the people in Cairo; to Dr. Klunzinger, author of an interesting work on Upper Egypt,[1] some important information on the Arabian Desert, which he knows better than any one. Dr. Hommel of Munich has afforded me valuable aid in establishing an orthography for Arabic names in German; and I owe also particular acknowledgments to Professor Gnauth of Nuremberg, whose artistic knowledge and instinct has been of inestimable advantage in "delineating" the country that I have "described."[2]

With these grateful acknowledgments I close the Preface to the Second and last Volume of my work on Egypt.

GEORG EBERS.

August, 1879.

[1] "Upper Egypt: its People and Products." Blackie & Co.

[2] To these names the translator must add that of Dr. Edward Meyer, to whom she is indebted for a painstaking revisal of the orthography of Arabic names and words in English.

For the guidance of the reader, it may be said that the vowels are sounded as follows:—

A as in ant; ee as in seen; ey as in skein; i as in sin; oo as in boot; u as in put; y as in yet. G is always hard.

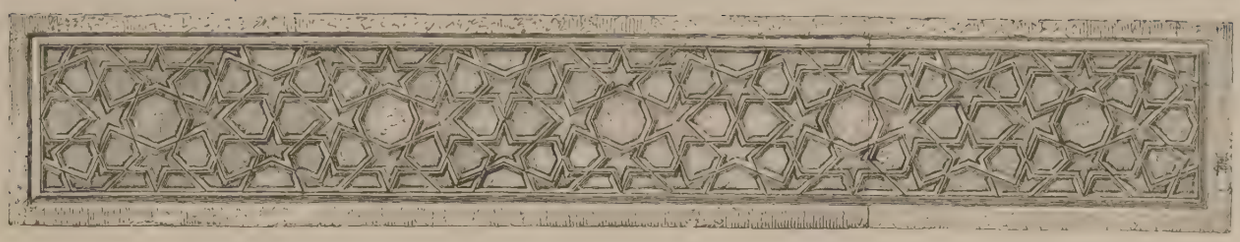


TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE REGENERATION OF EGYPT . . . . . 1—36

The French Expedition to Egypt under Napoleon (3). Battle of the Pyramids (3). General Kleber (4). The French Expelled by the English; Mohammed Ali (4). Becomes Governor of Egypt; the Massacre of the Mamelukes (6). Ibrahim Pasha Conquers the Morea (9). A Firman of Hereditary Rights is granted to Mohammed Ali in 1841 (9). The Summer Palace at Shubra (11). Character of Mohammed Ali (12). His Mosque on the Citadel (14). His Successors, Ibrahim, Abbâs, and Said, 1849—63; Ismail Pasha, 1863—79 (17). His Railways, Sugar-Factories, and Canals; the Suez Canal (19). Monsieur de Lesseps; the Opening of the Canal (20). A Voyage down it (21). The First Canal about 2,000 B.C.; Ismaeeleeyah (23). Sunset on the Ataka Range (24). The Town of Suez; the Well of Moses (25). The Passage of the Israelites (26). The Donkey Boys of Cairo (26). The Ezbekeeyeh Square (29). Château of Ghezeereh (33). Innovations, Reforms, and Extension of Commerce, under the Khedive Ismail (35).

THE RESURRECTION OF THE ANTIQUITIES OF EGYPT . . . . . 37—62

Early Notices of the Antiquities of Egypt (37). Buonaparte's Expedition; the Rosetta Stone, the Key to Hieroglyphics (38). Champollion and his Followers (39). Character of Egyptian Writing (39). Coptic; the Extent of Egyptian Literature (42). Ancient Egyptian Art; the Museum at Boolak (42). Their Plastic Art (44). Head-Shaving and Wigs (45). The Laws of Proportion in Egyptian Art (46). Images of the Gods; a Comparison between the Art of the First and of the Later Empire (47). Historical View of the Egyptian Monuments (49). Ornaments (49). The Decree of Kanopus (53). Stelæ, Sarcophagi, and other Objects relating to the Services of the Dead (54). Papyrus Rolls (57). The Book of the Dead (57). Magical Formula and Amulets (59). Medicine, Alchemy, and Astrology (61).

THE UNIVERSITY AND MOSQUE OF EL-AZHAR . . . . . 63—78

The Way to the Mosque (63). Books and Slippers; the Gate of the Barbers (64). The Interior; the Teachers and their Disciples (66). Mode of Teaching and Lecturing (67). The Character of Mohammedan Learning (71). History of the University; the Four Sects, or Rituals, of the Mohammedan Religion (73). Details as to the Foundation, &c. (75). The Life of the Students (77). Statistics of the University (78).

CAIRO: THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE . . . . . 80—132

General Account of their Customs and Manners (80). I.—The Home; Simple Exterior of the Houses (81). The Mandaras (93). The Hareem (83). The Ka'a (86). II.—Marriage (87). The Khatbeh (87). The Dowry; the Betrothal (88). Wedding Festivities (89). The Procession of the Bride (90). Festivities at the Bridegroom's House (93). His Meeting with the Bride (96). III.—Burial (97). Wailing for the Dead (97). Prayers (98). The Official Administrator (100). The Interment (102). Mohammedan Ideas as to a Future Life; Mourning Customs (103). IV.—The Birthday of the Prophet (104). Solemn Assembly in the Kadi's House to Fix the Duration of the Festival (105). Preparations for it (105). A Walk on the First Night of the Festival (107). The Religious Exercise known as a Zikr (109). Tents of the Officials and Dignitaries (112). The Dawsah, or "treading," the End of the Festival (114). V.—Ramadân and Bairam (117). Ramadân, the Month of Fasting; the Night in the Middle of Sha'aban (117). Procession to the House of the Kadi at the beginning of the Month (117). Festival of Little Bairam; Visits, Presents, and Congratulations (124). VI.—The Festival of the Pilgrimage (125). Preparation of the Kisweh, or Hangings for the Kaaba at Mecca (125). The Caravan with the Mahmal (126). The Start (127). Worship of the Mahmal (128). Festival in Commemoration of the Sacrifice of Rams at Mecca (130). The Return of the Pilgrims (131).

THE START FOR UPPER EGYPT . . . . . 133—150

Different Modes of Travelling (133). Travelling in a Nile Boat, or Dahabeeyeh; Guides and Dragomans (134). Purchasing Necessaries for the Journey (135). A Parting Glance at Street Life in Cairo (137). The Crowd in the Muskee (138). Feeding Cats; Shopping in the Sooks, or Bazaars (142). A Money-Changer (144). An Excursion to the Mokattam Range and Petrified Forest (145). Geology (146). Harbour of Boolak (148). Embarking in the Dahabeeyeh (149).

PAGE

THE TOMBS OF BENI HASAN AND THEIR TEACHINGS . . . . . 151—178

Up the Nile (169). The Quarries of Tourrah (153). Baths of Helwan; Pyramid of Meydoom (154). Excursion to the Oasis of Fayoom (155). The Labyrinth and Lake of Moeris (156). Benisuef and Gebel et Teyr; the Khedive's Sugar Plantations; Recruiting in Minceyeh (160). Zaweeyel-el-Meyteen, the Cemetery of Minceyeh (160). Bakhsheesh (161). The Rock Tombs of Beni Hasan (164). Pillars and Capitals (165). The Tombs and Pictures in them (169). Egyptian Culture during the XIth, XIIth, and XIIIth Dynasties (170). Decorative Art (175). Antinoë (178).

ON TO THEBES . . . . . 179—237

The Arabian Range and the Passage of the Straits by Aboo-Fawdah (179). The Crocodile Cave at Maabdeh (182). The Doom Palm (183). Arrival at Siout (184). Visit to the Necropolis of the Ancient City (186). Egyptian Wolves (187). Modern Siout (189). The Culture of the Shores of the Nile in Ancient and Modern times (190). The Revolt in Gow-el Kebeer in 1865 (193). Shooting Wild Ducks (193). Sohag and the Koptic Monastery (195). Monasticism in Egypt, and its Origin (196). Arrival at Girgeh (201). Divine Service in a Koptic Church (201). A Koptic House (203). Ride to the Ruins of Abydos (205). Buffaloes (206). Arabat el-Madfooneh; Earliest Migration of Asiatics into Egypt (206). This-Abydos; the Osiris Myth (207). Temple of Abydos (211). List of Kings (215). El-Khargeh and the other Oases (217). The Libyan Desert (221). Keneh (222). The Road from Keneh to the Red Sea and Koseyr; its Importance in Trade and to the Pilgrims (223). Dendera, its Great Temple of Hathor (224). Its Architecture (227). Festivals (230). Worship, Pictures (231), and Inscriptions (232).

THEBES . . . . . 239—304

Arrival at Luksor; Move from the Dahabeeyeh to a Rock-Tomb at Abd-el-Kurnah (239). Our Neighbours; the Fellaheen (240). The Extent of Ancient Thebes (242). The Necropolis, with its Graves and Temples (244). History of Thebes and its Builders (245). Amon Ra (247). Mausoleum of Queen Hatasu (251). The Memnonia of the Pharaohs (254). Egyptian Trade with the Tait, called Pun-t (257). Thothmes III., his Wars and his Buildings (260). Civilisation in Western Asia in his time (263). Pharaoh Amenophis III. (266). Temple of Luksor (269). Statues of Memnon (271). Amenophis IV., or Khu-en-Aten (274). Hor-em-Heb, or Horus (274). The Ramesside Kings and Temple at Karnak (275). House of Seti (277). Rameses II. (278). The Ramesseum (280). The Literature of his Age (283). His other Buildings; Rock Temple at Aboo Simbel (284). Menephtah and his Successors; Rameses III.; Medinet Haboo (286). Alliance of the Nations of the Mediterranean against Rameses III. (289). Coronation and "Feast of Stops" (290). Wealth and Splendour of Rameses III. (293). Excursion to the Kings' Tombs (294). The Tomb of Seti, or Belzoni's Tomb (300). Tomb of Rameses III. (300). Tomb of Rameses VI. (301). History of the XXIst and XXIInd Dynasties (Bubastides), and of the Æthiopian Dynasty which succeeded to them (302). Latest History of Thebes, and its ultimate Decay (303).

FROM THEBES TO THE CATARACT . . . . . 305—375

Hermonthis (306). Esneh and the Village of el-Kab (307). Ruins of the Hall of Columns (308). Singers and Dancers of Esneh (311). Almâs, a Famous Singer (314). Across the Nile to el-Kab, the Ancient Nekheb (317). The Eastern Range; the Tombs of el-Kab (318). The Moon-Goddess, Nekheb, and her Worship (320). On to Edfoo (321). Temple of Horus (323). Strife between Horus and Seth-Typhon (325). Gebel Silsileh (329). The Stelae, with Hymns to the Nile (331). The Tribe of Ababdeh (331). Geological and Physical Character of the Range, on the Eastern Side, dividing the Arabian Desert and Nile Valley in the East (333). Ancient Roads and Passes to the Red Sea, and thence to Arabia and India; Wadee Hamamat (Rohanu); Quarries there (335). Emerald and Gold Mines (339). Inhabitants of the Desert (341). The Nubian Nile: Kom Omboo (343). The Ancient Nubi (343). Assouan (346). The Scenery near Assouan, the Ancient Syene (346). The Shadowless Well (349). The Modern Town and its Inhabitants (351). Island of Elephantine (352). Its Southern Declivity (353). Tombs and Mausoleums in the Desert (354). Syenite and the Ancient Granite Quarries (356). Ancient Wall of Bricks (357). Philae and the First Cataract (359). Villages of Shellal and Mahada; Islands of the Cataract (362). Philae and its Charm (363). Worship of Isis (364). Buildings and Temples (364). Island of Bigeh (374). Conclusion (375).

List of Artists Employed in this Volume.

BERNINGER, E.
BRUNE, E.
BURGER, Ludwig.
DILLON, Frank.
FIEDLER, Bernhard.
FRÈRE, Th.
GENTZ, Wilhelm.
GENTZ, Ismael.
De GIRONDE.
HECHT, Wilhelm.
HILDEBRANDT, Edward.
HOFELICH, L.
HUBER, C. Rudolf.
JERICHAU-BAUMANN.
KÖRNER, Ernst.
KRETZSCHMER, Herm.
KÜHN, Gustav.
LENBACH, Franz.
LORIE, Victor.
MACHYTKA, Hans.
MAKART, Hans.
MÜLLER, Leop. Carl.
NEUBERT, L.
PORTAELS, J.
RAMSTHAL, August.
RICHTER, Gustav.
SCHMORANZ, F.
SCHÖNN, Alois.
SEEL, Adolf.
STRASSBERGER, B.
SWOBODA, R.
TADEMA, L. Alma.
WEIDENBACH, E.
WELSCH, F. C.
WERNER, Carl.

List of Illustrations.

			PAGE
Mohammed Ali	By J. F. Portaels		*Frontispiece*
The Khedive Tawfeek	„ G. Kühn		v
Ornament from a Koran of the time of Scha'aban (from a MS. in the Vice-regal Library at Cairo	„ R. Huthsteimer	*To face p.*	1
A Mameluke in Full Armour	„ Wilhelm Gentz		2
Near Gizeh, between the Nile and the Pyramids	„ Ernst Körner		3
Statue of General Kleber at Strasburg	„ Gustav Kühn		4
Albanian Mercenaries	„ Wilhelm Gentz		5
The Mameluke's Leap	„ C. Rudolf Huber		7
Scene of the Mameluke's Leap	„ Ernst Körner		8
A Gardener's Boy	„ Leopold Carl Müller		9
The Avenue at Shoobra	„ C. Rudolf Huber		10
Pavilion in the Garden of Shoobra	„ B. Strassberger		11
The Dam of the Nile, called the Barrage	„ B. Strassberger		13
Court of the Mosque of Mohammed Ali in the Citadel	„ B. Strassberger		14
Chamber in the Mustaffir Khana, in which the Ex-Khedive Ismail was born	„ Adolf Gnauth		15
The Citadel of Cairo, from the Nile	„ Ernst Körner		16
The Egyptian Boys' Sugar-stick	„ Leopold Carl Müller		17
Telegraph Wires in the Desert	„ Wilhelm Gentz		18
Portrait of Monsieur de Lesseps	„ Gustav Kühn		19
Among the Reeds by the River	„ F. C. Welsch		20
The "Suez Canal" of Seti I. (from a Bas-Relief on the North Wall of the Temple of Karnak, Thebes)	„ B. Strassberger		21
Farm at Ismaileeyeh	„ F. C. Welsch		21
The Ataka Mountains	„ Ernst Körner		22
Street in Suez	„ F. C. Welsch		23
Arab Shoeblacks	„ Leopold Carl Müller		24
The Well of Moses	„ F. C. Welsch		26
Donkey Boys and Foreigners	„ C. Rudolf Huber		27
Shephard's Hotel	„ B. Strassberger		28
The Trespasser Punished	„ C. Rudolf Huber		28
Hasan the Donkey Boy	„ Gustav Richter		29
Mohammed Selim, Kawass of the Austrian Consulate	„ Herm. Kretzschmer		30
Old Aqueduct	„ Bernhard Fiedler		31
The Chateau of Ghezeereh	„ B. Strassberger		32

		PAGE
Kiosk in the Château of Ghezeereh	By B. Strassberger	35
The Khedive Ismail's Country Drive	„ C. Rudolf Huber	34
View on the Suez Canal	„ Adolf Gnauth	36
Slave Market	„ H. Kretzschmer	*To face p.* 36
Ancient Egyptian Necklace	„ Adolf Gnauth	37
Sacrificial Vessel of Bronze	„ Adolf Gnauth	37
François Champollion	„ Gustav Kühn	39
Court of the Museum of Antiquities at Boolak	„ Wilhelm Gentz	40
The Sheykh-el-Beled	„ B. Strassberger	42
Wooden Statue from Sakkarah	„ August Ramsthal	43
A Married Couple, Ra-hotep and the Lady Nefert, from Medoum	„ August Ramsthal	43
Shaving Small Boys in Cairo	„ Wilhelm Gentz	44
Old Egyptian Lady's Wig in the British Museum	„ B. Strassberger	47
Wood Carving in Relief from Sakkarah	„ B. Strassberger	48
Representation of Geese in Relief from Sakkarah	„ Adolf Gnauth	48
Lion, in Bronze	„ B. Strassberger	48
Old Egyptian Representation of the Making of Two Statues and a Sphinx	„ Weidenbach	49
Amon and Osiris	„ August Ramsthal	49
Composite Figure of the Later Empire	„ B. Strassberger	49
Portraits from Likenesses of the Times of the Pharaohs	„ Ludwig Burger	50
War Axe and Dagger of the Queen Aah-hotep	„ Weidenbach	51
Gold Boat with Silver Rowers	„ B. Strassberger	52
Meneptah	„ August Ramsthal	52
Ra-hotep	„ August Ramsthal	52
Head of Taharka, the Ethiopian	„ August Ramsthal	53
The Queen Ameniritis	„ August Ramsthal	53
Hathor, as a Cow	„ August Ramsthal	54
Isis	„ August Ramsthal	54
Osiris	„ August Ramsthal	54
A Mummy Case	„ August Ramsthal	55
Toilet Vases	„ August Ramsthal	55
Kanopus (Sepulchral) Vase, with Human Head	„ August Ramsthal	55
Ointment Vase, with Monkey	„ B. Strassberger	56
Necklace with Scarabæus (Title of Thothmes III.)	„ August Ramsthal	56
Box and Board for Draughts	„ B. Strassberger	56
Shebti, or Sepulchral Figure	„ B. Strassberger	56
Mummied Ibis	„ B. Strassberger	56
Ibis	„ B. Strassberger	57
Thoth and Safekh (Goddess of History) writing the Name of Rameses II. on the Fruit of the Persea	„ B. Strassberger	57
Palettes	„ B. Strassberger	57
Representation of the Egyptian Judgment of the Dead	„ E. Weidenbach	58
Horus on the Crocodiles	„ August Ramsthal	59
Chiromancy	„ Leopold Carl Müller	60
Portrait, Statue, and Relief of Amenophis IV.	„ Ludwig Burger	61
Banks of the Nile	„ A. de Bar.	62
Entrance to the Khan el Khalil	„ Carl Werner	*To face p.* 62
An Ornament from the Title-page of a MS. of the Koran in the Viceregal Library, Cairo	„ H. F. Baldinger	63
Initial Letter "I." From the same	„ G. Theuerkauf	63
Public Letter Writers	„ C. Rudolf Huber	64
Gate of Pottage, Mosque of el-Azhar	„ Carl Werner	65

			PAGE
Ornament of the Title-page of an old MS. of the Koran in the Library of the Viceroy, Cairo	By	H. F. Baldinger	66
A Learned Cairene	„	Aloïs Schönn	67
Lecture in the Mosque of el-Azhar	„	Carl Werner	68
Mosque of Werdanee	„	Adolf Gnauth	70
Title-page of a MS. of the Koran of the time of Sultan el-Moyad (A.D. 1412—1421), in the Viceregal Library of Cairo	„	F. Reiss	72
Title-page of a MS. of the Koran of the time of Sultan Sha'aban (A.D. 1366—1377), in the Viceregal Library of Cairo	„	H. F. Baldinger	74
Recess in the Ka'a of the Sheykh el-Mahdee	„	Frank Dillon	76
Mandara of the Muftee (Sheykh el-Mahdee)	„	Frank Dillon	79
Aïsha	„	Gustav Richter and Adolf Gnauth	80
Well of a House	„	Leopold Carl Müller	81
Elephant Over the Door of a House	„	C. Rudolf Huber	82
Open Hall in an Old Mameluke Palace at Cairo	„	Frank Dillon	82
Plan of an Arab House in Cairo	„	Adolf Gnauth	83
Ka'ah in the Harem of Sheykh Sadat	„	Frank Dillon	84
Mr. Frank Dillon's Studio	„	August Ramsthal	85
Father's Darling	„	Ismael Gentz	86
The Khatbeh	„	Ismael Gentz	88
Cairene Maiden	„	Leopold Carl Müller	89
Entrance to a Bath for Women	„	Leopold Carl Müller	90
Pastime in the Harem	„	De Gironde	91
Bridal Procession	„	Wilhelm Gentz	92
A Water Carrier	„	Gustav Richter	93
Arab Metal Utensils	„	Adolf Gnauth	93
Interior of an Eastern Bath	„	Adolf Seel	*To face p.* 94
Aïsha's Younger Sister	„	Gustav Richter	94
Street in Cairo	„	Bernhard Fiedler	95
Lamentation for the Dead (Ancient Egyptian)	„	August Ramsthal	97
Lane in Cairo	„	Carl Werner	98
Bewailing the Dead	„	Wilhelm Gentz	99
Funeral Procession	„	Wilhelm Gentz	100
Blind Singers, from the Representation of an Old Egyptian Tomb	„	August Ramsthal	101
Female Mourners, from a Representation in the Grave of Ptah-hotep at Thebes	„	August Ramsthal	101
A Street and Mosque	„	Carl Werner	102
Distribution of Dates in a Cemetery at Cairo	„	Wilhelm Gentz	*To face p.* 103
Court and House of the Kadi	„	Frank Dillon	104
Snake Charmer	„	Herm. Kretzschmer	105
A Lady of Rank Driving Out after Sunset	„	C. Rudolf Huber	106
Sais	„	Gustav Richter	108
Father and Son	„	Leopold Carl Müller	109
Zikr with Inclinations	„	C. Rudolf Huber	110
Zikr with Whirls	„	C. Rudolf Huber	111
Dervish Eating Scorpions	„	Wilhelm Gentz	112
Tent of a Dignitary	„	Wilhelm Gentz	113
The Dawsah or Treading	„	C. Rudolf Huber	115
The Night of the Ramadan—The Hour of Prayer	„	Wilhelm Gentz	118
The Watchers	„	Franz Lenbach	119
The Mesahhar	„	Ismael Gentz	120

			PAGE
An Eating House	By	Bernhard Fiedler	121
Arabian Pantry	,,	Carl Werner	122
A Provincial Coffee House	,,	Herm. Kretzschmer	123
The Pilgrims' Place of Meeting	,,	Leopold Carl Müller	126
A Family and their Guests Waiting for the Mahmal	,,	Wilhelm Gentz	129
The Return of the Pilgrims	,,	Leopold Carl Müller	129
Suburb at the Bab-en-Nasr	,,	Bernhard Fiedler	130
Waiting for the Pilgrim Ship near Suez	,,	Wilhelm Gentz	131
Cairene Milkman	,,	C. Rudolf Huber	136
Jewish Money Changer	,,	C. Rudolf Huber	137
Orange Seller	,,	Leopold Carl Müller	137
A Jew of Cairo	,,	Ismael Gentz	140
Cobbler	,,	C. Rudolf Huber	141
Itinerant Dealer	,,	Wilhelm Hecht	142
The First Camel Ride	,,	C. Rudolf Huber	143
The Road to the Petrified Forest	,,	Bernhard Fiedler	144
Petrified Wood	,,	B. Strassberger	145
Fossil Shell Fish	,,	B. Strassberger	145
Limestone with Shells	,,	B. Strassberger	145
Window near Cairo	,,	C. Rudolf Huber	146
Harbour of Boolak	,,	Wilhelm Gentz	147
Abyssinian Slave Girl	,,	Wilhelm Gentz	150
Ahmed-Aboo Nabboot, the Dragoman	,,	Gustav Richter *To face p.*	150
The Tombs of Beni Hasan	,,	Bernhard Fiedler	151
Cairo from the Left Bank of the Nile	,,	Ernst Körner	152
Tourah	,,	Ernst Körner	153
The Pyramid of Meydoom	,,	Weidenbach	154
Ruins of the Labyrinth and its Pyramid	,,	B. Strassberger	155
Flour Dealing at Beni Suef	,,	Leopold Carl Müller	156
Sugar Cane Harvest	,,	E. Berninger	157
A Bath House	,,	E. Berninger	158
Gebel el Teyr	,,	Wilhelm Gentz *To face p.*	158
Recruiting under Mohammed Ali	,,	Wilhelm Gentz	159
A Fellah Ploughing	,,	C. Rudolf Huber	161
Entrance of Tomb at Beni Hasan	,,	Bernhard Fiedler	162
The Valley of the Nile at Beni Hasan	,,	Ernst Körner	163
Polygonal Columns at Beni Hasan	,,	B. Strassberger	165
Lotos Column	,,	B. Strassberger	165
Calix Column at the Ramesseum	,,	B. Strassberger	165
Papyrus Column	,,	B. Strassberger	165
Plant Type Capital	,,	B. Strassberger	166
Portico of the Tomb of the Monarch Ameni at Beni Hasan	,,	Bernhard Fiedler	166
Colonnade from Medamot at Thebes	,,	Carl Werner	167
Herd of Cattle brought before their Owner. (From an Egyptian Tomb)	,,	August Ramsthal	169
Semites entering into the Nome of Mah	,,	E. Weidenbach	170
Hoeing of the Soil, Ploughing, and Reaping with the Sickle	,,	E. Weidenbach	171
Women Weaving and Washing, with their Overseers	,,	E. Weidenbach	171
Mural Ornaments from an Old Egyptian Sepulchral Chamber	,,	B. Strassberger	172
Coloured Mural Ornament from a Grave at Sakkarah	,,	B. Strassberger	173
Sculptured Pillar from the Temple of Karnak	,,	B. Strassberger	173
Playing at Ball	,,	Weidenbach	174

			PAGE
Valley of the Speos Artemidos	By	Ernst Körner	175
The Grotto of Artemis (Speos Artemidos)	„	B. Strassberger	177
Head of Antinous	„	Ludwig Burger	178
Crocodiles Napping	„	C. Rudolf Huber	179
Eagle and Jackals	„	F. C. Welsch	179
Manfaloot	„	Bernhard Fiedler	180
Gebel Aboo Fawdah	„	Ernst Körner	181
Crocodile over Door of a House	„	Leopold Carl Müller	182
Date and Doom Palms	„	Ernst Körner	183
A Court at Siout	„	Carl Werner	184
Before the Gates of the Town	„	Bernhard Fiedler	185
Egyptian Wolf (Deeb)	„	C. Rudolf Huber	186
Siout	„	F. C. Welsch	187
Midday Prayer in Siout	„	Wilhelm Gentz	188
Threshing Sled	„	C. Rudolf Huber	189
Village in Upper Egypt	„	Wilhelm Gentz *To face p.*	190
Young Wife of a Fellah	„	C. Rudolf Huber	191
Palm and Sycamore—Thinnest and thickest of the Trees of the Nile Valley	„	Wilhelm Gentz	192
A Seller of Turkeys	„	Hans Makart *To face p.*	192
Fellah Baby and its Watcher	„	Wilhelm Gentz	193
Heads of Rebels	„	Wilhelm Gentz	194
Sohag	„	Ernst Körner	195
Deserted Koptic Monastery near Assouan	„	Bernhard Fiedler	196
Girgeh	„	F. C. Welsch	198
Writing Room at Gizeh	„	Carl Werner	199
Koptic Woman	„	Gustav Richter	200
Interior of a Koptic Church	„	Bernhard Fiedler	201
Riding Ass	„	Edward Hildebrandt	203
Pigeons Drinking	„	Wilhelm Gentz	203
Buffaloes Watered in the Nile	„	Wilhelm Gentz	204
Rubbish Bearer	„	Gustav Richter	205
Isis, Osiris, and Horus	„	Weidenbach	207
Great Hall of Abydos	„	Weidenbach	208
Bank of the Nile in the Neighbourhood of Abydos	„	Carl Werner	209
Plan of the Temple of Osiris	„	Weidenbach	210
Seti I. offering Incense and a Libation	„	B. Strassberger	211
Forecourt with Pillars of the Temple at Abydos	„	B. Strassberger	212
Table of Kings at Abydos	„	Weidenbach	213
Camel Market	„	Leopold Carl Müller	214
Group of Gazelles	„	C. Rudolf Huber	215
A Spring in the Desert	„	E. Berninger	216
The Mirage	„	E. Berninger	217
Hoo	„	Th. Frere	218
Fellaheen Riding to Market	„	C. Rudolf Huber	219
A Gipsy Tent	„	Leopold Carl Müller	221
A Seller of Pottery	„	Jerichau-Baumann	222
Fellah Ferry between Keneh and Dendera	„	C. Rudolf Huber	223
Landed Proprietor Returning from a Pilgrimage	„	C. Rudolf Huber *To face p.*	223
Ground Plan of Dendera	„	Weidenbach	225
Ground Plan of Edfoo	„	Weidenbach	225
Gate with Propylon	„	Weidenbach	225

			PAGE
Propylon at Dendera	By	Bernhard Fiedler	225
Great Court of Heaven, Dendera	„	Bernhard Fiedler	226
Mamisi, or Place of Birth of Dendera	„	Bernhard Fiedler	229
Sistrum	„	Weidenbach	231
Cleopatra, from a Greek Coin	„	F. C. Welsch	232
Cleopatra, from an Egyptian Representation	„	F. C. Welsch	232
Cleopatra	„	Hans Makart	233
Lion of Dendera	„	B. Strassberger	235
Figures from an Egyptian List of Districts or Nomes	„	Weidenbach	236
A Water Wheel	„	Herm. Kretzschmer	237
Koornah	„	Bernhard Fiedler	238
The Nile near Thebes	„	Edward Hildebrandt	239
Donkey Boys of Thebes	„	F. C. Welsch	240
The Street Door Key of the Fellaheen	„	Leopold Carl Müller	240
Village Dogs	„	C. Rudolf Huber	241
Mohammed, a Boy of Abd-el-Kurnah	„	Gustav Richter	242
Tourists	„	C. Rudolf Huber	243
Grand Plan of the Principal Group of the Great Temple of Karnak	„	B. Strassberger	245
Transport of Stone	„	C. Rudolf Huber	246
Sanctuary in the Great Temple of Karnak	„	B. Strassberger	246
The Horse in the Heat of Battle	„	August Ramsthal	247
Four-horse Chariot of a Private Person, from Abd-el-Kurnah	„	August Ramsthal	247
The Obelisks in the Oldest Part of Karnak	„	B. Strassberger	248
Seal of Thothmes II.	„	B. Strassberger	248
Christian Tower at Deyr-el-Bahree	„	Ernst Körner	249
Old Egyptian Representation of a Party	„	B. Strassberger	250
The Last Honours	„	Alma Tadema	*To face p.* 250
Ancient Egyptian Dancing Girl	„	Hans Makart	251
Dependants bringing in the Produce of the Land	„	August Ramsthal	252
Temple of Deyr-el-Bahree (Imaginary Restoration)	„	E. Brune	253
Ship of Hatasu Laden with Produce from Pun-t	„	Weidenbach	254
Fish of the Red Sea, from the Deyr-el-Bahree	„	Weidenbach	255
Huts Built on Piles in Pun-t	„	Weidenbach	255
A Fellah Woman of Karnak	„	Gustav Richter	256
Inverted Calix Capital	„	B. Strassberger	257
The South Pylon and Sacred Lake of Karnak	„	Bernhard Fiedler	257
Prisoners of War engaged on the Buildings of Thothmes III.	„	Weidenbach	258
Finger Ring	„	August Ramsthal	259
Earrings	„	August Ramsthal	259
A Tray for Rings	„	B. Strassberger	259
Mirror	„	August Ramsthal	259
Comb	„	August Ramsthal	259
Piece of a Corselet with Plate Armour	„	August Ramsthal	259
Ruins of the Temple of Amada in Nubia	„	L. Neubert	261
A Dealer in Antiquities on the Road from Luksor to Karnak	„	Carl Werner	262
Congress of Cats in the Sun	„	Wilhelm Gentz	263
The French Quarter in the Temple of Luksor	„	Bernhard Fiedler	264
Christian Place of Worship in the Temple of Luksor	„	Bernhard Fiedler	265
Nursery for Chickens and Children in the Ruins of Luksor	„	Herm. Kretzschmer	266
Figures of Sekhet at the Temple of Mut, Karnak	„	Carl Werner	*To face p.* 267
The Statue of Memnon and its Companion at the time of High Nile	„	L. Hofelich	268

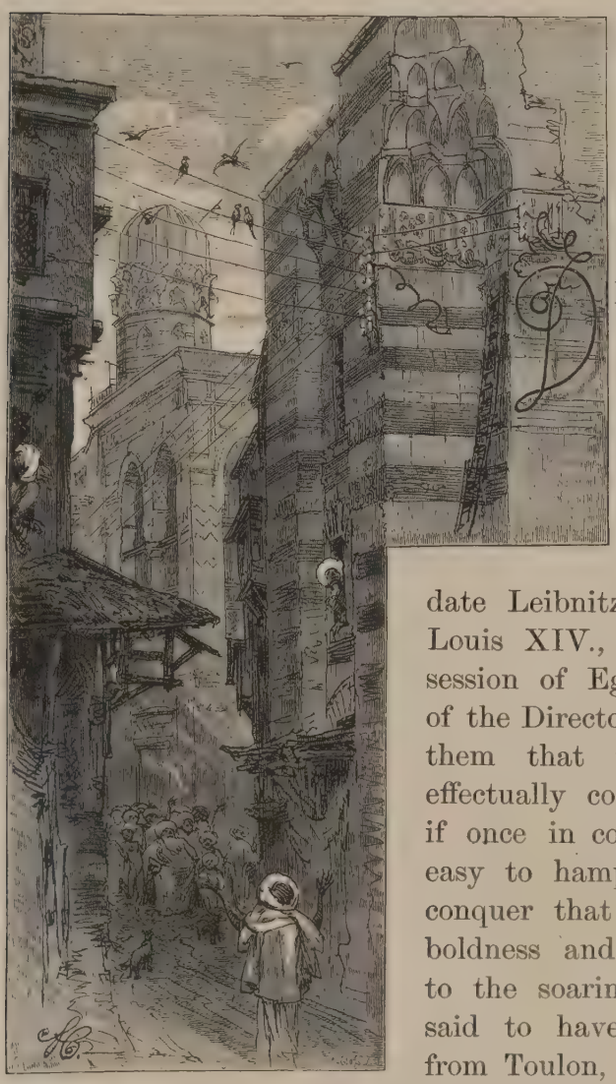
			PAGE
Statue of Amenophis IV., Khuenaten	By	August Ramsthal	270
Sphinx at Karnak	„	Bernhard Fiedler	271
Great Hall of Pillars at Karnak	„	Bernhard Fiedler	273
Queen Tuaa	„	Ludwig Burger	274
Forecourt and Entrance of the House of Seti (Temple of Kurnah)	„	Bernhard Fiedler	276
Plan of the Ramesseum	„	L. Neubert	277
Ruins of the Ramesseum	„	L. Neubert	278
A Battle, from the Ramesseum	„	Weidenbach	279
Bust, from the Ramesseum	„	August Ramsthal	279
Pylons and Obelisk of Rameses II. at Luksor	„	Bernhard Fiedler	280
Head of Queen Aahmes Nefertari, from Aboo Simbel	„	Wilhelm Gentz	281
Village of Karnak	„	C. Rudolf Huber	282
Plan of the Temple of Medinet Haboo	„	E. Weidenbach	284
Interior of the so-called Pavilion in the Temple of Medinet Haboo	„	Carl Werner	285
Court with Remains of a Christian Church at Medinet Haboo	„	Carl Werner	*To face p.* 287
Snake Charmer in the Second Court of Medinet Haboo	„	Wilhelm Gentz	288
Begging Dervish	„	C. Rudolf Huber	290
Egyptian Bats	„	August Ramsthal	290
A Water Carrier from Abd-el-Kurnah	„	Bernhard Fiedler	291
Entrance to the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings	„	Carl Werner	292
Entrance of a King's Tomb in Biban-el-Mulook	„	Bernhard Fiedler	293
Plan of the Tomb of Seti I.	„	Weidenbach	294
Menephtah	„	Ludwig Burger	295
Arm-chairs (represented in the Tomb of Rameses III.)	„	B. Strassberger	296
Sarcophagus in the Tomb of Rameses VI.	„	Bernhard Fiedler	296
Sheshank (Shishak) Holding his Enemies by the Hair (from the Hall of the Bubastides)	„	Weidenbach	297
Column in the Great Court of Karnak	„	Bernhard Fiedler	298
Interior of the so-called Temple of Ape-t at Karnak	„	Carl Werner	299
Shepherd at Karnak	„	Ernst Körner	301
Voyage to the Nekropolis	„	Ludwig Burger	304
A Nile Landscape	„	Bernhard Fiedler	305
Huts of Fellaheen Roofed with Pots	„	Wilhelm Gentz	305
Temple of Hermonthis	„	Bernhard Fiedler	306
Dog, at Erment	„	Carl Rudolf Huber	307
Boy, at Esneh	„	Gustav Richter	307
In the Bazaar of Esneh	„	F. C. Welsch	308
Pillared Hall of Esneh	„	Carl Werner	309
Market at Esneh	„	Carl Werner	310
Village Dancers	„	C. Rudolf Huber	311
Almâs, a Distinguished Singer	„	Victor Lorie	312
Dance in the Ruins of Karnak	„	J. F. Portaels	313
Village Musicians	„	Gustav Richter	315
A Swing	„	R. Swoboda	316
A Tilt, or Roundabout	„	R. Swoboda	316
Fellah Boy from el-Kab	„	Gustav Richter	317
Fellaheen at Meals	„	C. Rudolf Huber	318
Fellah of el-Kab	„	Gustav Richter	319
Tomb of a Sheykh	„	F. C. Welsch	320
Coin of Berenike	„	Ludwig Burger	321
Plan of Edfoo	„	Weidenbach	321
Temple of Edfoo	„	Carl Werner	322

			PAGE
Egyptian Sparrow-Hawk	By	August Ramsthal	324
Winged Solar Disc	„	August Ramsthal	325
Old Egyptian Musicians	„	August Ramsthal	325
Reading the Koran in an Ancient Temple	„	Wilhelm Gentz	326
Corn Barge	„	C. Rudolf Huber	327
Gipsy Woman of Ghawazee	„	Gustav Richter	328
The Nile Tablets at Gebel Silsileh	„	Bernhard Fiedler	330
The Narrowest Part of the River at Gebel Silsileh	„	Gustav Richter	330
Fellah Woman	„	Gustav Richter	332
Acacia of the Desert (Acacia Seyal)	„	B. Strassberger	333
Gazelles	„	Leopold Carl Müller	333
On the Shores of the Red Sea	„	Ernst Körner *To face p.*	334
Transport of a Colossus, from a Tomb at el Bersheh	„	Weidenbach	335
Camel Rider	„	Gustav Richter	336
The Camel and its Double	„	Leopold Carl Müller	337
Village near Assouan, on the Border of the Desert	„	Bernhard Fiedler	338
Ababdeh Arab	„	Gustav Richter	339
On the Bank of the Nile	„	F. C. Welsch	340
Going to fetch Water	„	Bernhard Fiedler	341
Temple of Kom Omboo	„	Carl Werner *To face p.*	343
Coin of Cleopatra Tryphaena	„	Ludwig Burger	343
Bank of the Nile at Kom Omboo	„	Ed. Hildebrandt	343
Port of Assouan	„	Bernhard Fiedler	344
Flower Spray of the Date Palm	„	B. Strassberger	346
Bazaar at Assouan	„	Bernhard Fiedler	347
Hashim, a Native of Assouan	„	Aloïs Schönn	348
Dancing Ape	„	B. Swoboda	349
Our Nubian Servant Mahommed Saleh	„	August Ramsthal	349
Nubian Official	„	Gustav Richter	350
The God Khnum	„	August Ramsthal	351
Coffee House	„	Leopold Carl Müller	351
Nubian Boy of Good Family	„	Ismael Gentz	352
Mausoleum in the Desert, near Assouan	„	Bernhard Fiedler	353
An Unfinished Obelisk	„	Bernhard Fiedler	354
An Abyssinian	„	Aloïs Schönn	355
Mosque Tomb near Assouan	„	Bernhard Fiedler	356
In the Desert between Assouan and Philae	„	Bernhard Fiedler	357
The First Cataract	„	Bernhard Fiedler	358
Nubian Swimming on a Bundle of Reeds	„	C. Rudolf Huber	359
Wandering Huckster	„	Leopold Carl Müller	360
Village between Assouan and Philae	„	Bernhard Fiedler	361
Philae	„	Bernhard Fiedler	363
Cow of Isis	„	August Ramsthal	363
The Kiosk on the Island of Philae	„	Bernhard Fiedler *To face p.*	363
Koptic Woman going to Church	„	Gustav Richter	364
Rock Temple of Girsheh	„	L. Neubert	365
Façade of the Rock Temple of Aboo Simbel	„	Carl Werner	366
Plan of the Island of Philae	„	Weidenbach	367
Peristyle of the Temple of Isis in the Island of Philae	„	Carl Werner	368
Capital with Foliage		B. Strassberger	369
Capital with Masks of Hathor		B. Strassberger	369

		PAGE
Coin of Ptolemy Philometor	By Ludwig Burger	369
Ismael, the Nubian	„ Ismael Gentz	370
Thoth	„ B. Strassberger	370
From the Temple of Isis at Philae	„ Carl Werner	371
Coin of Ptolemy Philopator	„ Ludwig Burger	372
Temple of Kardasseh in Nubia	„ L. Neubert	372
Island of Bigeh	„ Bernhard Fiedler	373
Ruins of a Koptic Monastery near Philae	„ F. C. Welsch	374

ORNAMENT FROM A KORAN OF THE TIME OF SCHA'ABAN.

(From a MS. in the Vice-regal Library at Cairo.)



The Regeneration of Egypt.

EJECTION and loss of freedom could not avail to quell the most warlike of peoples, and when the French army, under Buonaparte, made its adventurous attempt on Egypt, the love of military glory prompted them to forget their bondage and to turn their thoughts to fresh deeds of arms. Long before this date Leibnitz, in a very ample memorial addressed to Louis XIV., had enlarged on the idea of taking possession of Egypt, and Buonaparte obtained the consent of the Directoire for this project by convincingly showing them that the power of England would be most effectually combated on African soil, and that France, if once in command of the Nile Valley, would find it easy to hamper the British trade with India, and to conquer that peninsula. And how dazzling must the boldness and novelty of this enterprise have appeared to the soaring ambition of the young general, who is said to have declared, before the French fleet sailed from Toulon, in May, 1798, that a great name was only to be won in the East. Was Europe too narrow for his glory, and was he thinking of the Great Alexander, whose deeds are as memorable as his own from East to West? It is certain that he was following the example of the Macedonian king when he organised a body of more than a hundred artists

and savants to accompany his invading army to Egypt. This band of students—admirably selected representatives of almost every branch of science—earned for their nation the right to boast of the Egyptian invasion as a great and productive enterprise, solely through their own indefatigable and devoted energy, which was crowned by the fullest success. It was they who once more brought to light the cradle of human culture, after long centuries of oblivion, and by their great work, well-known by the name of "Description de l'Égypte," they taught us to retrace the history of the human race, and opened out new paths of research and new roads to the intercourse of nations.

A MAMELUKE IN FULL ARMOUR.

The Republican fleet sailed from Toulon, but its destination was a profound and well-kept secret. On the 2nd of July it reached Alexandria, and only nineteen days later the famous battle of the Pyramids had changed the destinies of Egypt. We have seen how deplorable was the condition of the country at that time, drained by the greed of the Turkish Pacha and the Mameluke Beys; its population, which at the present day has again

doubled, was reduced to two and a half millions of souls. Nevertheless the French found they had no light task before them, for the Governors at that time—Ibraheem and Murad Bey—more particularly the latter, at the head of a force greatly outnumbering the French, fought with a chivalrous and heroic valour which won them the sympathy of many of the European nations. But the stormy attacks of the swift and splendid Mameluke cavalry were of no avail against the strategic genius of the Corsican and the stolid strength of the French battalions. The Republican regiments decided the fate of Egypt (as the Fatimide army of Djauhar

NEAR GIZEH, BETWEEN THE NILE AND THE PYRAMIDS.

had done so long before) not far from Gizeh, between the Nile and the Pyramids —those Pyramids within sight of which it is said the general addressed his troops in these burning words of encouragement—"Songez que du haut de ces monuments quarante siècles vous contemplent." (Remember that from the height of these monuments forty centuries are looking down upon you.)

The result of the battle of the Pyramids was that Cairo and the command of the Nile valley fell into the hands of the French, who for three years maintained their position there, in spite of the total destruction of their fleet in the Bay of Aboukeer, by Nelson's squadron, on the 1st of August, 1798. After Napoleon's return to France,[1] the command was given to General Kleber—a brave and talented

[1] 22nd August, 1799.

Alsatian, the finest officer of the whole French army; and on the 20th of March, 1800, that memorable battle was fought at Matareeyeh, near the ruins of Heliopolis, in which 10,000 French put to flight a Turkish army of more than six times the number. In one of the streets of Cairo the dagger of a young fanatic from Aleppo pierced the heroic heart of Kleber, and a few months later the English forced his incapable successor, Menou, to capitulate, first in Cairo and then in Alexandria, September, 1801.[1] France was obliged to resign all political pretensions in Egypt; but her influence remained powerful there, and when we see European culture gaining on the upper classes of society in Egypt far more rapidly than in any other Oriental country, and even weaning the populace from many old customs, we must attribute this, in the first instance, to the French, whose influence was felt partly through the various measures introduced by Napoleon, and partly, too, through the amiable manners characteristic of their nation, and by which they won the hearts of the Viceroys. Above all, they succeeded in gaining the favour of that remarkable man who guided the vessel of Egypt's fortunes into a new channel, and who founded the family of rulers who to this day govern Egypt. I mean Mohammed (or Mehemet) Ali, the most highly lauded and most terribly vilified of all the princes of Egypt.

STATUE OF GENERAL KLEBER AT STRASBURG.

This exceptional man was born at Kavala,[2] a small town in Macedonia, in 1769, in a home which, though poor, was by no means base, as has often been asserted. His uncle took charge of the gifted boy, who was early left an orphan. After his uncle's death he was cared for by the deputy-governor of his native town. He never had the advantage of any proper schooling, but in the divan of his foster-father his practical talent for affairs found ample opportunity for development. The circumstance that Mohammed Ali, in order to increase his income, applied the fortune brought him by his first wife to speculating in tobacco—the most valuable produce of his native town—has led many of his biographers to say that he was at one time a "tobacconist." In the year 1799 he went to Egypt to fight against the French, with the contingent furnished by his parental friend, and commanded by that friend's son, then in his twenty-ninth year. It was in battle that he first met those who became his future friends; and even his enemies acknowledged that his bravery and prudence had well earned him his early promotion to the rank of Bin-Bashey, or Major.

[1] By the Convention of El-Arish.

[2] Salonica.

ALBANIAN MERCENARIES.

Being well recommended to the new Governor sent to Egypt by the Porte, Khosrew Pacha—whose most dangerous opponent he ere long became—and being favoured also by the admiral of the Turkish fleet, his keen eye soon detected his master's weakness, and the untenable political position held by the Beys then governing the valley of the Nile. He first obtained such an ascendency over the Turkish mercenaries disbanded by the avaricious Khosrew, as greatly encouraged his ambitious designs; and he then succeeded in forcing his master to appoint him to the chief command of the whole body of police in the country. In this influential position he could serve every party; to-day the officials of the Porte and to-morrow the Mameluke Beys, who, after the departure of the French, returned to their old rapacious tyranny. He neglected not the smallest circumstance that could render him indispensable to either party, till at length he succeeded in grasping the government of Lower Egypt, in shaking off Khosrew and every other rival, and in having himself proclaimed Pacha by the Cairenes,[1] now driven to extremity by the oppressions of the Mamelukes and of the unpaid Turkish mercenaries. He then entrenched himself in the citadel, and obtained his appointment from the Porte, first as Governor and subsequently as hereditary Viceroy.

He put an end to the resistance of the Mameluke Beys—whom he had frequently beaten, and whose arbitrary rapacity kept the prosperity and progress of the country in perpetual danger—by a stroke of despotic power which was in truth one of the most horrible of which history has preserved the record. On the 1st of March, 1811, Mohammed Ali invited all the Mameluke Beys (480 in number) to a banquet in the citadel of Cairo, and the whole knightly company arrived on their handsome and richly caparisoned horses, in gorgeous dresses, and all the splendour of arms. Hardly had they entered the narrow street, shut in by high walls, which leads up to the gate of the citadel, called el-Azab, than a cannon, fired from the old walls, gave the signal for Mohammed Ali's Albanian soldiers to begin the massacre. Suddenly, from every window and loop-hole, well-aimed shots flashed and rattled from the guns of the Albanians, who were well entrenched behind the walls. Hundreds of Mamelukes and wounded horses lay wallowing in blood on the paved way of the little street. Volley after volley was fired; death reaped a fearful harvest; those who escaped the murderous bullets sprang from their horses, snatching their sabres from the sheath and their pistols from their belts—but there is no foe to face them but the hard perpendicular walls, constantly dealing out a new dole of death. In unutterable confusion, horses and men—living, dying, and dead—gather, roll, and tumble into one mass, one heap; at first shouting and screaming; then silent, convulsed; and at last, as it grows in size, still, rigid, and stark. In half an hour Mohammed Ali had quenched the swift pulse, the haughty vigour, of 480 lives, as he might have wiped their names off a slate. One—only one—survived, Ameen Bey, who was saved by his noble horse, which took a tremendous leap over the breastwork of the citadel. The Cairenes firmly believe in this leap, and show the spot where it took place.[2]

When the great tragedy was ended, and the last groan had died away by the

[1] 1806.

[2] There is a graphic account by M. Ch. Didier ("Les Nuits du Caire, 1860"). According to this account Ameen Bey did not enter the citadel, but fled with his suite to Baçatyn, between Mokattam and the Nile, and thence to Syria.

THE MAMELUKE'S LEAP.

Bab-el-Azab, Mohammed Ali's Italian physician offered him his congratulations; but the Pasha did not answer, he only asked for drink, and drank a deep draught.

The end he had prepared for the Mamelukes was indeed a climax of horror; but it is impossible to deny that if he had left them in power, Egypt would have been a prey to miseries without end. The deed, as I have told it, is history and not legend, a story of our own time and not of the dark ages; but he who instigated it was no bloodthirsty ruffian—only a keen politician, not inaccessible to many kindly emotions, but pursuing his end ruthlessly; a man who,

SCENE OF THE MAMELUKE'S LEAP.

when he had a great aim in view, paused at no step, no means, however horrible.

The after-piece to this tragedy was almost more shocking; for, after the massacre in the citadel, the rest of the Mamelukes in the provinces, above six hundred in all, were put to death by Mohammed Ali's orders, and the governors sent their heads to the capital as a sort of "receipt in full."

The Porte, which now began to regard the unlimited power of its reigning vassal in Egypt as more and more dangerous, commissioned Mohammed Ali to conduct an expedition against the Wehhabites—a sect founded by one Abd-el-Wehhab, in Central Arabia, and which still exists. It endeavours to maintain, with puritanical strictness, the original purity of Mohammedan monotheism, especially combating the worship of saints. At that time it had grown to such importance,

particularly in Arabia, that its members had succeeded even in possessing themselves of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, and in driving out the orthodox believers. Mohammed Ali's son, Tufoon, and his adopted son, Ibrahim Pacha—one of the greatest military commanders of this century—brought this war to a successful issue.[1]

In the battles subsequently fought by Ibrahim, his soldiers were no longer Albanians but native Egyptians, recruited from among the Fellaheen; for his father had succeeded in ridding himself of the overbearing mercenaries. Many of them perished in the expedition against Nubia and the nations of the Soudan, and with them one of the sons of the Viceroy; but the survivors, on their return home, found a new and powerful host against which they were helpless. It was with fellah-soldiers that Ibrahim Pacha went, in 1824, to Greece, to support the Sultan against the Greeks, then fighting for their independence, and reduced the Morea to subjection; but in 1828 he was forced, by the interference of the European powers to abandon it. Four years later his father seized the opportune moment, when the Turks had suffered much from a fatal war with Russia, to assert his independence, and shake off the supremacy of the Porte. An excuse for war was readily found, and his son would have conquered for him, not only the greater part of western Asia, but the very throne of the Sultan, after the decisive battle of Nisibi, in 1839 (in which the German General Moltke bore a part), if the European powers, and more particularly England, had not once more interfered. Mohammed Ali was obliged to be satisfied with the "Grand Firman" of 1841, which proclaimed him hereditary ruler of Egypt, and granted him many and extensive privileges. This treaty, it is true, also contained many vexatious conditions, most of which were mitigated under the Khedive Ismail.

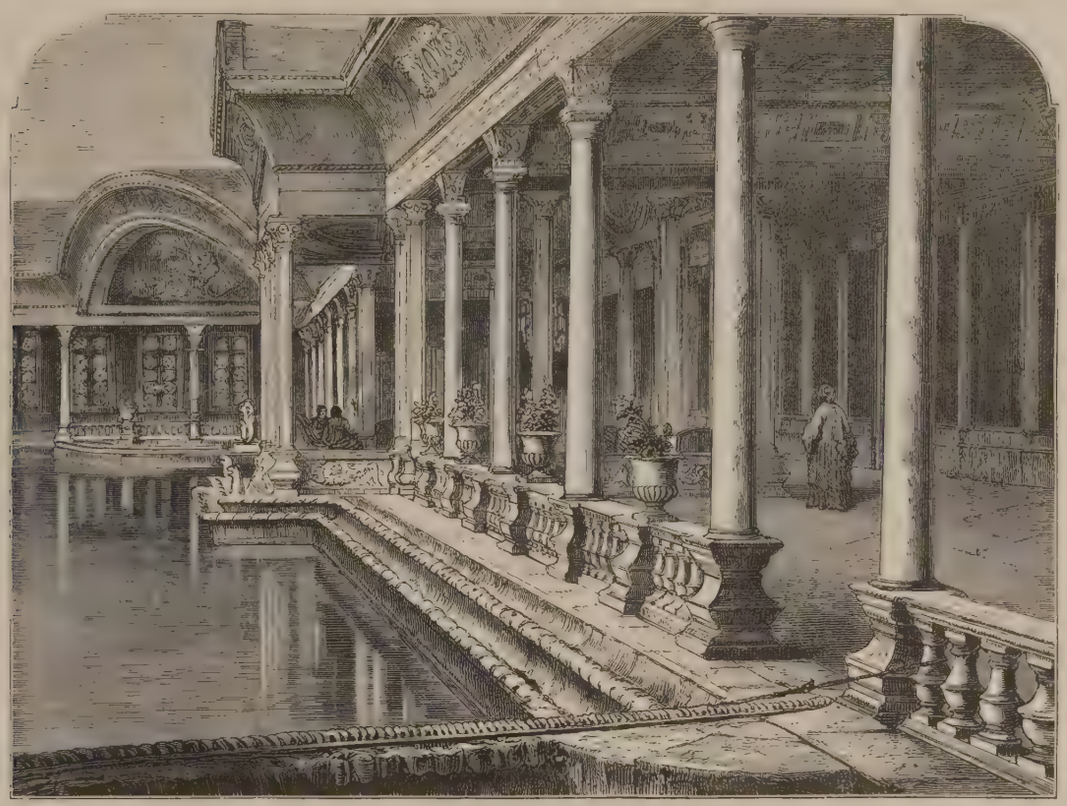
GARDENER'S BOY.

In 1848 Mahommed Ali, then in extreme old age, handed over the government to his son Ibrahim, and he died in August, 1849, at his Castle of Shoobra, which his son, Haleem Pacha, inherited from him. At the present day the gardens of this summer palace are the favourite drive of the Cairenes and of the foreigners staying in the city, and it is both amusing and astonishing, before sundown, during the winter months, and under the broad shade of magnificent trees, to see the elegant European "world" meeting the African. The hired open carriages and private equipages that crowd the famous Shoobra Avenue would seem wholly European were it not for the runner, or Sais, in front, as we have already seen in Cairo. The

[1] It began 1812, and lasted six years.

THE AVENUE AT SHOOBRA.

closed carriages are worthy of notice for the sake of their occupants, who generally are the lightly-veiled beauties of the harems of the wealthy. Eunuchs often clear the road for these vehicles, eunuchs sit by the coachman and look fiercely at the European youth who, on foot or on horseback, or even on the humble but sturdy donkey, endeavour to catch a glance from beneath the long lashes of the fair ones under their charge. At the side of the avenue Arab men and women sell oranges and other refreshments; gardeners' lads, with a bouquet stuck in their turbans, offer flowers for sale to the passer-by; and often there is to be seen some peasant



PAVILION IN THE GARDEN OF THE PALACE AT SHOOBRA.

or pilgrim, an Oriental, but a stranger to Cairo, staring, open-mouthed, at the strange throng.

The Palace of Shoobra and its gardens were newly laid out for Haleem Pacha; and though the arcades and kiosks which surround a large basin of water have a very pleasing effect, the eye of the true connoisseur is not thoroughly satisfied in any respect. Within the palace we found nothing worthy of remark. Even the picture of Mohammed Ali, on the wall of one of the saloons, is of very moderate merit, and certainly far less successful as a likeness than the portrait of the great Viceroy preserved to us in the description by Prince Pückler-Muskau, who was in constant intercourse with Mohammed Ali. "His Highness," says the author of "Briefe eines Verstorbenen,"[1] "received me in a saloon on the ground

[1] "Letters by a Dead Man."

floor of the palace, which was full of a reverential throng of court and state officials. When I had made my way through them, I perceived the Viceroy standing apart, on the daïs in front of his divan; only Artim Bey, his dragoman, was by his side. My surprise was extreme, for all the busts I had seen in Alexandria, and a few portraits said to be like him, had made me expect to see a stern or even a hard-looking man, in magnificent Oriental costume, and with features—as I noticed in the busts—strongly recalling the portraits of Cromwell. Instead of this I found a kindly-looking, little old man, whose well-proportioned person had no adornment beyond a scrupulous, almost coquettish, freshness and neatness. He was dressed plainly in a brown furred coat, his fine white beard flowed down on the white fur trimming, and seemed to mingle with it; on his head he wore a simple red tarboosh, without any turban or jewels; no rings were on his fingers, nor did he hold in his hands—which were so fine and delicate that a lady might have been proud of them—a costly rosary, as is often done in the East. His features were expressive of calm dignity and benevolent good-humour, and although his keen and brilliant eyes seemed to see through me, the affability of his smile and the courtesy of his demeanour were irresistibly attractive, and inspired not the least alarm. It is not to be denied, however, that notwithstanding Mohammed Ali's invariably humane demeanour, and his generally mild and gentle glance, which make him look like one of the most good-natured of Christian kings, that glance, sometimes—and particularly when he thinks he is unobserved—assumes a peculiar expression of bitter mistrust, in which the somewhat uncanny Turkish nature, of which he undoubtedly has a considerable share, is very conspicuous. Much may be read in that look of what constitutes, no doubt, the dark side of his character; but I cannot attribute any particular blame to him on that account, for there is a dark and a bright side to every great man, as well as to other mortals."

So far Pückler-Muskau, who at all times shows a disposition, in his general judgment of Mohammed Ali, to throw the light of a certain glamour on the very long shadows cast by the mighty figure of his hero. No one, of course, can refuse to allow that the great Viceroy had the highest military and statesmanlike gifts, restless industry, unfailing energy, and an unwearied determination to win the highest position for himself and for his country; but the means adopted by the talented Regent often outraged all moderation.

Whenever—as was the case with him—an Oriental nature, full of ambitious imaginings, and not warned by any teaching to restrain its upward flights, or to dread too close an approach to the sun, has the means at command for successfully accomplishing all it has planned, then danger lurks at every step. Mohammed Ali often had to succumb; but when he fell it was not because his leap was too short, but always because it was too long; his arrow never fell short of the mark, but it flew beyond it again and again. Many a time it was his impatience that was his ruin. He wanted the harvest to follow hard on the sowing; he set the reapers to work before the ears were ripe. No doubt his first object was to enrich himself and his family, but it was not his only one; he aimed also at raising the commercial and industrial activity of his country, and he himself became landowner, merchant, and manufacturer on the most extensive scale; but by monopolising all the industrial

and mercantile energy of his subjects, he undermined their prosperity instead of raising it, and crippled trade and exchange instead of promoting them. At the beginning of his rule he met with efficient support, particularly from the French; their knowledge and skill brought him consideration, their modes of dealing brought him credit, and he gratefully gave them the preference over all other nations. He would willingly have introduced the people he governed to that culture and civilisation of which the French are the leaders; but, instead of first laying the foundations, and then raising the structure, roofing it in, and decorating it, he proceeded on the contrary plan; for he did not begin his work in the national schools, but founded educational institutes for the higher classes on the French pattern, and sent young fellaheen to Paris, there to "learn" science, and to become engineers, physicians, diplomatists, &c. That many of these men, sons of peasants, showed astonishing capacities cannot be denied; but their rapidly-acquired knowledge, with an

THE DAM OF THE NILE, CALLED THE "BARRAGE."

insufficient grounding of elementary teaching, could but ill stand the new and difficult circumstances under which it was to be applied. Many of the best pupils of the Paris "Egyptian Mission," as it was called, lost all confidence when they returned to their own home, and were given up as hopeless, because offices and posts were entrusted to them which were of a totally different nature to those special branches in which they had been educated. But in spite of numerous failures in this particular department, Mohammed Ali did not give it up, and in the military schools at any rate he could boast of success. He was most fortunate in his selection of engineers for his buildings by land and water, among whom De Cerisy and Linant de Bellefonds deserve special mention. What the former achieved for the harbour of Alexandria, and the latter for the network of canals throughout the country, and especially in the Fayoum, can never be forgotten. If Linant's plans had been adopted for that huge combination of bridge, dam, and sluice known as the "Barrage" of the Nile, instead of Mougel Bey's, this, the most costly of Mohammed Ali's water-works, might perhaps have been completed, and have served its purpose better than is actually the case.[1] This structure, erected to the north of Cairo, where

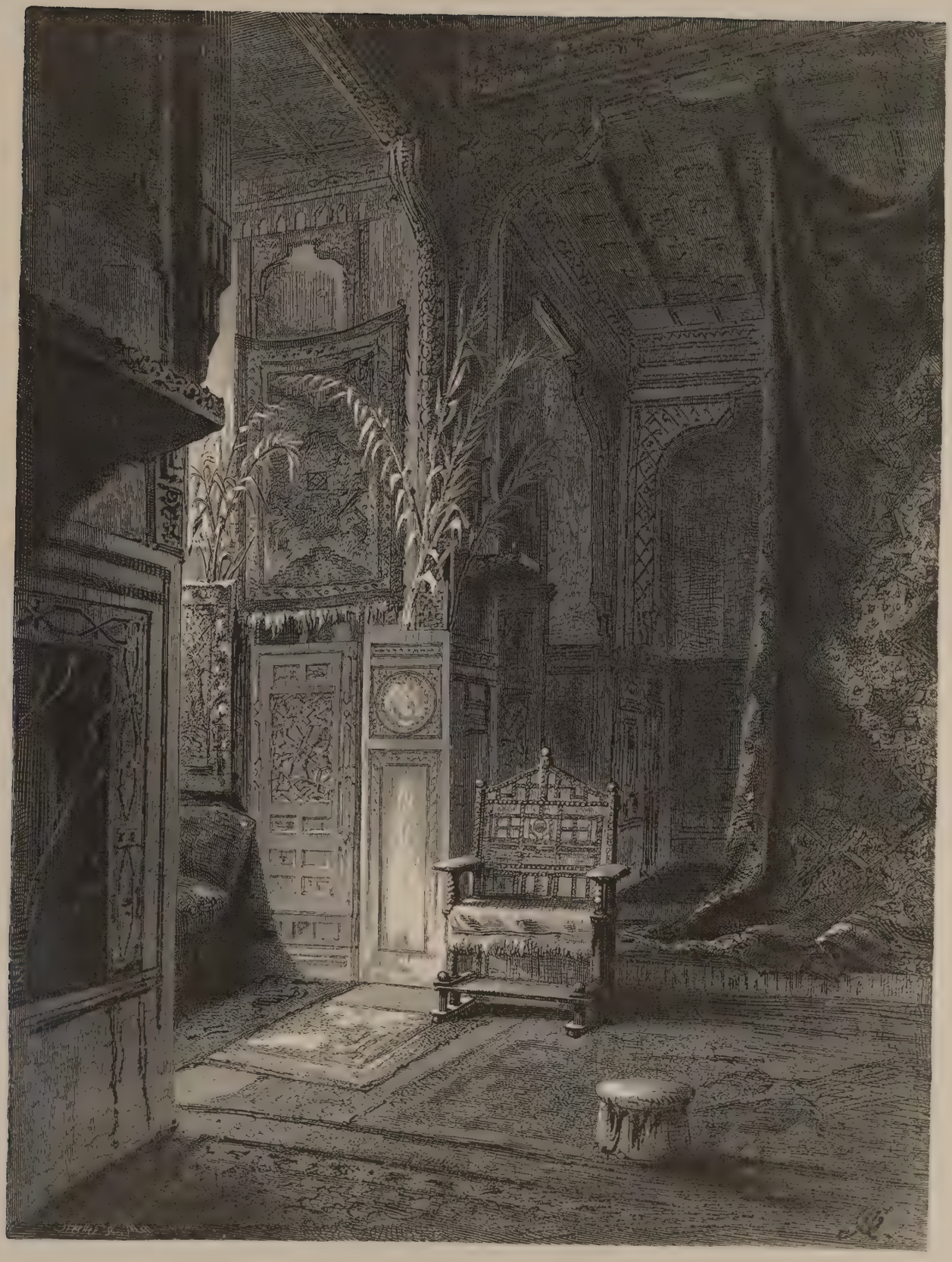
[1] In 1847.

the Nile divides, has a fourfold object:—so to regulate the amount of water in the river that, so far as the effects of the dam extend, irrigating by machinery should be unnecessary; to keep up the water, so that the shallow branches of the Nile in the Delta should be navigable in the dry season; to serve as a bridge across the river; and to afford a *point d'appui* against any army advancing on Cairo from the north, by means of the fortresses which were to be connected with the structure.

COURT OF THE MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI IN THE CITADEL.

Unfortunately, the whole thing was ill-devised from the first. It remains unfinished; and though it serves, indeed, as a bridge, instead of serving any other useful purpose, it impedes the navigation. I have already described the Mahmoudeeyeh Canal, and the enormous advantages which Alexandria derives from it at the present day.

The greatest and most celebrated monument erected in Cairo by Mohammed Ali is the mosque in the citadel known by his name, whose two tall and over-slender minarets are conspicuous from a great distance. No expense was spared in building this magnificent mosque, in which we find the tomb of the founder, surrounded by an elegant railing. The beautiful yellow alabaster, which the ancient



CHAMBER IN THE MUSAFFIR KHANA IN WHICH THE EX-KHEDIVE ISMAIL WAS BORN.

Egyptians wrought in so many ways, was here so lavishly employed that this building has acquired the name of the Alabaster Mosque. The pale marble polish of this stone gleams everywhere—in the court enclosed by vaulted arcades, in the fountain rising in its midst, and in the finely-proportioned body of the mosque, planned after the pattern of Hagia Sofia (the mosque of St. Sophia). Here the walls are lined with panels of alabaster, and in the middle four noble pillars support a dome that springs boldly above them. Unfortunately this building remains in many respects unfinished, and though, as a whole, it has an imposing effect, its details do not wholly satisfy the utmost requirements of the educated connoisseur

THE CITADEL OF CAIRO, FROM THE NILE.

or artist. Standing in front of the sarcophagus of the great man, which is placed, and with justice, on the highest spot of the soil of Cairo, I could not but recall his own words, which need very little qualification:—"Only my grandchildren can reap what I have sown. Where such fathomless confusion exists as did here—such a total disorganisation of all the healthy conditions of the polity—where a people lives so wholly neglected, ignorant, and unfit for all wholesome labour, civilisation must be slow in growth. You know that Egypt was once the foremost of the nations of the earth, whose light shone upon the world; now Europe fills that place. In time, perhaps, that sun may dawn here again; everything in the world shifts and changes." With these words, spoken by the great man himself—great alike in good and evil—we take our leave of him, only observing that his fame might have resounded farther, and have been more glorious, if he had exerted his strong will and his genius for statecraft, in the first place, for the benefit of his country, and

had not, as in fact he always did, staked everything for the aggrandisement of himself and his family.

Of his successors one only wholly neglected to foster the seed his great forefather had sown. This was Abbas Pacha. This inferior man—a narrow fanatic—was succeeded by Said Pacha, whose tastes all tended to European culture, and whose character, deeds, and tomb, I have already discussed in speaking of Alexandria. After Said's death, in 1863, Mohammed Ali's grandson, the son of the great commander Ibrahim, came to the throne—the Khedive Ismail, whose son now rules over Egypt. He was born at Cairo, in 1830, in the Musaffir Khana, which, during the winter of 1874, was the residence of the German artists Makart, Lenbach, Huber, Gnauth, and L. C. Müller. It must be left to posterity to pass a final judgment on one so lately dead; it only remains for me to speak of the great works which have been carried out in Egypt under his government. Even those who had not the advantage of knowing him personally can easily see from them alone that, thanks to his European education, he strove to obtain for the country he governed the advantages and benefits of that Western culture which he fully appreciated. Often, and justly, has he been blamed for his total lack of the economic sense; still, it ought not to be forgotten that the enormous sums he spent were applied to productive purposes. But he cannot be wholly exonerated from the worst reproach that attaches to his grandfather; namely, that even in his noblest undertakings—and their number was not small—he seems to have had less regard to the benefit of his subjects than to the aggrandisement of his name and of his family.

THE EGYPTIAN BOYS' SUGAR-STICK.

The most universally beneficial public works of Ismail are the numerous railways which intersect the Delta, and which he laid down in Upper Egypt and the Fayoum. Telegraph wires follow all the roads where the steam-horse toils, and pass along the desert shore of the Red Sea and the shore of the Nile, as far as Khartoum. The traveller in Middle and Upper Egypt will detect, among the fields of juicy canes to the right and left, numerous sugar factories, with their tall, smoking chimneys. It was Ismail who built most of them, on the most approved European models, and, while working for his own profit, it is true, made sugar one of the staple products and exports of the country. The Indian cane is now a thoroughly Egyptian product, and thousands of fellaheen are employed in the harvest and refineries. In the fresh state it is a favourite sweetmeat with the women and

TELEGRAPH WIRES IN THE DESERT.

children, and it is a droll sight when two boys are sucking the sweet juice from the same cane. For size and sweetness this giant lollypop would suffice one of our confectioners for a whole shopful of small wares. The Khedive was, beyond a doubt, the greatest sugar-boiler and merchant in the world, and he did not neglect the indispensable means for watering the fields that produce the precious cane.

But the canals and sluices constructed by Ismail occur in great numbers in spots devoted to other produce; they are placed in well-chosen situations, and admirably constructed. The great canal navigation and irrigation—all supplied with drinkable water—which connects the Nile with the Red Sea, could never have been completed without his co-operation; it has restored a large district of desert, now called Wady Tumilat, to tilth and fertility. It was formerly a part of the Biblical Goshen. When the workmen, under Lesseps, were employed in cutting through the isthmus, which parted rather than united Asia and Africa, this watercourse saved them from perishing, and it still affords an abundant supply of fresh water to the inhabitants of Suez, who formerly were obliged to buy bad and dear water from a great distance. The canal, fed by the waters of two seas, is completed, and steam vessels of every nation now find their way through it from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, or from the ports of Southern Asia to those of Europe. A similar canal was opened, or at any rate projected, so long ago as in the time of Seti I.[1]—the most splendid period of ancient Egyptian history—and again under Pharaoh Necho, whose captains sailed round the Cape of Good Hope. Necho, who belonged to the twenty-sixth dynasty, a race friendly to the Greeks, is said to have commanded that the work should be stopped, because the priests predicted that it would only benefit foreigners.[2] The present times seem to be wondrously like the old ones. The Egyptians are still Egyptians; but while in the seventh century before Christ the foreigners benefited were Phœnicians and Greeks, in the nineteenth after Christ they are English and French. Under the Persians, the Ptolemies, and the Romans, the old canal was at times navigable; and even under the earlier Khalifs it seems to have been possible to reach the Red Sea from the Nile, at least we are told that the old water-ways were re-opened under the rule of Amroo, in order to send Egyptian produce as quickly as possible to Arabia. It is said that one part of the city canal of Cairo, known as the Khalig, was once part of this ancient navigable water-way.

M. DE LESSEPS.

[1] Second monarch of the XIXth dynasty; reigned about B.C. 1400. From the appearance of fortresses and the great wall of Egypt, it is supposed that an old canal existed as early as the Vth dynasty; according to some chronologists B.C. 4000.

[2] B.C. 611. It is supposed the old canal of Seti I., or Sethos, had been silted up by sand.

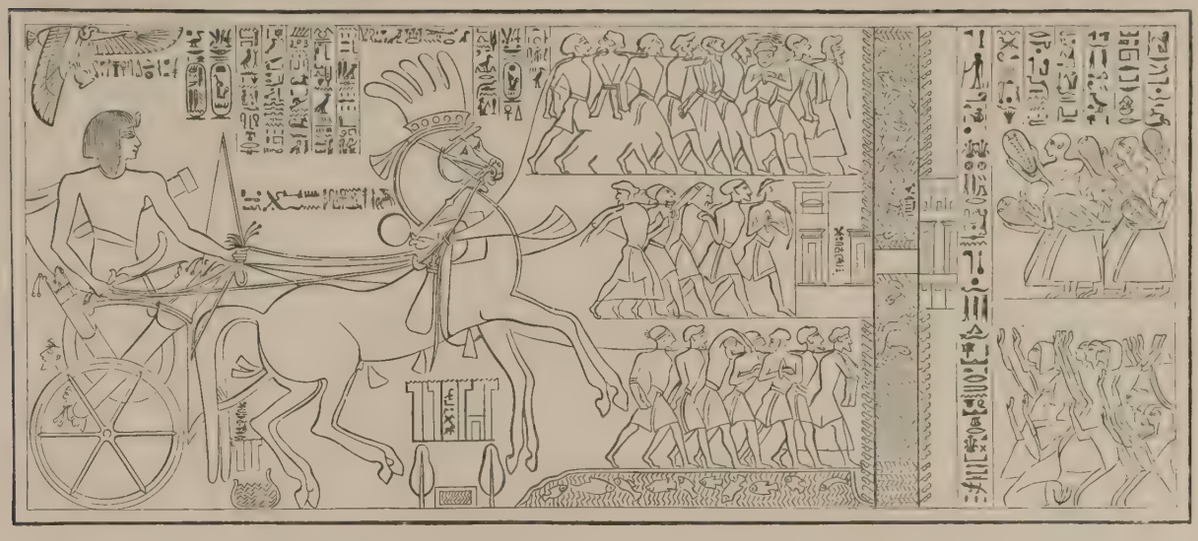
It was reserved to our century, with its enormous technical resources, to solve the problem of joining, not only the Nile, but also the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, in a way which wholly excludes any farther fear of its being closed by neglect or by the action of the elements. A Frenchman of genius and determination, and of the most attractive demeanour—Monsieur de Lesseps—during the tedium of a quarantine, read an essay by Le Père which led to his forming the resolution, so pregnant with results to the whole commercial world, to attempt to cut through the Isthmus of Suez.[1] All the world knows that he succeeded; but the enormous difficulties with which he had to contend are not so well known, nor how liberally Said Pacha from the first supported the labours of this remarkable man, and how intelligently and devotedly he was seconded by the Khedive. In 1868, in spite of the opposition of English statesmen, and the distrust of the whole European world of finance, both the fresh-water and the maritime canal were so far completed that steamships of moderate size could pass through the latter; and the Viceroy Ismail held a festival of inauguration, which exceeded in splendour everything in the way of hospitality and entertainment that had been seen within the last century.[2] It has been described again and again—day after day of speech-making, balls, illuminations, fireworks, and reviews, the tables never bare of food, with Nile excursions at the expense of the most generous of hosts. I saw it all, and am bound to confess that no Oriental scene ever reminded me so vividly as this of the Thousand-and-one Nights. Such a festival, swallowing up many millions, might be regarded as merely a freak of reckless extravagance, or of vainglorious pride, but perhaps the host had calculated, more calmly than many would believe, on the results of his unlimited liberality; for besides princes and grandees, he bid the representatives of the press from all parts of the globe as his guests. As long as the

AMONG THE REEDS BY THE RIVER.

[1] Commenced in 1859.

[2] In 1869.

festivities lasted, every newspaper in the world knew all about them, and in the course of a few days, as if by magic, the attention of every man, near and



THE SUEZ CANAL OF SETI I. *(From a bas relief on the exterior north wall of the Temple of Karnak, Thebes.)*

far, great and small, was centred on the Suez Canal. At the present day a constantly increasing number of ships of every nation incessantly navigate it; and since England has acquired the lion's share in the concern, the maintenance of this great monument of the enterprise and skill of our day is absolutely secure.

The voyage down the canal offers little of interest till we reach Suez. Port Said is the harbour through which every vessel must pass which, coming from the north, needs to make her way from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. The lighthouse to guide the pilot, and the moles and quays constructed here by the *Compagnie Lesseps*, cost huge sums, and may be reckoned among the greatest works of their kind.

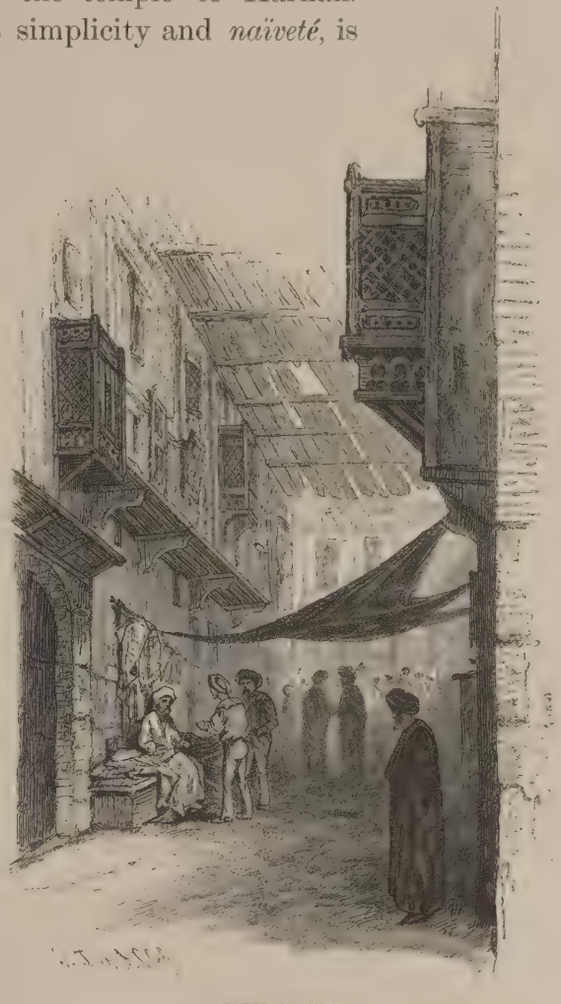
FARM AT ISMAILEEYEH.

The town of Port Said grows but slowly, and offers small attraction to the traveller, unless, as a sportsman, he wishes to visit that "happy hunting ground," the Lake of Menzaleh, of which I have already spoken. The canal passes in a direct line along the eastern shore of this shallow lake, which is dotted with islands, and its waters cover broad plains, where, in years long gone by, stood flourishing cities and fertile fields of corn bowing to the wind. Now dykes, brackish, reedy pools, and desert tracts of land are all that meet the eye as far as el-Kantara (or the Bridge). The caravan route, leading in ancient times from Syria into Egypt, passed near this important neutral frontier district; and the ruined towns of

THE ATAKA MOUNTAINS.

Tell es-Semoot, to the east of it, and of Beer Magdal farther to the south, occupy spots where stood the fortified watch-towers (Migdol), which were erected under the Pharaohs on the Isthmus of Suez, as a protection against the marauding hordes from Asia. In the immediate vicinity of the town some fragments have been preserved of a building erected by Seti I. to his father's honour. Rameses II., Seti's son, completed the monument to which they belonged, and which very likely had some connection with the oldest Suez canal, which Seti restored, and caused to be represented on the north outer wall of the temple of Karnak.

In this picture—which, in spite of its apparent simplicity and *naïveté*, is of the greatest significance and importance—we see him returning victorious from Syria, and received at the fortress which protected the canal, by the priests and princes of Egypt with garlands and homage. An inscription designates the canal as the "cut through."



STREET IN SUEZ.

When the vessel has got through the Balah Lake, to the south of el-Kantara, it reaches the bar of el Ghisr, the part of the canal which presented the greatest difficulty to the engineers and labourers, for up to that point they had found but small difficulty with the level ground of the isthmus, while here they had to cut through a hillock nearly fifty feet high.

On the northern shore of the blue waters of the lake of Timsah, which the ship now enters, stands the town of Ismaileeyah, which, during the making of the canal, served as head-quarters for the leader of the enterprise, as being the central point of the canal; while troops of labourers also found a home there, as well as the traders and innkeepers who had followed the train of workmen into the desert to supply the wants of such a vast number of souls, and to derive profit from their need both of refreshment and recreation. The place started into life as if by magic, and ere long the thirsty soil, watered from the fresh-water canal, was laid out in avenues and gardens. The Khedive had a castle erected for himself; and Monsieur de Lesseps's residence in the city, his farm in the country, the pretty houses of the inspectors and engineers, the railway station, the hotels and shops wore a pretty and pleasing aspect, particularly when dressed in flags during the festivities of the opening. Ismaileeyah was chosen as the centre and head-quarters on this occasion, and its appearance as a whole was full of promise. Unfortunately this promise has never been

fulfilled; and this Flower of the Desert will, it is to be feared, wither as rapidly as it blossomed.

We now steam past some ruins which are supposed to be those of the Temple of Serapis mentioned by classical authors. On our right we see the gleaming waters of the fresh-water canal, on the banks of which many ruins have been found of the Persian period;[1] we traverse the long basin of the old Bitter Lake, and leaving it behind us late in the afternoon, we do not cast another glance at the bare and dreary shore on each side, for before us to the west lies the narrow bay of Suez—which was formerly a mere fishing town, but within the last few years has grown to be a really flourishing centre of commerce. The bay opens out before us, a picture of indescribable splendour of colouring; the sun will presently set behind the steep cliffs of the mountains of Atakah, on whose heights no doubt, long ages since, Phœnician sailors, before setting forth southwards to Ophir, lighted fires and brought sacrifices to Ba'al Zephon (Zapuna), the god of the north wind. There is no spot on earth where the orb of day surrounds his death-scene with greater splendour. The Red Sea, which at noon has a greenish hue, on clear evenings—and in this latitude they are rarely cloudy—assumes a deep-blue colour, and when a light breeze curls its surface each crisp wave is touched with golden glory. It is hard to take one's eyes from the delicious colour of the sea, but we are still more spell-bound by the wonderful scene now being displayed in the west where the heights of Atakah close in on the view. "The mountain looked as if composed of a glowing flux of melted rubies, garnets, and amethysts. This was mirrored and repeated in the waves that danced and sported at its foot as they gradually retired in gentle ebb, showing more and more of the walls and quays that enclose the harbour and the entrance of the canal. The raised jetty, on which is the railroad running from the anchorage for large ships to the town, stands up above all the other walls and the banks and shoals which now, at low tide, form so many islands. Men on asses and with camels pass across it, and as the sun sinks lower their figures stand up more sharply against the glowing horizon, till at last the effect is as if black silhouettes were moving across a translucent crystal wall of violet and gold. At last down comes the night, and darkness falls on the scene." Thus I wrote in my diary some years ago, face to face then with just such a sunset.

ARAB SHOE-BLACKS.

[1] Darius (B.C. 511) re-opened the canal, and inscriptions in the Persian cuneiform have been found there, as also the signet cylinder of that monarch, now in the British Museum.

I found comfortable quarters in the great hotel at Suez. Indians in light-coloured garments, "handsome and silent" and with dark dreamy eyes, waited upon us noiselessly. On the following morning the passengers from a large vessel, after a long voyage, came noisily bustling into the court and rooms of the hotel, calling for food and drink, making the shoe-blacks clean their boots, and snatching up the papers; and still the servants moved calmly in and out without any confusion —like the wheels of a machine, which turn just as steadily in a storm as in a calm.

A walk through the city brings us first into the handsomer streets, with their European shops, counting-houses, and cafés, then past the slightly-built pleasure resorts where the sailors and labourers squander their earnings. Three-quarters of the city are European, but the fourth and poorer part belongs to the Arabs, who offer their wares for sale in the little bazaar, and hold a market for vegetables, fruit, and cakes, for charcoal and date-cakes from the peninsula of Sinai, for fowls—from turkeys down to pigeons—and in certain spots a great variety of strange-coloured fishes and sea-crabs of excellent flavour, as well as shells and pieces of the coral in which the Red Sea is especially rich. All the service in the houses and streets, and in the harbour, is done by the Mohammedan natives. In the camel-market, held at the city gates, we meet free Bedaween, representatives of most of the small tribes who thinly people the peninsula of Sinai. A dyke, on which there is a railway, joins the railway station with the mole where the big ships lay to. An enormous quantity of goods lie at the station under the free heaven or a slight shelter, and most of the travellers who get out of the trains as they arrive are pious Moslems making the pilgrimage to Mecca, who usually make the passage to Djidda by sea from Suez.

We, too, will get into a boat managed by an Arab boatman and his boy. The wind fills the ragged brown sail, and after a short voyage we find ourselves on the Sinaitic peninsula. We soon are standing in front of an oasis hedged in by Opuntia (the prickly pear), where, near a muddy spring, palms, tamarisks, and acacias, are growing, and vegetables are thriving in small plots tended by a few families of Bedaween. This green spot, with its flow of moisture in the midst of the desert sands, is called 'Oyoon Moosa,[1] or Moses' Well, and was for a long time held to be the spot where the Jews rested after their escape from the fury of Pharaoh, whose horses and chariots were drowned in their pursuit in the Red Sea. Here, too, it was said that the children of Israel sang that glorious hymn of praise which still rang from their lips many centuries after the rescue it celebrated, and which is preserved in the fifteenth chapter of Exodus, the second Book of Moses.

The Red Sea—so translated in the English Bible—or, more properly, the Reedy Sea, was, until lately, universally supposed to be the Red Sea now known by that name, and the Gulf of Suez was assumed to be the scene of the passage of the Hebrews; but quite recently Brugsch Bey has attempted to show that the Sirbonian Lake is the Red Sea of the Bible—this lies between Egypt and Syria, and is divided from the Mediterranean only by a narrow strip of land—and to prove that Pharaoh's host was overwhelmed by a high flood tide in the *Barathra* (abyss),

[1] Better known as the Ain Moosa.

or quicksands, which, as we are told by the ancients, used here to open treacherously, and proved fatal to other armies than his.[1] These views are supported with much talent and zeal, but he has not succeeded in overthrowing the old theory; and the traveller who, at the present day, crosses from one shore to the other at the top of the Gulf of Suez, may still enjoy the conviction that he is following the same route as that by which Moses led the people under his charge. Before the Lesseps Canal was cut it was possible to cross at this spot, where there are many shallows, on the back of a camel, or even on foot, from one shore to the other; but the rapidity with which the tide rises has, even in quite recent times, threatened danger to many lives—nay, even to that of Buonaparte, who, after escaping very narrowly from the sudden incursion of the waves, is said to have lamented ironically that his escape had deprived the preachers of an admirable theme for their sermons.

THE WELL OF MOSES.

I could find much to tell concerning the history of the Sinaitic peninsula and the Red Sea; but we must get back to Cairo, for a great deal remains to be seen there before we set out for Upper Egypt.

German hosts receive us at the Hôtel du Nil, which is chiefly frequented by Germans, or at Shephard's Hotel, which has a more open situation. As soon as we set foot in the street we are besieged by that pushing host of donkey-boys, of which every traveller has something to say, and which has been drawn a thousand times, but, as I think, never so vividly and faithfully as in the accompanying sketch by Huber. Two traits are quite peculiar to these *gamins* of the Egyptian cities—inexhaustible lungs, which allow of their following the most rapid rider for hours, and a perfectly marvellous ethnographical instinct. Never do they make a mistake

[1] That of Artaxerxes, about B.C. 455.

DONKEY-BOYS AND FOREIGNERS.

as to the nationality of the traveller: they address the Frenchman, German, Englishman, or Italian in the scraps of their mother-tongue which they have contrived to pick up; and it is impossible to forbear a smile when these merry fellows shout the praises of their beasts: "Beautiful donkey," "Bon asino," or "Bismarck Esel"—as the case may be. We leap into the saddle without any aid from the stirrup, and if we have hit on a good choice away we go on our grey steeds, which are as swift as they are enduring, outstripping many carriages in the broader roads, and passing through the shady streets which are much too narrow for any vehicle. Before or behind runs little Hasan, Alee, or Ahmed, encouraging his quadruped with shouts and drubbing, or thrusting, or, in the busier thoroughfares, warning the passers-by to make way. The donkey in this land is no sluggard; exceptionally fine asses command as high a price as good horses, and, in the provinces particularly, the wealthiest citizens ride on asses quite as often as on horseback. In Upper Egypt we constantly meet with donkeys with their ears slit; these are the "harameeyeh," or "thieves" that have been caught trespassing on meadows not their own, and that have been punished by slitting their long ears. A swift and easily mounted ass is, beyond a doubt, one of the pleasantest modes of locomotion, and we are well satisfied to be borne on such a steed through the newly-built quarter of Ismaileeyah, which may be regarded as the special work of the Khedive

SHEPHARD'S HOTEL.

THE TRESPASSER PUNISHED.

It has throughout a European aspect, and sprang into life with astonishing rapidity, for the Viceroy gave the building land for nothing to every one who pledged himself to build, within a year and a half, a house worth at least £1,200. In order to plan wide thoroughfares, the example set by Baron Hausmann in Paris, was only too closely followed. Whole quarters of the city were demolished to make

way for new ones, handsomer, in the modern European style. The lamentation of the lovers of antiquity over this impious proceeding are only too well justified; but certainly the city has gained in healthiness and pleasantness as much as it lost in

HASAN, THE DONKEY-BOY.

venerable and picturesque character, particularly by the construction of very good new aqueducts in the place of the old ones, which were insufficient, by the opening of new canals, and by the abundant planting of umbrageous trees. The most complete transformation was in the Ezbekeeyeh Square. Stately buildings—some really magnificent—and among them a theatre, the largest hotels, several Consulates, and the

Cairo Bourse, handsome private houses and splendid shops surround it on every side, and the public garden in the middle is one of the loveliest in the world. One that has more quickly sprung into life and perfection certainly nowhere exists.

MOHAMMED SELIM, KAWASS OF THE AUSTRIAN CONSULATE.

In the quiet early morning hours the visitor may enjoy a solitary walk under the broad shade of its spreading trees; charmed with the beauty of the shrubs that border the well-kept paths, the growth of every zone; in the afternoon he mixes here with the crowd, listening to the finest compositions of European musicians performed by the Egyptian band—not forgetting to admire the vegetation that sur-

OLD AQUEDUCT.

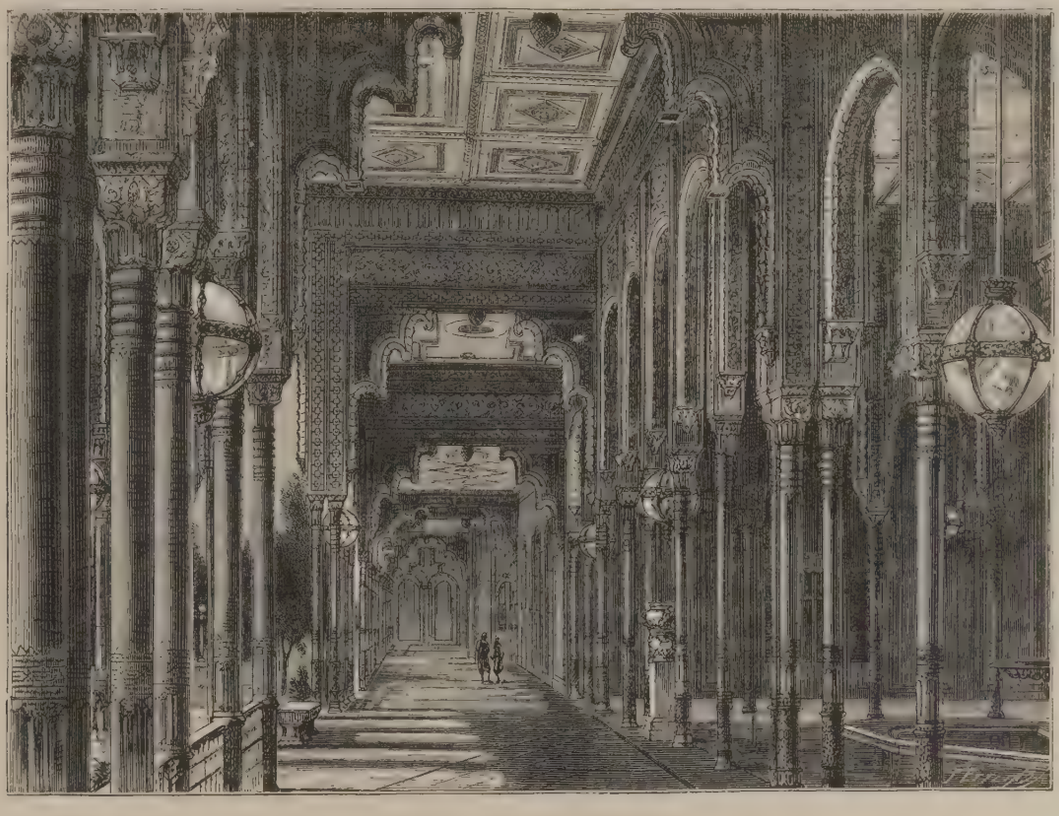
rounds him, to look into the artificial grottoes, and to walk round the large basin in the middle of the garden; and he will find it difficult to believe the fact, when he is assured that this park, now fully grown, was not planned till 1870, by Barilet, the chief gardener of the city of Paris, now lately dead. It is unnecessary to say that such a city as Cairo now is, is lighted with gas, and no one who has seen the Ezbekeeyeh lighted up with its 2,500 jets in their coloured tulip-shaped glasses, can ever forget that wonderful scene. It is very delightful, too, in the afternoon, to observe the different visitors in this beautiful garden, representing

CHATEAU OF GHEZEEREH.

as they do, every class of the population of Cairo. The largest contingent is furnished by the Europeans, but there is no lack of Orientals; Levantines with their wives dressed out in the most conspicuous finery, Kopts in sober colours, the veiled women from the citizens' harems, Arab and European children with their dark attendants, Egyptian soldiers, and square-bearded, martial, and truculent-looking Kawasses, of which the finest are in the service of the different Consulates.

This garden is given up to the people; others, not less beautiful and extensive, are attached to the numerous palaces belonging to the Khedive and his family. None of these is more worthy of mention than the Chateau of Ghezeereh—*i.e.*, "the island"—being in fact situated on an island in the Nile. It was built by a German, Franz-Bey, and is a princely residence furnished with Oriental magnificence; at the opening of the Suez Canal the Viceroy's most distinguished guests lived in it, and

splendid balls attracted a vast number of guests. There are chimney-pieces of onyx in this palace, each of which cost a perfect fortune (about £3,000), and nothing prettier can be imagined than the room furnished with light-blue satin, which was prepared for the Empress Eugenie. The wall decorations, painted from the designs of C. von Diebitsch, are very handsome, and so are the rich Lyons stuffs from patterns by Franz-Bey; but, strange and gorgeous as everything is in this magnificent palace, all is forgotten in a moment when we see the Kiosk of Ghezeereh, for in splendour, charm, and peculiarity it leaves far behind it everything that has been produced



KIOSK IN THE CHATEAU OF GHEZEEREH.

by Oriental architecture in modern times. Even the path leading to this fairy palace is beautiful, for an incomparable display of plants and flowers border it, with here a cool grotto—where the visitor could easily fancy himself resting in the rude lap of some wild mountain—and there an elegant aviary, crowded with birds of gay plumage which delight the eye; at last, passing by a tank of translucent water, we see before us the lightest and airiest of structures, a hall in the style of the Alhambra. Lingering here in the cool evening hour, soothed by the plashing of the fountains, we can realise the sweetest of romantic dreams.

How lofty and airy, too, is the interior of this true summer palace—its halls and saloons! how perfectly its fittings accord with all its surroundings! Among the objects it contains many are of historical interest; for instance, there is a table of Roman mosaic, presented to Mohammed Ali by the Pope.

THE KHEDIVE ISMAIL'S COUNTRY DRIVE.

It is hard to tear oneself from this Kiosk and these gardens; but the guide presses us to retire, for the Khedive is expected in an hour. Just one more glance at the halls, a visit to the lions, giraffes, and ostriches, kept in numbers in the western part of the park, giving it the stamp of a peculiarly characteristic life, and then we find ourselves at the gate, mount our asses, and trot across the handsome suspension bridge.

We have hardly reached the principal barrack of Cairo, where also the Khedive had a splendid residence, than we see the Kawasses pushing back the people, and are ourselves thrust aside, but become the spectators of a brilliant scene. The Viceroy himself, quitting the palace where his honoured and revered mother lives in royal state, drives past in his carriage, driven by an English coachman. There is no lack of noble horses and rich harness; but where, oh! where, are the old picturesque dresses of silk and the decorative turbans? what has become of the Ameers with their splendid arms? I know too well. It was to do homage to that caricature of true culture—to "civilisation"—that they were all exchanged for laced uniforms and liveries of European art. The tarboosh, which is supplanting the turban more and more, and which is already worn by all the officials and men of mark in Constantinople, and even by the ex-Khedive, is an importation from Constantinople. Stamboul is indeed now the metropolis of the Moslem East, and all that is "Stambuleenee," *i.e.*, from Constantinople, passes for the best. Every reform, even those which relate to the most intimate and vital changes, are here begun from the outside—from the surface downwards. It must be said the efforts in one department—and that one of the most important—have lately been conducted on very sound principles; the reforms in the constitution and conduct of schools undertaken by Dor, a Swiss, are worthy of all praise, as are, too, his attempts to rescue the female population from utter ignorance, and to set the fine library of Darb-el-Gamameez on a level with those of Europe for completeness and arrangement; but what difficulties are put in his path at every innovation! first by the general public, who are passionately prejudiced in favour of their old customs and ways, and against everything European; then by the Ulema, the privileged chiefs and guardians of Moslem jurisprudence. However, even these have been forced to consent to a reformed mode of justice—which, in the first instance, applied only to the intercourse between foreigners themselves, or between them and the Egyptians—and to the introduction of a code elaborated on the foundation of the French and Italian law; while formerly, under the Mohammedans, theology and jurisprudence were almost synonymous, and the judges pronounced sentence, even in civil cases, in obedience to the rule of the Koran.

I must mention, as one of the ex-Khedive's best actions, the abolition of the slave trade, which was flourishing in Egypt only a short time since. Very few years have gone by since I myself was one of those who saw the court of an okella well supplied with the human commodity. I am only too glad to leave it to the artist to give a picture of the tragical scene, of which he was a spectator even before I myself was. At the present time this scandalous trade can only be carried on in the profoundest secrecy, and the judges are bound to restore every male or female slave to liberty who claims the right. It is true that many of these poor wretches do not avail

themselves of their rights, nor can it be denied that the lot of a slave under the influence of Mohammedanism may be regarded as comparatively an easy one. Any one who knows how completely the institution of slavery had grown to be part and parcel of Eastern life and customs will not refuse the due meed of praise to the man who seriously set to work to oppose it.

The ex-Khedive's success in carrying out his most important reforms was due principally to his restless industry and to the zeal and talent of his distinguished minister, Nubar Pacha, who also brought to a happy termination those transactions with the Porte which secured to the Khedive and his family the perpetual right of succession of the eldest son, the privileges of coining money, of raising loans, of concluding national treaties, and of maintaining an army of 30,000 men at most. This firman cost the ruler of Egypt untold millions, and laid him under a requisition to pay to the Porte an annual tribute of 133,635 purses, about £700,000; but it was not bought too dearly, for it was not till then that Mohammed Ali's plans, which had previously failed again and again in consequence of the opposition of the European Powers, were realised; and the throne of Egypt was secured to the family of the Khedive, who increased his now independent territory by the addition of important harbours in the Red Sea, by taking possession of the Somali coast—which is bathed by the Indian Ocean, and rich in almost every kind of produce—and by acquiring the kingdom of Harar and the Abyssinian provinces of Bogar and Galabat. He extended the limits of his kingdom still farther by the conquest of the Negro States near the White Nile, and of Darfoor, in the heart of Africa, till then an impenetrable region; and the extent of his frontier was not reduced even by the unfortunate issue of the last Abyssinian war. Not even the most prejudiced adversary can refuse the ex-Khedive the title of "Increaser of the Kingdom," and no one can venture to grudge him the fame he well earned by his liberal concessions and grants to those European savants who made his country their study, and by the intelligent care he bestowed on the monuments of antiquity which had so long been abandoned to neglect and ruin.

VIEW ON THE SUEZ CANAL.

14 SLAVE MARKET.

The Resurrection of the Antiquities of Egypt.

AT the time when the Khedive Ismail came to the throne the antiquities of Egypt, which for many centuries had been utterly neglected, had already begun to attract the attention of the learned men of Europe. They had never been totally forgotten, for the Bible narrative had preserved the memory of Pharaoh and his court, and classical writers spoke of the "Wonders of the World" that stood by the shores of the Nile; both in Rome and Constantinople, on more than one conspicuous spot, stood tall obelisks brought thither from Egyptian temples, while smaller relics—sarcophagi, mummies, and fragments of papyri—were preserved and shown in the cabinets of princes and in the glass cases of public libraries. Curiosities had been brought home by pilgrims, merchants, or adventurous travellers in the East; while Christian pilgrims, even in the earliest times, had related in their itineraries all the wonders they had seen by the Nile. The Coptic tongue had been preserved by the Roman missions, and had been scientifically studied and elaborated by the gifted Jesuit Athanasius Kircher, of Fulda,[1] and other students; the old Coptic version of the Gospels was first printed at Rome, and when Pococke,

[1] A.D. 1644. An excellent account of the revival of Coptic literature is given by Ludwig Stern, "Koptische Grammatik. 8vo, Leipz.: 1880. Einleitung."

Niebuhr, and other scientific and educated travellers visited the East for the express purpose of research, we in Europe learned, with profound surprise, that many other monuments of extreme antiquity, besides the Pyramids, existed on both shores of the Nile. Shortly after Buonaparte organised his expedition into Egypt, and the savants and artists that accompanied his army undertook, with a restless energy that no hindrances could check, to measure, draw, and describe with admirable accuracy every monument they might meet with. It is to them that the resurrection of ancient Egypt is due. The outward appearance and the written symbols of the most ancient of nations became known to us, and ere long we were made familiar with its history, its life, its thoughts and sentiments, for, by the discovery of the Rosetta stone by Captain Bouchard, the possibility was given of reading and understanding the writing of the ancient Egyptians, and soon after realised.[1]

The deciphering of the hieroglyphics is such a splendid instance of the achievement of modern methods of research—while without it any true comprehension of ancient Egypt would have remained so utterly impossible—that I feel it is due to the reader to give him some short sketch of the way in which it was accomplished.[2]

The "Rosetta Stone" has on it three inscriptions, two of which are in Egyptian and the third in the Greek character and language. This last contains a sacerdotal decree or proclamation in honour of Ptolemy V. (Epiphanes I.), who reigned from 204—181 B.C., and it ends with an injunction that the said decree is to be engraved on a tablet of hard stone in three characters: the hieroglyphic, the demotic (or popular), and the Greek, and thus to be preserved in each of the great temples. Thus the inscription informs us that, side by side with the Greek, there is to be a version in hieroglyphic and another in the demotic writing of the ancient Egyptians, and both in fact are here. The hieroglyphics consist of representations of objects of every kind, and drawn from every imaginable source; the demotic of strangely-formed letters, of which it was at that time impossible to guess at the prototypes. At an earlier date, students of hieroglyphics had already observed certain groups which occurred in the inscriptions enclosed in a sort of frame (or cartouche, as it is now universally called), and even before the discovery of the Rosetta stone it had been presumed that the groups thus distinguished from the rest might be the names of kings or of gods. In the Greek text the name occurring most frequently was Ptolemaios; in the hieroglyphic version the cartouche most often repeated was this and it was probable that this might be the sign for Ptolemaios. A misinterpretation, or the mis-statements of certain classic authors, had given rise to the erroneous assumption that the hieroglyphic character was of a purely ideographic or symbolic nature, and had no affinity with the phonetic or vocal method of modern writing and spelling.

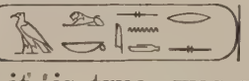
A due study of that part of the inscription which was engraved in the demotic character proved this idea to be totally incorrect, and presently another bilingual inscription came to support the evidence afforded by the Rosetta stone; this was

[1] See foot-note, Vol. i., p. 79.

[2] The account is given in Birch's "Introduction to the Study of the Hieroglyphs." 12mo, London, 1857.

discovered on the plinth of an obelisk in the island of Philae, and in it the name of Cleopatra occurred in the Greek, which could only answer to this cartouche in the hieroglyphics thus the lever was found for which science had been waiting to wrench open the door which for so long had remained locked on the secret of the Egyptian Sphinx. Two great men set to work at once, but independently—in England, Thomas Young,[1] a man distinguished in various branches of science, and in France, François Champollion.[2] The happiest results crowned their labours; but Champollion must with justice be regarded as the successful decipherer of hieroglyphics rather than his English rival, for what Young succeeded in detecting by mere ingenious conjecture, Champollion treated by scientific method, and at his death, in 1832, he bequeathed to us a grammar and an extensive vocabulary of the ancient Egyptian language. We cannot forbear repeating the noble eulogy spoken by no less a man than Chateaubriand in praise of this distinguished man, so early snatched from his labours: "Ses admirables travaux auront la durée des monuments qu'il nous a fait connaître."

FRANÇOIS CHAMPOLLION.

It was by the following method that he achieved his object. If the two names thus written and were really Ptolemaios and Cleopatra they must include several identical signs or letters; in Ptolemaios, the quadrangular figure □, being the first, must stand for *P*, and this in Cleopatra was found to occur in the right place, standing fifth in order. The third sign in Ptolemaios must be an *o*, and the fourth an *l*. This theory was strikingly proved, for the lion for *l* occurs second in Cleopatra, and the knotted cord for *o* in the fourth, both quite right. In this way, proceeding by comparison with other names, that of Alexander, or Alksantrs, was next discovered,  and by degrees a whole Egyptian alphabet was constructed. This, it is true, was not available for the purpose of reading the pictorial inscriptions, for it was soon seen that, besides the alphabet, hundreds of other signs were used, of which, as Champollion was the first to observe, many bore no phonetic value, but had reference to the whole signification of the groups to which they were an adjunct.

This is not the place for any further discussion of the laborious investigations

[1] A.D. 1818. [2] A.D. 1822.

COURT OF THE MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES AT BOOLAK.

which finally led to a perfect comprehension of hieroglyphic writing. The French and English students were ere long associated with German, Italian, and Scandinavian colleagues, and their united labours have led to the most brilliant results. It is known now that in hieroglyphic inscriptions, added to the words themselves—which are written with letters denoting single sounds or syllables—there are certain determinative signs, both general and special, which inform the reader to what class of ideas the separate words belong. This ideographic element, which is unknown to our modern methods of writing, was almost indispensable in ancient Egyptian, for it became concrete at an early stage of its development, and remained a poor language, full of homonymous and synonymous words. The root *ankh*, for instance, signifies to live, "to swear," "the ear," a "mirror," and a "goat," much as the German word *thor* means "a fool" and "a gate," and is at the same time the name of a Teutonic god; or as our word *box* stands for a tree, a chest, a blow, and, in certain combinations, for a gift and a seat. The reader might therefore easily fall into error, and read "*ankh nefer*" as meaning "a beautiful goat," when it meant "a beautiful life," if he were not guided by the above-mentioned determining or class signs. Frequently—and particularly in the inscriptions on stone, which could not be made as simple as a writing on papyrus—special determining signs occur; signs, that is to say, which represent the object or idea pictorially, without any written vocable being added; thus, instead of *sem sem* = "a horse," we find the picture only . In this case, though there can of course be no doubt as to what the sign stands for, the reader will be quite in the dark as to the name of it till he meets with it elsewhere with the phonetic sound attached.

Thus a number of ideographic signs, symbolical in their nature, have been introduced as supplementary to the system of written vocables which we find amply sufficient for the expression of our thoughts, and the usage was persisted in till the period of the Roman Emperors, by which time the Egyptians had long been familiar with the Greek character. The ancient writing was retained, particularly in the case of inscriptions applied to the decoration of tombs and temples; for the hieroglyphic character was from the earliest times treated as an ornamental character in the fullest sense of the word, and architects used the long rows of pictures forming the inscriptions, for decorating walls, partitions, architraves, pillars, and doorways, as being a style of ornament which satisfied the demands of the artist and, at the same time, the inquiring mind of the beholder. The small number of twenty-four regularly recurring signs would evidently have been quite insufficient, and have fulfilled their requirements far less completely than the abundant variety afforded by more than two thousand various symbols, which at the same time answered the purpose of making the inscriptions much more difficult to be read by the laity, and so of preserving the mysterious character of the hieroglyphic writing.

With the possibility of reading off hieroglyphic texts we obtained, at the same time, the power of understanding them, for in the Coptic tongue we find the very same language as was spoken by the Egyptian Christians in the first century of

our era, and which used to be written in the Greek character with a few additional signs, intended to facilitate the expression of certain Egyptian sounds foreign to the Hellenic tongue. Translations have been handed down to us of most of the Biblical books, and of some other works, in the Coptic language, of which the Monophysite Christians still make use in their form of worship; and this language, which is perfectly known, does not differ more from the Egyptian of the Pharaohs than Italian differs from Latin.

THE SHEYKH-EL-BELED.

There is hardly one of all the monuments of the Nile valley which does not bear some inscription, and in that dry atmosphere they are wonderfully preserved; an immense number of closely-written papyri have also been found, and even on the vessels used by the people there were not unfrequently inscriptions; so it happens that at the present day we have a very considerable mass of ancient Egyptian literature. A building almost as large as the British Museum might be filled with copies of all the known inscriptions in portfolios, &c., and of the rolls of papyrus preserved under glass. Every kind of literature except the dramatic is known to us as having existed among the ancient Egyptians; and it is to the hieratic writings particularly—that is to say, writings in the old sacerdotal dialect, usually on papyrus, with peculiar abbreviated signs[1]—that we owe our intimate knowledge of their literature.

Within the last few years our knowledge of Egyptian art[2] has also been established on a sure foundation, having in fact undergone a complete transformation; this was owing, in the first place, to the intelligent liberality of the ex-Khedive; but, in the second place, more especially to the indefatigable zeal, learning, and genius of the man to whose discriminating care all the monuments of the Pharaonic period have been given over, and who conducted the excavations which have brought so many of the most important of them to light. In the course of our expedition to Sakkarah we have already become acquainted with the desert home of the late illustrious Mariette Pacha, and we saw there one of the most fertile fields wherein he has laboured. To him, too,

[1] Cursive or written characters.

[2] One of the latest works on the subject is Prisse d'Avennes' "Histoire de l'Art Egyptienne," fol. Paris: 1870. Texte par P. Marchandon de la Faye.

we owe that grand work, founded under the auspices of the Khedive, the Museum of Antiquities at Boolak, from its first planning to its final arrangement.

Of all the known collections of antiquities that at Boolak is the most important, and not one in Europe can boast of the same advantage, namely, that for every object in it the place where it was found can be pointed out.

Boolak is the harbour of Cairo, and now almost forms a part of it—Cairo itself not lying actually on the Nile bank—and it is at Boolak that we shall find the various institutions founded by Mohammed Ali—the vice-regal printing press, the iron-foundries, industrial schools, and lunatic asylum. From the Ezbekeeyeh to the Museum is a good half-hour's ride on a donkey; its garden and western wall are washed by the Nile, and so seriously threatened, indeed, by the inundations that it has been found necessary to decide on building a new Museum on the left shore of the Nile, near Ghizeh, to which, in a short time, the monuments and relics will be transferred.

WOODEN STATUE, FROM SAKKARAH.

We cannot linger here from room to room, from monument to monument, from cabinet to cabinet, and show the reader all the wealth of treasures they contain in detail. Mariette has made it easy to the visitor to recognise the most important pieces in the collection, for he distinguishes each by the mode of exhibiting it, and the ample catalogue he has written perfectly fulfils its object of guiding and instructing the layman.[1] Latterly many Arabs have joined the European strangers in visiting this museum, and even the veiled inhabitants of the harem; though from these, it must be owned, we may hear very strange remarks upon the "heathen work" which has no charm nor appeal for them, and which they despise much more than they admire it. The lover of art from the Western shores who, when he first treads Egyptian soil, has made up his mind that no art is worth anything but the Greek, and that Egyptian sculpture is barbaric, mannered, and only worthy to be smiled at, finds himself obliged to change his opinion as he looks at the treasures of this collection; nor is he deserving of reproach, even though he may not have done justice to the artists of Pharaonic times until he sees them

MARRIED COUPLE—RA-HOTEP AND THE LADY NEFERT, FROM MEYDOOM.

[1] There is an excellent catalogue by Mariette, "Notice des Principaux Monuments du Musée à Boulaq." 8vo. 1869. Also a photographic album of the same.

here, for no European museum can offer him such another opportunity of studying, comparing, and estimating the best specimens of the plastic art of every period of the history of the Pharaohs. In front of these long rows of statues, each definitely ascribed to a certain date, it is easy to form a perfect conception of the art of sculpture as exercised by the ancient Egyptian artists, and to distinguish the characteristics of each great epoch of artistic development.

At the first glance it would almost seem as though the plastic arts in

SHAVING SMALL BOYS IN CAIRO.

Egypt had produced the finest results at the earliest period of all, a period of which we have already seen the traces during our visit to the ruins of Memphis; and it is true that no more life-like figures than those disinterred at Sakkarah and in the Mausoleums of Ghizeh—among which are many fully 5,000 years old—have ever been found in the valley of the Nile. I have already mentioned the Scribe, which is preserved in the Louvre,[1] and the beautiful statues of Chefren found in the excavations not far from the Sphinx—one of which has been placed

[1] Vol. I., p. 131.

in this museum;[1] but both these masterpieces are even surpassed in realistic power by the very remarkable figure in sycamore wood representing a high official of mature age who, with his staff of authority in his hand, seems to look down on the people whom he was wont to command; the feet have been restored. This venerable gentleman may have been the affectionate father of a family, but he certainly was not deficient in determination when it was necessary to exercise it. This statue is called by the people, significantly enough, the Sheykh-el-Beled, or village magistrate, because Mariette's labourers, when they came upon this statue, exclaimed "Here is our magistrate!" No better testimony to the life-like vigour of the ancient master's work could be required. The torso of a wooden statue of a beautiful type, found also in the sand at Sakkarah, is worthy of equal praise; it represents a young Memphite under one of the older dynasties, and of quite equal merit is the interesting pair representing the young prince Ra-hotep and his wife Nefert.

This monument, enclosed under glass and occupying a prominent position, was found near the pyramid of Meydoom, and was executed in the reign of King Snefru, who ruled before the builder of the Great Pyramid. There is not in the whole world any older work of plastic art than this, and yet it must be admitted, even by those who find no charm in the features of the couple whom it has preserved from the common lot of oblivion, that it displays sound views of realistic art, and must be regarded as one of those portraits which we feel at once must be like the originals. Both the figures are painted, the man brown, the wife pale and sallow. The mode of dress in those early times and among the most conservative people in the world changed less often than in our day. The heavy wig which Nefert wears remained in fashion, as we see from the monuments, for more than three thousand years; and even later it was worn, but more frequently by men, who were compelled by a religious statute to shave their heads at a certain age, than by ladies. Wigs have been found on the skulls of mummies, and one of the finest is to be seen in the British Museum.[2] The custom of shaving the head seems to have been handed down by the ancient Egyptians to all the nations of the East. To this day the mothers bring their small boys to the barber, and it is most amusing to look on at the operation of shaving a baby. At the present day, the Egyptians wear a turban instead of a wig to protect the head.

We have already made acquaintance with several pictures in relief of a very early date in the course of our visit to the Necropolis of Memphis. There is no lack of such pictures in the museum of Boolak, and we remark in them, as in the statues of the same date, that the artist, uninfluenced by any ideal conceptions, has had no aim in view beyond that of giving a true and vivid picture of real life. The conditions of the method of working in relief, however, have necessitated a particular mode of treatment, and so much importance has been attached to the plain presentment of facts that in many instances beauty has been sacrificed. In

[1] Vol. I., p. 150.

[2] No. 2560. It was found in a rectangular box or basket (No. 2561), made of the kind of reeds used for writing at Thebes.

the face, which is always drawn in profile, a front view of the eye is always given so that the whole of it may be seen; the body is represented as facing the spectator so as to do full justice to both arms, while the legs of standing figures are drawn in profile, so as to show the whole of both. Even on reliefs that are crowded with figures no deviation is allowed from this mode of depicting them. As a case in point I here give the reader an illustration of a figure of a general in command, from a highly-finished carving on a piece of wood found at Sakkarah,[1] and of very early date; and also a representation of some geese beautifully cut in very slight relief on stone; they, too, are shown, as animals always are, in profile.[2] Even those sculptors who made statues were fettered in their work and method, for the most ancient statues that have come down to us show us that the artist was obliged to form every limb of the human figure, or even of animals, in accordance with certain rules which were declared to be sacred, and therefore never to be infringed. This "canon of proportion" was well known to the Greeks. Throughout the long history of Egyptian art it only twice underwent alteration.[3] Under the older dynasties it produced somewhat short and powerful forms; under the New Empire, after the expulsion of the Hyksos, the figures were taller and slighter. The French savant Charles Blanc believed he had discovered that the finger-length was the fundamental unit of these proportions for the human figure and the claw for that of the lion; hence the well-known saying "Ex ungue leonem." This application of a fixed rule of proportions can hardly be considered discreditable to the Egyptian artists when we recollect the canon of Polykleitos[4] and Albert Durer's treatise on the proportions of the human figure.[5] No doubt the strictness of the method must be regretted, for the artists bound by it were much fettered in their efforts, and it hindered them from animating their works by variety of movement and position, and from distinguishing the elastic contour of youth from the withered forms of old age. With rare exceptions these statues give us portraits of men in middle life, and the figures of women always exhibit a youthful and maidenly form. Standing and sitting figures alike always are placed in the same position, and the universal application of the artistic canon results in every one being of the same height and having a certain breadth of chest, and length of arms and legs. Those critics are perfectly in the right who accuse Egyptian sculpture of being limited and monotonous; but they must remember that in the very earliest times the Egyptians had far outstripped all the surrounding nations in their artistic development, and being proud of their achievement, their most earnest endeavour was to protect it against the barbaric influences that pressed in on them from all the nations round them. Their dread of retrogression clogged their progress, and the canon of

[1] An officer of high rank, holding many offices—scribe, priest, and superintendent of dockyards. His name was Ra-hesi.

[2] These are accompanied by their numbers—1200, 1110, 1220.

[3] In the first or oldest canon, that of the age of the Pyramids, the height was reckoned from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, and the subdivision was taken at a half or a third of the foot. The second canon, which commenced about the XIIth and terminated at the XXIInd dynasty, made the height eighteen parts of the half-foot. The third canon, of the XXVIth dynasty, mentioned by Diodorus, reckoned the height at twenty-one halves of the foot.

[4] See Bonomi on the Proportion of the Human Figure according to the canon of Vitruvius, with a diagram by the sculptor Gibson. 8vo. London: 1872.

[5] "De Varietate Figurarum." fol. Nurnberg. 1534.

proportion was the chain by which they fettered themselves to the summit they had laboriously attained. Nevertheless they were far from remaining mere servile copyists of the established pattern. They constructed the anatomical proportion of man and of animals from a free and exact observation of the different limbs, reserving the right of reproducing the countenances of the men they represented with perfect freedom and with all their natural and characteristic details. To this most fortunate circumstance we owe our knowledge—nay familiarity—with the princes and kings of the Pharaonic period; for portraits of most of them, at any rate of the greatest, have been handed down to us, and allow of our comparing the outline and expression of their faces with the deeds and characteristics recorded of each. The Egyptians succeeded, too, in seizing on the physical and even on the physiognomical aspect—nay even on the details of dress—of those foreign nations with whom they came into contact, and they reproduced all their peculiarities in the most characteristic manner. A recent French historian has attributed the long stagnation of Egyptian sculpture as to style to the inefficiency of their tools; and yet we cannot but frankly admire the skill with which they worked and polished the hardest stones—such as granite, grauwacke, diorite, basalt, and other mineral products—which our sculptors find very difficult to work. Pictures that have come down from Pharaonic times, show us the sculptors in full activity. The figures which are least pleasing to our taste are those monstrous images of gods with human bodies and animal heads, with head ornaments and symbols, which were intended less to affect the sense of beauty than to excite the religious feelings of the devout, to whom the hidden meaning of the sensible image was familiar, even under the disguise of the most grotesque figures. The Museum of Boolak is filled to overflowing with images of gods of every kind and of every size; in metal, base and noble, in wood and terra-cotta, and among them some are truly beautiful works of art; some bronzes inlaid with gold are wonderfully finely cast and sharply chiselled, but they, and indeed most of the best-finished figures of gods, are of the New Empire.[1]

OLD EGYPTIAN LADY'S WIG, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

All the monuments surviving from the period before the incursion of the

[1] Some old bronze figures have been discovered, and fine ones of the XIXth dynasty, about 1300 B.C.; but the greater number are later, especially of the XXVIth dynasty, B.C. 700.

Hyksos are distinguished by a grand simplicity; this also applies to the style of the hieroglyphic inscriptions preserved on them, and a genuine fidelity to nature is common to them all. In the portrait figures of that date, with their strongly-marked individuality, no trace is perceptible of any feeling for the ideal, while on the other hand the ideal, the outcome of mind and sentiment, is by no means undiscernible in the statues of the Later Empire, which were less realistic and less natural in style. This foreign element seems to have first influenced the Egyptian mind at the time of the Hyksos, and it is remarkable not in the works of sculpture only, but also in the fantastical decorative details of the gigantic undertakings of their architects, in their elaborated modes of speech, in the greater depth of their religious feelings, and in their theology and the belief in another world, which they wrapped in the most luxuriant imagery. We possess statues of every kind of the time of the Later Empire—standing and sitting, as tall as hills or quite minute—made of grauwacke as hard as iron as well as of soft soap-stone or of wood.

WOOD CARVING, IN RELIEF, FROM SAKKARAH.

The most colossal and best known are of very various merits, and generally are falsely estimated because they are judged of as separate and independent works, while they were in fact designed to be seen in combination with huge architectural masses. From the earliest times sculpture in Egypt was the handmaid of architecture, and even under the First Empire the pictures in relief, like the hieroglyphic inscriptions, had a purely decorative purpose. All the colossal statues bore certain architectonic relations to the great public buildings, and the places they filled were carefully chosen; and when we complain that their gravity and calm amount to lifelessness we forget that this stamp of monumental peace and

REPRESENTATION OF GEESE, ON A RELIEF, FROM SAKKARAH.

LION, IN BRONZE.

solemnity reigned over all the architectural surroundings, and was highly appropriate

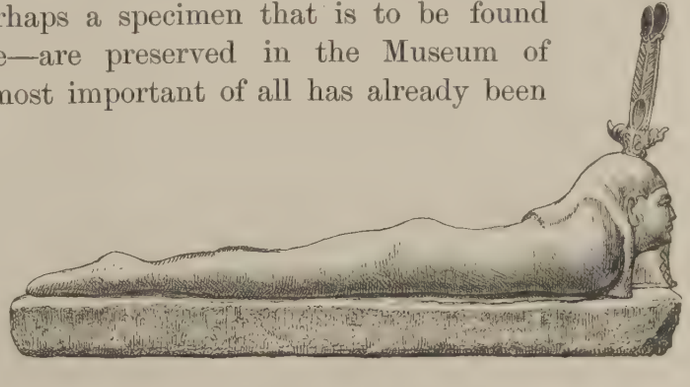
OLD EGYPTIAN REPRESENTATION OF THE MAKING OF TWO STATUES AND A SPHINX.

to the places they usually occupied at the gateway of the Temple, where they looked down on the crowd of worshippers. No one can really judge of the effect of the colossal statues of the Egyptians who does not conceive of them in connection with the structures with which they formed part of a grand whole.

AMON. OSIRIS.

If we glance over the whole collection of Egyptian remains we shall find no difficulty in distinguishing the following periods of art:—1st, the work of the older empire; 2nd, that of the Hyksos period; 3rd, that of the Liberators, down to the XIXth Dynasty; 4th, that of the best period, under Seti I. and his immediate successors; 5th, the decadence, down to the XXVIth Dynasty; 6th, the renaissance, under the Saïte Kings; 7th, the work of the Ptolemaic period.

The only sculptures remaining from the Hyksos period—if we except a bust in the Villa Ludovici at Rome, and perhaps a specimen that is to be found in the Louvre—are preserved in the Museum of Boolak. The most important of all has already been mentioned in speaking of Tanis, the capital of the foreign sovereigns.[1] The Viceregal Museum is, however, very rich in works of the period immediately following the expulsion of the Hyksos. In the first place, in the Salle des Bijoux, or Jewel-room, we find a great number of valuable specimens of goldsmiths' work, most of which were found—213 pieces in all—by Mariette on the mummy

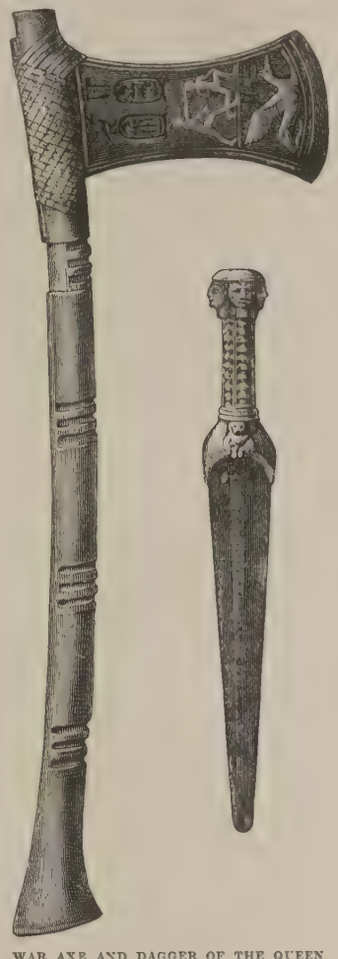


COMPOSITE FIGURE OF THE LATER EMPIRE.

[1] Vol. I., p. 112.

PORTRAITS FROM LIKENESSES OF THE TIME OF THE PHARAOHS.

of Queen Aah-hotep, the wife of Pharaoh Aahmes, one of the conquerors of the Hyksos.[1] These objects command the admiration even of our modern jewellers. There is a gold bracelet, richly set with coloured stones; a necklace, 90 centimètres (or nearly a yard) long, of the finest workmanship, and hanging to it a most beautiful scarabæus, a masterpiece of gold filagree with blue enamel; here, again, an ornament exhibits an uncommon design of golden flies; there lie a dagger and an axe of ceremony, of admirable style and execution, the cedar-wood handle of the axe is covered with gold plating, a favourite device in the decorative arts of the ancients. For mere costliness we must observe a massive golden boat on wheels, with twelve silver oarsmen. Was all this unheard-of magnificence of liberated Egypt gained from the Semitic peoples of Western Asia, whom she had now for the first time vanquished?



WAR AXE AND DAGGER OF THE QUEEN AAH-HOTEP.

The liberators of their country came from Upper Egypt, and the god under whose auspices they had marched upon the Hyksos was Amen of Thebes; hence, at this time, we see him preferred above Ptah and Ra, the old gods of Lower Egypt, and merging into one with the latter. The XVIIIth Dynasty worshipped him above all other gods; and the hymn addressed to him by Thothmes III.,[2] and graven on a tablet of stone preserved at Boolak, far exceeds in poetic inspiration every composition of the elder empire. At Thebes we shall find a great number of works of this king and of his immediate successors, all distinguished by their simple and yet dignified grandeur. There, and at Abydos, we shall meet with the finest productions of the highest period of Egyptian sculpture under Seti I.[3] Most of the European museums contain some examples of the numerous statues executed by the orders of this King and of his successor, Rameses II. (Sesostris).[4] I have already given the ideally-treated portrait of the youthful Rameses, which is now at Turin,[5] and I have here accurately reproduced the bust of Menephthah I., his son,[6] preserved at Boolak; it is interesting to compare the gentle spiritualised countenance with the frank realistic treatment of that of the Prince Ra-hotep.

The decay of the plastic arts had already begun under the XXth Dynasty, although very good work was still executed under the wealthy and luxurious Rameses III.,[7] and the head of Taharka[8] the Ethiopian, brought from Thebes, is well worthy of admiration; the same must be said of the alabaster statue of Queen

[1] Published in colours by M. Desjardins in Daly's "Revue d'Architecture." 1860: pp. 98—111. And again by E. Kiddle, "Facsimiles of Egyptian Relics in the Tomb of Queen Aah-hotep." London: 1863.

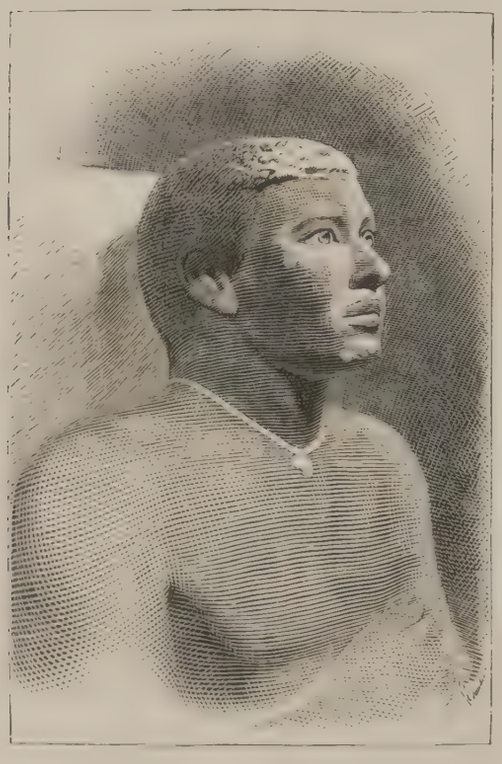
[2] An interpretation is given in the "Records of the Past," II., p. 29. Thothmes lived about B.C. 1500.

[3] About B.C. 1430. [4] B.C. 1380. [5] Vol. I., p. 100.

[6] B.C. 1320. [7] B.C. 1260. [8] B.C. 690.

Ameniritis found at Karnak (XXVth Dynasty), for notwithstanding the ill-proportioned figure, the head and various details show excellent workmanship. A *renaissance* of no mean character revived Egyptian sculpture under the sovereigns of the XXVIth Dynasty. These were the Kings of Saite origin, and many of them have remained famous—Psametik, or Psammetichus, the First,[1] from the narrative of Herodotus; Necho[2] for his fleet, which is said to have doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and for his defeat at Carchemish, spoken of in the Bible (2 Chron. xxxv. 20); Amasis for his prudence in administration, and for his friendship with Polykrates, the Tyrant of Samos.[3] It certainly cannot be denied that the work of this period bears no comparison with the best productions of the time of Seti I., either for truth to

GOLD BOAT WITH SILVER ROWERS.



RA-HOTEP.

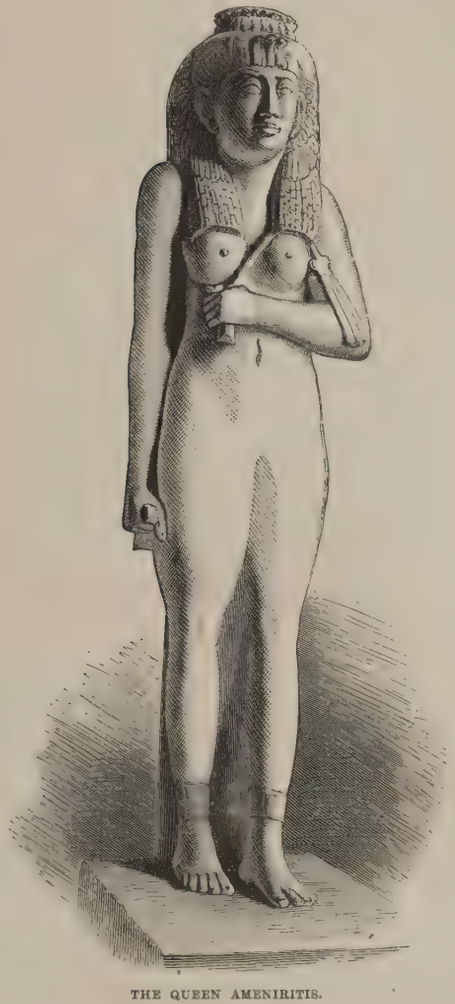
MENEPTAH.

nature or for grand simplicity; but, on the other hand, it displays a grace and tenderness of modelling never attained at the earlier periods. At no time did the hieroglyphic character bear the stamp of a finer style than under

[1] B.C. 664. [2] B.C. 610. [3] B.C. 528.

the Saite Kings, whether graven in the hardest stone or traced on papyrus, and the art of polishing stone was never brought to such perfection. The sarcophagi of basalt and grauwacke prepared for the mummies of certain great personages at the time of the XXVIth Dynasty are covered with intaglios—both inscriptions and pictures—which are quite marvellous; and Mariette has done well in assigning a place of honour in this collection to the beautiful group discovered by him in the tomb of the noble official Psametik, at Sakkarah. Isis and Osiris stand to the right and left of Hathor, represented as a cow; she bends her head, which is crowned with the disc and double plume, in mild protection over the dead figure of Psametik. The form and head of the heifer, and the faces of the divine brother and sister, are among the very finest productions of the sculptor's art.

HEAD OF TAHARKA THE ETHIOPIAN.



THE QUEEN AMENIRITIS.

Under the son of Amasis Egypt was incorporated by Cambyses with the Persian kingdom;[1] but its peculiar style of art remained perfectly unaffected by that of the Asiatic Empire, under which it remained a satrapy for two hundred years. All the monuments of this period found in the Nile valley and the Oases are wholly and purely Egyptian, and as long as the nation clung to the religion of its fathers it successfully resisted the powerful influence even of Greek art, which, after the conquest of the Nile Valley by the great Macedonian, found a home favourable to it in the new capital, Alexandria. When we visit the temples of the Ptolemaic period we shall see that thenceforward Egyptian art did borrow something from the Greek. The two most important monuments of that date preserved in the Museum of Boolak are two tablets covered with inscriptions, one of which commemorates the bounties bestowed by Ptolemy I. or Soter,[2] when Satrap, on the Temple of Buto before he mounted the throne, the second being a trilingual decree promulgated at Kanopus in honour of Ptolemy Euergetes I.[3] This tablet, commonly

[1] B.C. 527. [2] "Records of the Past," II., p. 29. [3] "Records," VIII., p. 81.

called "the Decree of Kanopus," is a record of quite inestimable value, for like the Rosetta Stone, it contains a sacerdotal proclamation in Egyptian hieroglyphic and demotic writing with a translation in Greek;[1] it is larger and fuller than the Rosetta Stone, and is, besides, quite uninjured. It was found, in 1866, by Lepsius among the ruins of Tanis, and was at once a test and a proof of the accuracy of the method pursued by Champollion and his disciples, for every Egyptologist did, in fact, translate the decree exactly as had originally been done by the Greek interpreter.

HATHOR AS A COW.

The Boolak Museum is comparatively poor in relics of the Greek style of the Ptolemaic and Roman periods, for it was against these especially that the fury of the Christian Iconoclasts was directed with virulent zeal, and the finest of them were stolen away to Rome and Constantinople. But it abounds in those inscribed tablets, rounded at the upper end, and commonly known as stelæ,[2] in sarcophagi, coffins, and mummy-cases, in altars and in small relics of every period which have been found in mummies and tombs and among the sand and rubbish of ruined cities, and which are more often the work of the artisan than of the artist. The curious visitor will here find a vast collection of all that the piety and affection of the survivors were wont to deposit in the grave of the deceased. Elegantly decorated cabinets and glass cases are filled with vessels of all kinds, ornaments and articles for the toilet. There are head-rests, to

ISIS.

OSIRIS.

[1] B.C. 238.

[2] Tombstones, called *hutu*.

which a symbolical meaning was attributed, and such as are still used in Nubia; the vases known as Kanopic, in which the entrails of the dead were preserved,[1] with lids formed of the heads of jackals, dog-faced or cynocephalous apes, hawks, and men; scarabæi of every conceivable substance, which were laid in great numbers on the bodies of the dead in the place of the heart, while small ones were attached to the limbs; because the Scarabæus was regarded as the symbol of the reproductive forces of Nature, and had the power attributed to it of filling those who seemed to be dead with a new vital potentiality; the little figures, too, known as Shebti,[2] which were set up against the walls of the tombs, and often placed in considerable numbers in the sarcophagus itself, enclosed in little caskets. These mummy-shaped figures do not occur before the New Empire.[3] Most of them are of glazed clay,[4] and carry in their hands a plough and a pick, and on their back a sack. The inscription which they bear, almost without exception, informs us that their duty was to till the ground for the dead in the fields of the blest.

TOILET VASE.

MUMMY CASE.

The amulets preserved here, most of which were found

[1] Four in number made the set; they were dedicated, and in form of the genii of the dead Amset, Hapi, Tuantmutef, and Kabhsenuf.

[2] Or sepulchral figures: their name meant "respondent." They were inscribed with the 6th and sometimes 5th chapter of the Ritual, and supposed to do the work of the dead in Hades.

[3] Mariette has recently attributed some to an earlier period. "Catalogue des Monuments d'Abydos." 1880: p. 45.

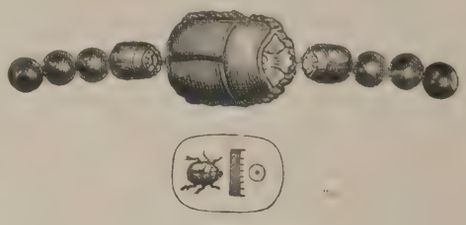
[4] Of an enamelled fayence, or so-called porcelain.

TOILET VASE.

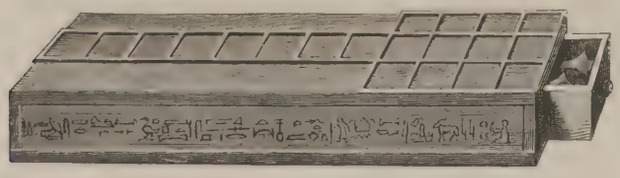
KANOPUS (SEPULCHRAL) VASE, WITH HUMAN HEAD.

on mummies, and the commonest of which is the Uta Eye 𓂀 (or Symbolic Eye), we shall find again in abundance at Thebes. Almost all have some reference to the future life, and are intended to protect the deceased from the perils he may expect to meet with on the way to the hall of judgment in the nether world. Some beautifully-made draughtsmen and boards with drawers were found in some of the tombs. This game is spoken of in the Egyptian myth which treats of the creation of the world; a hidden significance was attributed to it, and it was one of the hopes of the Egyptian that he might be permitted to play it in the Elysian fields. Many cases are filled with statues and statuettes of the innumerable strange divinities of the Egyptian Pantheon; there are a few mummies, and numbers of figures, large and small, with sacred animals, among which we come upon the strangest and most monstrous combinations. I give a figure of the mummy of an ibis, which was sacred to the ibis-headed god Thoth. This god, the Hermes Trismegistos of the Greeks, was at first worshipped as the Moon God, and—because the phases of the Moon served as the basis of the first methods of reckoning—time, measure, and number, and then all that was subservient to their law, finally even science, the art of writing, and all the outcome of human intelligence, were attributed to his dominion. He was the scribe of the gods, and held the palette and reed, and it was he who at the judgment of the dead drew up the protocol. He, in conjunction with Safekh, the goddess of history, composed the record of the deeds of princes, and was the guardian of libraries and of scribes. Many objects in use by the hierogrammatists have been preserved, particularly palettes with red and black colours, the red (the rubric) being used for the beginning of sentences.

OINTMENT VASE, WITH MONKEY.



NECKLACE, WITH SCARABÆUS (TITLE OF THOTHMES III.)



BOX AND BOARD FOR DRAUGHTS.

MUMMIED IBIS.

SHEBTI, OR SEPULCHRAL FIGURE.

Fortunate circumstances have led to our being happily possessed of a vast mass of manuscript works of the ancient Egyptians written on papyrus. The museum of Boolak is actually less rich in these venerable rolls than many European collections, but among them there are several of great value and importance. Copies of the chief work of the Egyptian religion, well known as "The Book of the Dead," are particularly abundant here; they have commonly been found on mummies, among the wrappers and bandages in coffins; chapters of this work occur too on the walls of tombs and the sides of sarcophagi and on small articles of the furniture of the dead. I will only mention here that this book, of which the extant copies exhibit various arrangements—written sometimes at full length and sometimes abridged, and in very various order—has been rightly called a traveller's guide for the departed soul in its wanderings in the nether world. The most perfect copy extant,

IBIS.

PALETTES.

THOTH AND SAFEKH (GODDESS OF HISTORY) WRITING THE NAME OF RAMESES II. ON THE FRUIT OF THE PERSEA. (*Relief from the Rameseum at Thebes.*)

by which Lepsius was enabled to number and arrange the separate chapters, is at Turin,[1] and the most remarkable and interesting chapter of it is the 125th, in which a representation of the judgment of the dead in the nether world is generally introduced.[2] The departed soul stands by the side of a balance; in one scale his heart is placed, in the other a figure of Truth. Anubis and Horus watch the weighing, which is satisfactory when the heart and the statue of Truth balance each other. Thoth-Hermes declares the result, and restores the heart to the justified soul that has been found true. Osiris, as president of the subterranean court of justice, opposes the justification of the dead man, who must declare himself

REPRESENTATION OF THE EGYPTIAN JUDGMENT OF THE DEAD. (*Vignette of the 125th chapter of the Turin Ritual.*)

innocent of as many crimes as there are bystanders[3] assisting at the judgment—namely, forty-two. These forty-two asseverations, each of them beginning with "I have not," are set forth in the 125th chapter of the text, and afford us the quintessence, as it were, of the moral principles of the Egyptians, which show a close affinity to the Mosaic law. It is only by a study of the "Book of the Dead" that we have found it possible to fathom the basis of the Egyptian theology and doctrine of eternity.

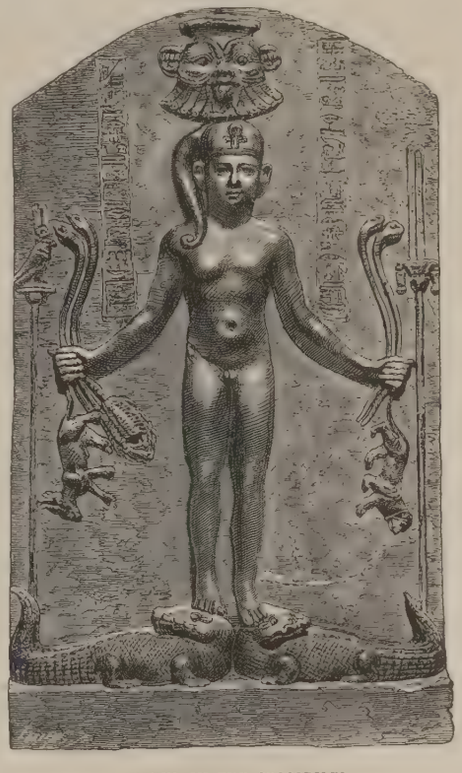
Besides "Books of the Dead," many other hieratic papyri are preserved at Boolak. One of the most important contains a great number of moral precepts, which may be compared with the Proverbs of Solomon; the knowledge of life,

[1] Published by him under the title of "Todtenbuch." 1844.

[2] A very interesting specimen is to be seen—framed, and with a translation below (into French)—at the Louvre.

[3] Deities and demons, the Assessors.

dignified morality, and purity are deserving of all praise.[1] Another manuscript, of older date, contains a beautiful and elevated hymn to Amen;[2] while a much later demotic papyrus relates a romantic tale, known as the "Story of Setnau."[3] Others contain accounts; some, magical formulæ. These last were of frequent use, particularly in later times, and were often inscribed in the sacred colours on amulets or stone tablets; the stelæ known as representing Horus on the crocodiles are full of them; a well-preserved specimen exists in the Boolak Museum, and the power was ascribed to them of protecting the owner against evil and injurious influences.[4] Amulets against the "evil eye" are common, and horoscopy has bequeathed to us whole calendars, in which every day of the year is marked as lucky, unlucky, or fatal, for certain undertakings, and as favourable or unfavourable to the destinies of the human race.[5] Many of these monstrous births of superstition have outlived the religion of the ancient Egyptians, and it may be pointed out as a strange phenomenon, admitting, however, of proof, that while the adherents of the different confessions dwelling by the Nile were always staunch in their opposition to the religious doctrines of other creeds, they were only too ready to adopt foreign superstitions.[6] I can here only make a passing reference to this subject; but will refer the reader to Lane's classic work and Klunzinger's admirable book,[7] in which the last chapter is devoted to its discussion. The modern, like the ancient Egyptians, wear pious sentences illuminated in colours as charms against sickness and disease, they conjure up spirits, use various love-philtres and charms, and guard themselves by magic against sword and bullet. To this day the people relate that their great commander Ibrahim Pacha, the father of the Khedive Ismail, went through the bloodiest battles unharmed because he possessed a powerful talisman. Lane is credulous enough to tell us wonderful things of the divination by ink; a piece of paper is used with numbers on it, into this is poured a large blot of ink, in which a boy, by the aid of magic, sees all sorts of things which his master causes to appear on the black surface. At Lane's request that the boy might be able to see Admiral Lord Nelson, of whom the boy had certainly never even heard, he looked into the ink and said, "A messenger is come back, and has brought



HORUS ON THE CROCODILES.

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

[1] Published by Chabas, "L'Égyptologie." 1875.
[2] Translated in "Records of the Past," II., p. 127.
[3] "Records of the Past," IV., p. 131.
[4] "Zeitschrift fur Aegyptische Sprache." 1868; p. 29.
[5] The papyrus of this nature in the British Museum has been published by Chabas, "Le Calendrier Sallier."
[6] The "Dies Ægyptiacæ; or, Egyptian Days of the Mediæval Calendar."
[7] "Upper Egypt, its People and Products." Translated by Dr. Schweinfürth. Blackie and Co.

CHIROMANCY.

a man in a black European coat, and the man has lost his left arm." Then, after considering for a few seconds, he added, "No, he has not lost his left arm, only laid it across his breast." "This amendment," adds Lane, "makes his description more striking than it had been at first, for Lord Nelson was in the habit of wearing the empty sleeve fastened up to the breast of his coat; but it was the right arm he had lost."

This and many other wonders worked by the magic mirror[1] are difficult to

PORTRAIT STATUE AND RELIEF OF THE FANATICAL KING AMENOPHIS IV.

explain, and certainly testify to the skill of the men who practise the art. But, indeed, there is no lack both of men and women skilled in raising the veil of futurity, a subject of curiosity not peculiar to the Oriental mind. Chiromancy, or palmistry, is a favourite method, and is frequently practised on the impression made by the hand in soft dough.

Magical preparations of all sorts are frequently used as remedies in illness, and in even serious cases the patient is made to swallow pieces of paper inscribed with texts from the Koran, and to try various similar absurd means, before a physician is applied to. Lane enumerates a variety of such remedies. The ancient Egyptians,

[1] The mirror was used at least as early as the Romans by Didius Julian, A.D. 193. In a magic Greek Papyrus published by C. W. Goodwin (1852) the divination was by a boy, a saucer, and a pit—or in a pit.

though medical science was zealously studied by them, also thought that the efficacy of the treatment was enhanced by magic formulæ. In the Ebers Papyrus, an important and very ancient manual of Egyptian medicine, the prescriptions for various medicaments are accompanied by the forms of exorcism to be used at the same time, and yet many portions of this work give evidence of the advanced knowledge of its authors.

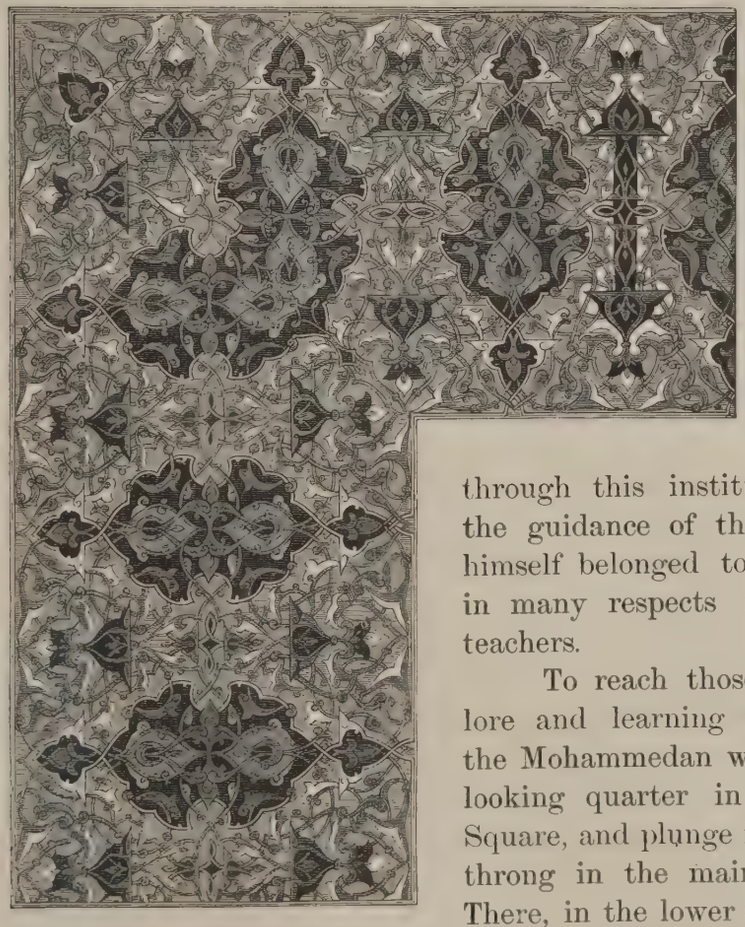
Even their alchemy and their astrology have not been wholly forgotten by their descendants; both were eagerly practised at the period when Cairo, with its famous university attached to the mosque of El-Azhar, flourished as the centre of all the learning of the East.

We will now see what this magnificent seat of learning has become in modern times, and what fruits of knowledge at present ripen under its shelter.

BANKS OF THE NILE.

ENTRANCE TO THE KHAN EL-KHALIL.

The Mosque and University of El-Azhar.



In a former section I have spoken of the founding of the Mosque and University of El-Azhar by Djawhar, general under Mo'izz, and have said that this famous foundation was the source and centre of all the scientific life of the East. So it has remained from the time of the first of the Fatimides to the present day, and it is with pleasure that I now undertake to conduct the reader through this institution, unique in its kind, under the guidance of the illustrious Ignaz Goldziher, who himself belonged to this college as a disciple, though in many respects no doubt far the superior of his teachers.

To reach those famous halls from which Moslem lore and learning radiate to the uttermost ends of the Mohammedan world we must now quit the western-looking quarter in the vicinity of the Ezbekeeyeh Square, and plunge into the half-Oriental, half-European throng in the main street of Cairo, called Muskee. There, in the lower storeys, European shops, with gaily-dressed windows, are arrayed one after another. Seldom can we glance up at the balcony of an upper storey or down in the swarming and bustling side streets, for the vehicles, riders, and pedestrians that throng around us absorb our whole attention. Just now, however, we have not time to study and

describe this wonderful and struggling crowd. But on the way to our destination we presently turn down a street to the right, riding between two rows of booths, *dukkans*, where two articles very dissimilar in nature are exposed for sale: books and slippers. What can be the circumstances which bring together these very different wares—not here only, but in Syrian shops too—in the same propinquity? "Books," says the wise man "are usually bound in red leather, and slippers are made of the same red leather; ergo, books and slippers are found in the same shop, and the bookseller and slipper dealer are one."

Gladly would we step into the stall of our friend Hasan or of his neighbour the merchant from Mecca, and bargain with him, over a cup of coffee and the smoke of a nargileh, for a fine Boolak edition or for one of those antique manuscripts, not rare in Cairo, of which the finest examples—decorated with exquisite ornament—have come down from the time of the Mameluke Sultans and are preserved in the vice-regal library. But to-day we do not seek to buy books, but to visit the retreat which for centuries has enshrined the learning and cherished the intelligence to which most of these works owe their origin; and many ornaments derived from venerable manuscripts of the Koran will grace this very chapter which is devoted to the subject of Arabic learning,

PUBLIC LETTER-WRITERS.

We have now reached the Mosque—glancing as we passed at the public scribe who sits at a street corner writing a letter at the dictation of an artisan. By which of the six gateways shall we enter? The eastern, known as Bab-esh-Shurbeh or the "Gate of Pottage" is delightfully picturesque, but we will prefer the "Gate of the Barber," the imposing great gate of the institute; and we cross its threshold in a sobered mood, as we read the inscription which appeals to the visitor in the following words: "Deeds shall be judged by their motives, and every man shall have his reward meted to him according to the motives of his heart."

After taking off our shoes and exchanging them for a pair of straw slippers, the gatekeeper shows us through an alley, where we see the barbers shaving their customers' heads, into the vast and beautiful fore-court of the Mosque, panelled with marble. Here, by the side of the basins or cisterns which serve for the

"GATE OF POTTAGE" AT THE MOSQUE OF EL-AZHAR.

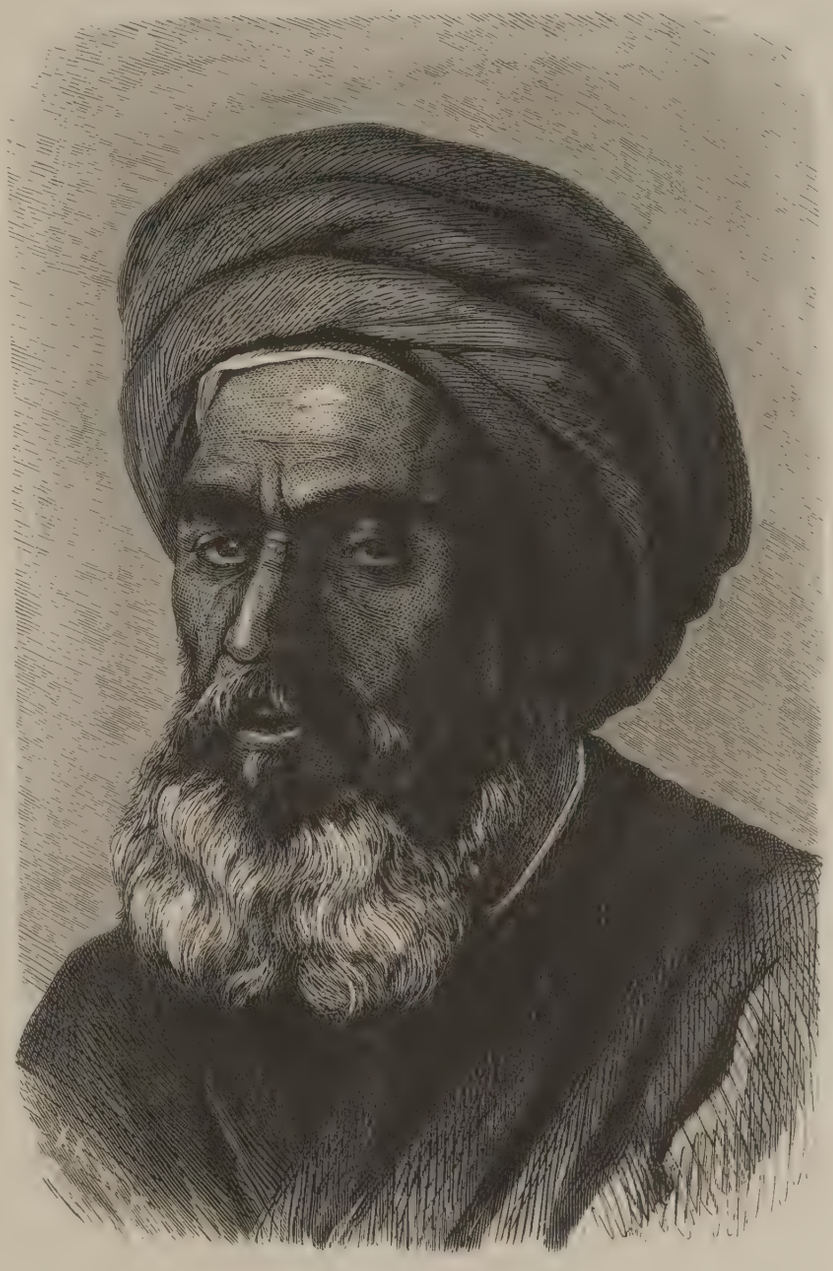
prescribed ablutions of the faithful before prayer, sit half-grown boys behind their large leaden tablets, incessantly swaying their bodies with a pendulum see-saw while they learn the rudiments of Mohammedan lore. The students proper we shall not see till we are within the Mosque itself.

We are surrounded by a quite peculiar phase of life. We are in a vast hall, of which the roof is supported on three hundred and eighty pillars; from the ceiling hang no less than twelve hundred lamps; and on the floor, which is covered with mats, an innumerable crowd of youths and men squat in groups. The boys sit in semicircles round a sheykh, their teacher, who leans against a pillar. Their eyes are fixed on his as he explains to them some one of the many texts and commentaries on the books of the canon law of Islam. This he does in the sing-song tone characteristic of Oriental teaching, of which we may hear a very similar instance among the Talmudic Jews in Europe. If we pause for a further inspection of this great hall, we perceive, besides the desks and the pulpits such as we have seen in other mosques, two much lower platforms, on one of which a venerable old man is deep in the explanation of a book of law. The number of his audience is evidently greater than that of the young disciples of his colleague. This is the revered Sheykh Ashmoonee, renowned for his learning and ascetic life, and one of the chief ornaments of the institution. A profound grammatical treatise, printed at Boolak, and of which he is the author, is evidence of his learning, and his celibacy is proof of his temperate life; and while his colleagues deliver their lectures sitting on a mat, and are recognisable as professors solely by their position close to a pillar ("take the seat by the pillar" is here the equivalent for "filling a professor's chair") the privileges of a raised seat is ungrudgingly accorded to him, for his superiority is acknowledged by all.

ORNAMENT FROM THE TITLE-PAGE OF AN OLD MANUSCRIPT OF THE KORAN, IN THE LIBRARY OF THE VICEROY AT CAIRO.

The other platform is at this moment unoccupied—it is reserved for the oldest sheykh in the mosque, the venerable as-Sakkah, whose infirmities and advanced age prevent him from taking his place by a pillar. The populace attribute to him an age of more than a hundred years—in fact, he is about ninety. He now usually holds his classes at his own residence, but in former years not only was he distinguished "by the pillar" but famous as a Friday preacher, for the subtlety

and eloquence of his discourses. He is regarded as the most learned Mohammedan in Egypt, and would beyond a doubt—so says the world of Cairo, which is ever ready to discuss the concerns of the mosques—long since have attained the dignity of Chief Muftee, or director of the mosques, if he had not in his youth exercised the calling of a corpse-washer. Other reasons, connected with his form of faith, have, however, stood in the way of his promotion. The only detail that is of any important interest to us is the fact that the contempt and aversion felt by the ancient Egyptians for all who were occupied in the dressing and opening of the dead have been preserved undiminished among their modern successors.



A LEARNED CAIRENE.

Many fine and expressive heads, and not a few grey-bearded old stagers are to be remarked among the sheykhs and their thousands of disciples. Notably worthy of remembrance is the blind Sheykh Ahmed es-Sanhooree ; the youngest generation of students have gathered round him, and the text he is expounding is read by one of his scholars. The blind pedagogue listens attentively, and is gifted with so accurate a memory that at the smallest slip or error he raises his staff—which even while sitting he never lays aside—with a threatening gesture.

Not to-day only, but for many another, will we linger here, going from pillar to pillar and listening to the professors, and we shall soon observe that not one of them treats of any independent branch of science in a separate and connected series of lectures. This method of instruction which, among us, has found elaborate

LECTURE IN THE UNIVERSITY MOSQUE OF EL-AZHAR.

development, is foreign to the Orientals, and even the most learned among them, now that the creative and constructive spirit has gradually become extinct, are content merely to interpret certain texts, or to comment on commentators, or even upon the commentators on commentators. They derive their pabulum from the elder literature, and exercise their wits on it. The professor recites text and commentary alike in his monotonous drone; he announces the former with the words, "The writer says—may Allah bless him ——" and introduces the latter with "The commentator says ——." Now and then his discourse is interrupted by the timid question of a scholar, and at difficult passages the teacher will pause to ask "Hast thou understood?" to which usually he gets the emphatic answer "God be praised—I have understood."

Such a lecture lasts from an hour and a half to two hours; it commonly closes with the words: "So far, and may Allah give us understanding." Then the students all rise, go up to the teacher one by one, kiss his hand in leave-taking, and lay their copies of the text in their portfolios. The contents of these portfolios, "in black and white," are valued even by these youngsters, and among the notices affixed to the pillars by the permission of the superintendent, an appeal, pathetically worded, is often to be seen for the restoration of a lost portfolio to the owner. Such an appeal, copied by Dr. Goldziher, began as follows: "Oh! neighbours (mugawireen) of the noble Mosque of el-Azhar; oh! seekers after knowledge! alas for the loss suffered by a poor servant of God. I have lost a case in which there were two kuras[1] of the commentary, etc.; the finder may deliver it to the gate-keeper, as religion requires of him, and will receive a douceur (which is the literal translation of the Arabic word halâwa—a sweet) from his humble servant (meaning the advertiser) as soon as the folio is restored to my hands."

In the hours of relaxation the students walk up and down the court of the mosque in lively conversation, stand together in groups, bargain with the pedlars, or chat with the visitors who are admitted. Here a water-seller, with his clanking metal cups, supplies the needs of a student who thirsts not for knowledge only; there a young disciple is buying eatables, and out there a third is talking to a deeply-veiled woman—his mother, or some near relation. Suddenly the clear voice of the muezzin shouts the call to midday prayer (es-Suhher). All hasten to the cisterns in the fore-court to perform the prescribed ablutions, and then prostrate themselves with their faces in the direction of the kiblah.

After the mid-day rest the lectures begin again, and are not ended till evening prayer (el-Magrib). The last of the five indispensable acts of worship is performed by the students in their homes, many of which, as we shall see, are within the precincts of the mosque itself.

This description of the life in the University of el-Azhar applies only to week-days. On Fridays work is suspended; but at mid-day thousands of the faithful may be seen in the vast pillared hall, engaged in prayer led by the Imam, or listening to the preacher.

In former chapters we have become familiar with the mosque as a place of

[1] Each kuras consists of ten leaves of paper fastened together. The Arabs write with a reed pen on a piece of paper laid on the palm of the left hand. See the woodcut of the letter-writer, page 64.

THE MOSQUE OF WERDANEE.

prayer, though consecrated by no outward ceremony; we here see it in its primary and principal function as a home of learning. Certainly those who reproach Islam for not favouring learning are either ignorant of its aims or do it an injustice, for, according to the conception of the Mohammedans, learning is an essential part of the faith, and of the highest human nature. "Men," says a text of Mohammedan tradition, "are either learners or learned, and he who belongs to neither of these classes is a reptile, and good for nought." So inseparable, indeed, is knowledge from faith in the estimation of the Moslem, that in Arabic histories the period before the introduction of Islam is called the "epoch of ignorance." The learning thus intimately connected with Islam is, to be sure, for the most part mere religious science; but this is a tree with many branches, and from the profound zeal with which it is studied from the very rudiments, it may well absorb the whole of a man's lifetime. Besides, other and profane branches of study are by no means excluded; nay, are warmly recommended, and an Arabic precept says, "Learn magic, but do not practise it. A man must know everything, and remain ignorant of nothing."

The closeness of the tie which here unites learning and faith is very conspicuous in this: that the place of prayer—the mosque and the lecture hall—the university—are one and the same; and at the founding of a house of worship it is generally connected with a school. Such bequests (awkâf), to which are frequently attached certain conditions as to the nature and mode of instruction to be observed in the establishment, are by law inviolable; but princes, devoid of conscience, have nevertheless sometimes infringed them, and servile experts have attempted by specious arguments to give such encroachments a false semblance of legality. Thus it has come to pass that many of the numerous mosque-schools of Cairo have been forced to disperse. Others, as for instance, the mosque of Werdanee, in which only the beautiful interior and the minaret are in good preservation, have fallen into disuse, and the endowments appertaining to them have either passed into the hands of the State authorities, or have been granted to other similar institutions, to which the teachers and scholars were at the same time transferred.

It is to a concurrence of such circumstances and acquisitions that the high school of el-Azhar owes its almost incredible concourse of pupils. Almost the whole of the scientific life and energy which was formerly distributed among several mosques, has now centred in this. Beside it the other schools of Cairo are hardly worthy of mention; and in what other city in the world shall we find a college where the professors number three hundred, and the disciples more than ten thousand?

I have spoken of the building of it in A.D. 909; the last of the many restorations it has needed and undergone was in 1720. The theological course was opened only seventeen years after its first foundation, and it has been constantly enriched by endowments bestowed to enable the young to devote themselves to study, free from petty mundane cares. The eccentric and semi-divine Hakim[1] devoted the income of several noble estates in Egypt, Syria, and other provinces

[1] *Vide* Vol. I., p. 299.

TITLE-PAGE OF A MANUSCRIPT OF THE KORAN OF THE TIME OF THE SULTAN EL MOYAD (A.D. 1412—1421) IN THE VICE-REGAL LIBRARY OF CAIRO.

to the uses of this mosque. After the overthrow of the Fatimide Khaleefs, who had clung to the Shi'ite confession, the Sunnite believers gained the upper-hand, and, after some difficulties, attained such unconditional supremacy that they soon converted the Shi'ite school of el-Azhar into the fountain-head of Sunnite learning. And such it remains to this day, though in a liberal and comprehensive spirit such as would be impossible in any other creed, for Islam is a religion as tolerant of the shades of belief which develop within its pale as it is intolerant of all that lie outside it.

We must divest ourselves of all ideas of dogmatic orthodoxy if we would understand that in the mosque of el-Azhar four distinct sects, or rather, the adherents of four separate rituals, are all recognised as orthodox, and pray in peace side by side; and all the four systems, as represented by learned professors and devout disciples, are taught and practised under the same roof without any painful friction or discord. The orthodox Islam of the Sunnites, in fact, includes four different schools or rituals, which, far from encouraging enmity and contention, teach and expound the tradition of the Moslem faith and the law of Mohammedan righteousness with the tenderest consideration and tolerance for each other, though very often on the most diametrically opposed methods. The Hanbalees, so called from the Imam Ahmed-ibn-Hanbal, their founder, adhere to the interpretation of the Koran which personifies God in the form of man. This sect, having far fewer adherents than any of the others, is the nest of fanaticism against all that is foreign and not Mohammedan, a fanaticism which is falsely assumed to be the universal stamp of Islam; it also was the centre of those religious outbreaks to which belong the well-known raids of the Wahhabees in Upper Arabia and India.

The school of the Malikees, founded by the Malik-ibn-Anas, of Medina, bears aloft the banner of Mohammedan tradition; it was formerly strongly represented in Andalusia, and now is conspicuous at Algiers, and widely distributed in the provinces of Northern Africa and Upper Egypt. The sect most distinguished for free thought, and for its deviations from the rigid standards of original tradition, is that of the Hanafees; it was founded in Irâk, by the Imam Aboo Haneefa, and in numbers and importance is above all the other confessions; the official circles belong to it. Between the broad and the rigid schools stand the Shafe'ees, founded by the Imam Shafe'ee, whose tomb we saw in the Karafeh. Before the conquest of Egypt by Seleem, theirs was the predominant ritual, but since the incursion of the Turks, who are all of the sect of Hanafees, the chief Sheykh—the warden, or principal, so to speak, of the college of el-Azhar—is always of that confession; and the same is the case with the Muftee of the Nile provinces, whose nomination has long been in the hands of the Government of Egypt.

It is not only in dogmatic views and questions of right that these sects differ, but in their cultus and ritual as well, and yet all four have their representative Imams in this central focus of Islam. In the mosque of el-Azhar it is a thing of daily occurrence that two professors of different sects stand side by side, by the same pillar, interpreting the same chapter of the canon law according to the antagonistic conceptions of their schools.

The mosque of el-Azhar is to Moslem science what Mecca and Medina are to

TITLE-PAGE OF A MANUSCRIPT OF THE KORAN OF THE TIME OF THE SULTAN SHA'ABAN (A.D. 1366—1377) IN THE VICE-REGAL LIBRARY OF CAIRO.

its devotional practice. It is frequented by Mohammedans of every language and nationality, and there is not a province where Islam is professed, from the coast of Morocco, bathed by the Atlantic, to the islands of the Indian Archipelago, that is not represented in this mosque. Of the 7,695 disciples who studied there in the course of the year 1877 there were 1,240 Hanafees,[1] 3,192 Shafe'ees, 3,240 Malikees, and 23 Hanbalees.

As the Mosque itself evidently cannot contain so vast a mass of students, many lectures are delivered in another mosque close to that of el-Azhar. The maintenance of the teachers and pupils is supplied not only from the endowments of which I have spoken, but also from gifts and contributions from those localities whence the students at the university are most frequently sent. The last great bequest bestowed on this foundation were the possessions of the wealthy mosque and fountain-school of Abd-er-Rahman Keyjah, whose tomb is to be seen in a side-walk of the Mosque; this foundation became extinct 107 years since; later, indeed, only sixteen years ago, Rahib Pasha endowed what is known as the Rewâk-el-Hanafeeyah, in which at the present time 135 students are maintained. The same pious man provided that in addition to the 4,000 loaves daily supplied by the administrators of the endowments, 500 more should be distributed. The former governor of Upper Egypt, Aboo Sultan Pacha, also caused 200 loaves a day to be baked for the students.

It has often been asserted that Mohammed Ali confiscated the endowment-money belonging to the Mosque of el-Azhar, and applied it to his own purposes; but no accusation can be more unjust, for this great statesman did in fact put the property (Wakf is the Arabic name) of the University under the supervision of the Government, and supplied the not inconsiderable deficit out of his own coffers. And the bold reformer, whose constant effort it was to subordinate every factor in the intellectual life of the nation to the service of his leading idea of the State, did not think that he had paid too high a price when he thus purchased his influence over the Academy of el-Azhar, that stronghold of the ancient faith, a world in itself. The same conditions obtain to the present day, for the Khedive's Government administers the endowments of the Mosque, and sacrifices considerable sums in order to preserve the right of regulating, at any rate, the external concerns of the society which has it in its power to offer dangerous opposition to his projects of reform.[3]

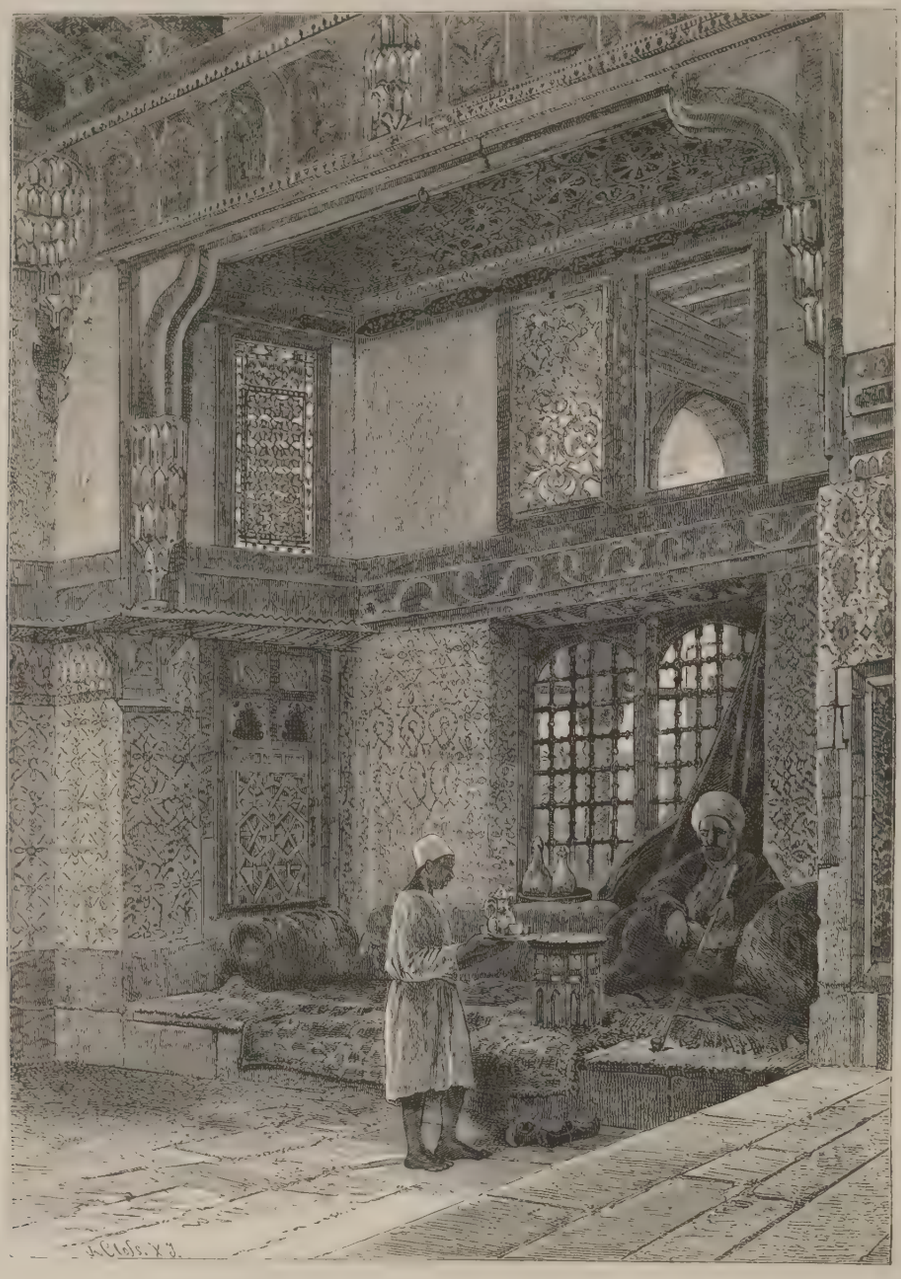
Far from plundering this venerable institution, the Viceregal Government supports it liberally; indeed, one of its greatest services is that it brought the

[1] This comparatively small number of Hanafees is to be explained by the circumstance that the district where they are most numerous is in Central Asia, far away from Cairo. The Shafe'ees of Egypt and the Malikees of North Africa can easily send their sons to Cairo. Of the 231 professors at present attached to the Mosque of el-Azhar, 49 are Hanafees, 106 Shafe'ees, 75 Malikees, and 1 Hanbalee.

[2] I am indebted for these details to Dr. Goldziher, who, on his part, obtained them by the kindness of Dor Bey. the worthy reformer of Egyptian schools, and of the Baron Franz von Révay.

[3] The whole receipts of the administration of this Mosque, including the farm-rents from the estates belonging to the foundation, amounted to 27,564,614 Turkish piastres (about £2,490), the expenditure 39,083,428 Turkish piastres (about £3,520). The deficit of 11,488,814 piastres (about £1,030) was covered by the Minister of Education; the expenses of the administration are not included, 3,944,933 piastres (about £350).

course of instruction pursued in the Mosque to some sort of system, if not as to its outward forms, at least by exercising some control as to the capabilities and qualifications of the teachers and pupils. Instead of the superannuated mode of



RECESS IN THE KA'AH OF THE SHEYKH EL-MAHDEE.

obtaining admission in use among the Arabs, since 1871 a method of examination has been introduced, which cannot but be beneficial to Oriental culture, and by which the candidate has to pass a test of proficiency in the presence of one of six sheykhs belonging to the different sects. The Government reserves to itself the right of ratifying the election, and can subsequently promote the candidate from the third to the second and from that to the first grade of professorship. When a

man reaches the highest dignity, the Khedive, in true old Oriental fashion, sends him, with his firmân, or diploma, a robe of honour. The latest report of the college shows only three professors in the first rank. The superintendence of the whole course of study is a function of the Muftee of the Nile provinces, who also enjoys the rank and title of "Sheykh el-Gami" (principal of the mosques), and who may be regarded as the most highly-considered and influential member of Moslem society in Cairo. The present Muftee is the Sheykh Abbasee, a dignified and learned man, surnamed el-Mahdee—*i.e.*, "the well guided"—an interesting epithet borne by families who have been converted to the true faith; in point of fact the Muftee's father was a distinguished and learned Jew, whose apostacy occasioned the greatest excitement in the Hebrew circles of Cairo. Abbasee's predecessor—Mustafa-el-Aroosee, who is still living, a most cultivated and amiable old man—was the author of several scientific and poetical works; he lost his office in consequence of a collision with the Ulamâs on the subject of the Code Napoléon. Abbasee's office, which he has held since 1871, is one of the best paid in Egypt, giving the incumbent an annual income of 1,730 pounds Egyptian (about £1,800 sterling) besides a splendid old Arab palace to reside in. It is easy, therefore, to understand why an Egyptian, as he blesses his boy, says: "Allah grant thee to become the Sheykh el-Gami."

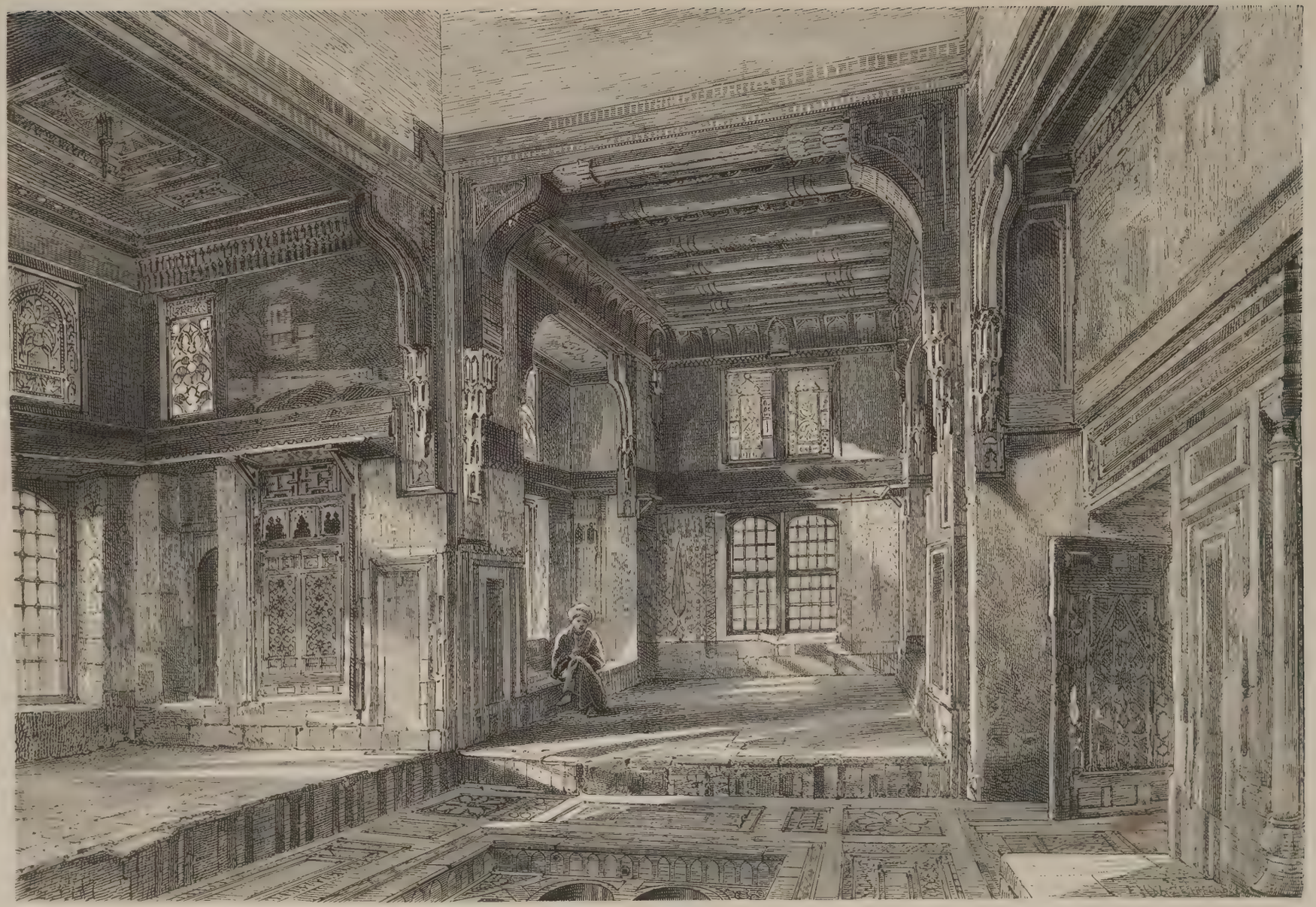
The salaries of the professors are much smaller, never rising beyond 500 piastres a month (about £5), but other subsidiary offices are open to them, as imams, preachers, muftees, or in the administration of the establishment; they also have their share in the distribution of bread. Nevertheless, the outward circumstances of life to a teacher of the third class in the chief college of Islam are very modest. Dr. Goldziher had ample opportunity of convincing himself in their dwelling-rooms that these laborious and truly high-souled men, though they take no formal vow of poverty, are indeed examples of the motto ascribed to the founder of Islam: "Fakree fahree"—"My poverty is my pride."

Although in the professional department of the Mosque many of the forms of modern European collegiate life have been introduced, the classification of the students reminds us of the division according to their "nations" of the students in German universities in the middle ages. The life of the alumni of the Mosque is, in the strictest sense, that of a college, divided into nationalities, in combination with a system of boarding-houses, which to us Europeans is extremely remarkable. These, known as the riwâks, or tents, are in the side-wings and out-buildings of the Mosque; in them the students have their modest quarters, divided according to their nationality; but they have become much too narrow for the immense number of students, and so the more well-to-do of them have their lodgings outside the institution in private dwellings, of which there are plenty in the immediate vicinity. There are at present forty-one riwâks and hârât (streets), that is to say, portions of the precincts not enclosed by walls. The most populous riwâk, with one thousand four hundred and two students, is the Upper Egyptian, and there among the fullest are that of el Fashneeyeh, with seven hundred and three students from the Egyptian province of Beni Suêf; and that of the students from Tebrees, numbering one hundred and sixteen. Of course the outlying districts of Islam send a smaller

number of representatives. Thus, from Bagdad there is one, from India seven, from the two Holy Cities eight, and from Darfoor six. In 1871 there were six students from Java, but they quitted the college in 1875. Several of the riwâks are classified, not according to fellow-nationality, but by community of opinions; thus there is a separate riwâk of twenty-three Hanbalees; one of the blind, of which there are two hundred and five; these for many centuries have earned a bad name for their fanaticism and wild demeanour. A particular riwâk is open to those students for whom no special riwâk affords a home in the Mosque academy, and this now has no less than eight hundred and ninety-seven inmates. The statistics of the university up to the year 1877 showed on the whole an increase in numbers.

In 1871	there were	314	professors and	9,668	students.
1873	„	321	„	10,216	„
1876	„	325	„	11,095	„
But in 1877	only	231	„	7,695	„

The cause of this diminution in the force of teachers (ninety-four) and the little army of learners (three thousand four hundred) was by no means due to a diminution in the interest taken by the Moslem population in religious learning, but merely to the old truth, "Inter arma silent Musae." The Russo-Turkish war appealed to all the youth of Islam, called them to arms, and rendered it impossible for the inhabitants of whole districts to send their sons to Egypt. Under the beneficent sunshine of Peace, el-Azhar—meaning "the blooming"—will once more thrive and flourish; and only superficial misapprehension, narrow prejudice, and blind bigotry, can deny its value and its right to exist.



MANDARA OF THE MUFTEE SHEYKH EL MUHDI.

CAIRO.

THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE.

AÏSHA.

WHOEVER desires to learn something of the character of a nation must take part in its diversions, and study the people at their festivals—public and private—and on occasions alike of mirth and of sorrow. This advice should be taken especially to heart by those whose duty it may be to observe the life of a nation, and to describe the manners, the being, and doing of Oriental civic communities, among which the foreigner is only in the rarest cases admitted into the house, and never—or hardly ever—into the family. On occasions of public festivity the street becomes the place of assembly, and the private life of the Eastern home is turned for the time out of doors. Every one possessed of unwearied feet, eyes to see, and ears to hear, is at liberty to assist at the scene and to take such advantage of it as he may. To obtain admission to a family festival no doubt something more is required; the habit, above all, of living with the natives, and of such confidential intercourse as can usually only be attained by sharing in their labours either as their superintendent or fellow-workman, and by acquiring an intimate knowledge both of their customs and manners, and of their

language. All these qualifications are found combined in the distinguished German *savant*, Dr. Spitta, of Hildesheim, who for many years has lived in the city of the Khaleefs as librarian to the Khedive, and has collaborated with his Arab subordinate officers in preserving and arranging the manuscripts and printed books of the library of Darb el-Gamâmeez with scientific care. He is now our guide, and under his conduct, after viewing the interior of an Arab home, we will first endeavour to obtain access to their family solemnities, and then join in the public festivities of the Cairenes.

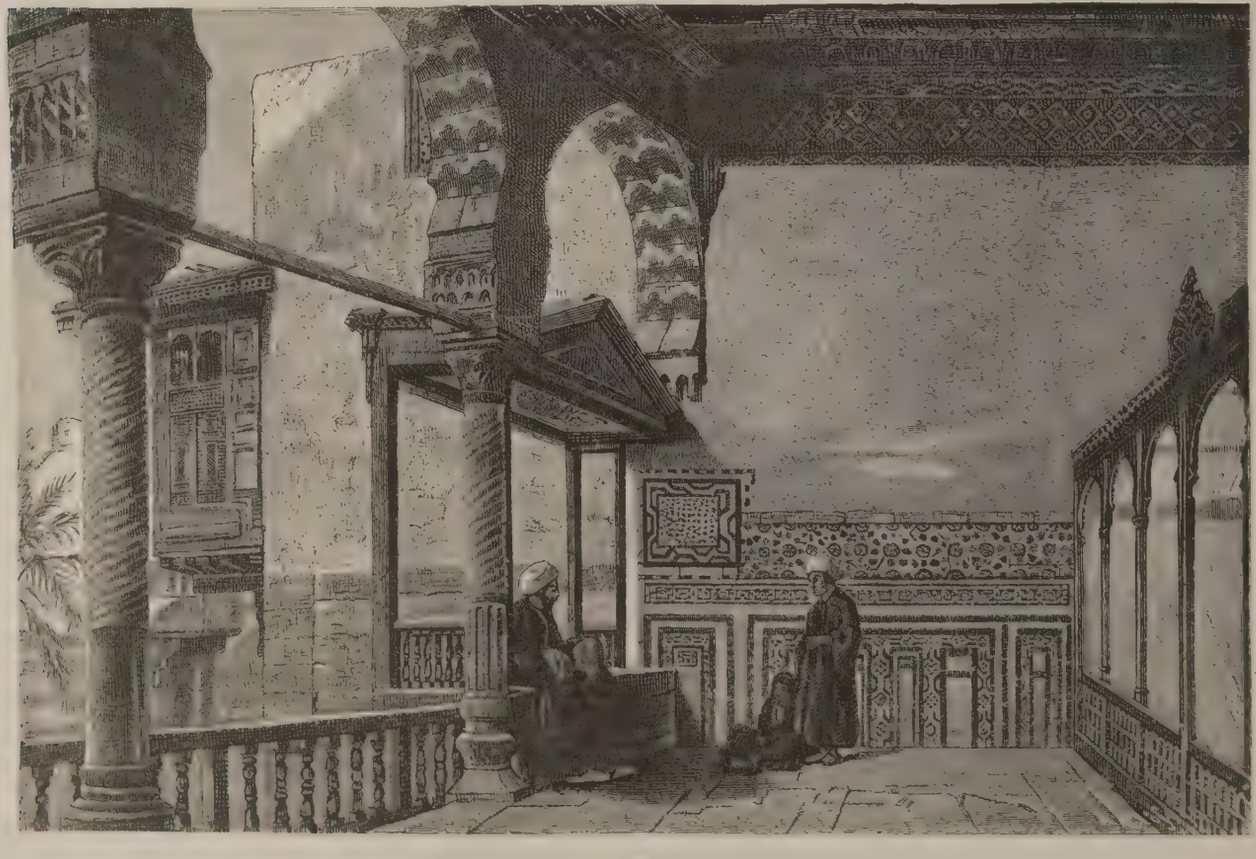
THE HOME.

WE are introduced, not into one of those ancient palaces of the Mamelukes, which have already been depicted to the reader, but into the house of a well-to-do Arab of the merchant class, and we note with some surprise the simplicity and bareness of the outside facing the street. On the lowest floor there are either no windows at all, or only narrow ones, strongly barred, and above them there are the Mashrebeeyeh balconies, which we have observed before. The narrow door is shut and bolted, or, if it is open, nothing is to be seen but a long passage with a seat for the door-keeper—an old and trustworthy servant who, even at night, keeps his post as guardian of the entrance, lying on a bed of palm-branches. Any glimpse into the interior is carefully screened, for the Arab's house is his jealously-guarded sanctuary, and however rich the interior may be its external aspect must be as simple as possible. These precautionary measures are a relic of the time of the Mamelukes, when the aim of every citizen was to avoid attracting the eye of the marauding despot, or exciting his cupidity. Wooden figures, paintings, mottoes, or stuffed animals over the doorways, are supposed to protect the inhabitants from evil influences; a whole crocodile is seen in several instances; and over one, not far from the Hôtel du Nil, a young elephant, stuffed, is to be seen.

WELL OF A HOUSE.

The passage leading into the interior rarely goes straight into the court, lest any one should see into it from the street. The door-keeper, after warning the women—who fly screaming at the approach of a man—conducts us into the court, which is roofed by the blue sky, and in many houses filled with plants and surrounded by light seats and couches. A servant is lifting the bucket from the draw-well, which, however, yields a brackish water, serviceable only for cleaning purposes. Passing by him—for we desire to speak to the master of the house—we now, as it is summer-time, go up a few steps into a hall or gallery open to the north, and with pillars to support the roof. We take a seat on the divan, but are shortly invited by a young eunuch to follow him to the Mandara, the private sitting and reception room of the master. This is on the first floor—very often on the ground floor—and as we enter our guide pulls off his shoes, for it is regarded as a piece of Frankish ill-breeding to soil the clean floor of the sitting-room with the dust of the streets. We return the master's

ELEPHANT OVER THE DOOR OF A HOUSE.



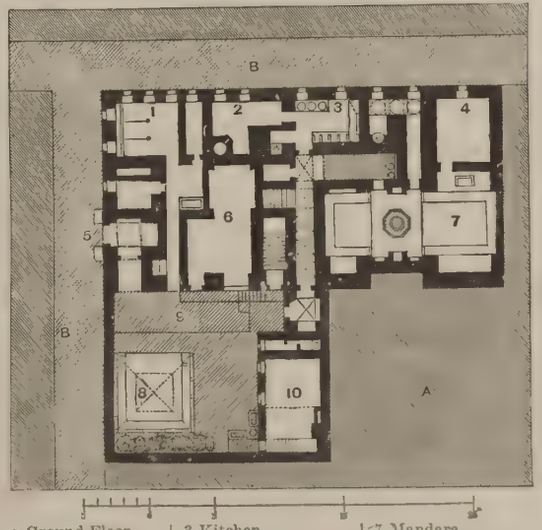
OPEN HALL IN AN OLD MAMELUKE PALACE AT CAIRO.

greeting, touching our forehead, lips, and breast —a symbolic action, signifying that in thought, word, and heart, we are his.

The room in which we now find ourselves is richly furnished, and admirably adapted to its purpose. It is cool and spacious, and the niches without windows in the farther wall seem constructed for conversation not to be overheard. The middle of the paved floor is hollowed to a lower level, inlaid with a mosaic of marble, and constantly moist with the spray of a gracefully-constructed fountain that cools the air. We sit at the raised end of the room, the Leewan, which is covered with carpets, and where luxurious divans invite us to rest; and while we converse with the host the eye dwells with pleasure on the richly decorated ceiling, the various patterns of the earthenware tiles which line the lower part of the walls, the elegantly-carved brackets and shelves, on which are arranged all kinds of finely-wrought vessels, and the inlaid wood-work of the doors. This room is lofty and airy, but the adjoining rooms are so much lower that there is above them an attic floor for the servants, under the roof, which is on the same level as that of the Mandara. Even the most intimate friends of the master are forbidden an entrance to the rooms of the harem. Harem, or haram, originally signified something forbidden or unattainable; and his home is to the Oriental in the truest sense of the word a sanctuary. When the European visitor hears it said that the master is in the harem, he usually conceives of something quite the reverse of the truth, for this reply simply conveys the fact that he has withdrawn into the bosom of his family, the refuge where none of the cares and worries of business can pursue him, where he can give himself up wholly to an undisturbed sense of rest and to the tranquil joys of domestic life. Any one who has lived in the East for a lengthened period learns to recognise this feeling of the sanctity of home and to understand

A Second Floor. | 2 Bath. | 5 Space over Room.
BB Street. | 3 Harem. | 6 Court-yard.
1 Rooms. | 4 Space over Mandara | 7 Strangers' Rooms.

A First Floor. | 2 Linen Room. | 5 Mandara.
BB Street. | 3 Space over Rooms. | 6 Space over Mandara
1 Servants' Rooms. | 4 Men's Rooms. | 7 Court-yard.
8 Strangers' Rooms.



A Ground Floor. | 3 Kitchen. | 7 Mandara.
BB Street. | 4 Mandara. | 8 Reception Kiosk.
1 Stable. | 5 Entrance. | 9 Court-yard.
2 Bakehouse. | 6 Strangers' Room. | 10 Servants' Room.

PLAN OF AN ARAB HOUSE IN CAIRO.

KA'AH IN THE HAREM OF SHEYKH SADAT.

its necessity; he must have a retreat where the turmoil and stress of life cannot penetrate—and this place, where the children spring to meet their father, and where he finds the women, who never have any part in his business cares,

MR. FRANK DILLON'S STUDIO.

is the harem, whose inhabitants by no means regard themselves as prisoners, however unworthy their existence may seem to their European sisters—an existence devoted to the care of their children, to dress, to smoking their nargilehs, and to trifling amusements—and many of them have assured the ladies of our European circle who have visited them that they would not exchange lots with them. The harem is commonly situated in an upper storey, and its principal room, the

Ka'ah, is furnished like the reception-room; nay, in wealthy houses it is even more richly fitted. Above the hollow basin with the fountain rises a cupola, and if the house is in a street, pierced mashrebeeyeh allow the ladies to observe the life going on in the street without being seen. The divans are covered with fine stuffs, and costly vessels of metal and porcelain are generally displayed on the shelves against the walls. The harem is led up to by steps from the court and from the master's apartments. In addition to the print of the Ka'ah, richly decorated and fitted by a master-hand, and given in Vol. I., p. 220, I here set before the

FATHER'S DARLING.

reader that in the house of Sheykh Sadat, to which Mr. Frank Dillon obtained access. This gentleman—my excellent friend in Cairo and companion in many expeditions in Egypt—has fitted up his studio in London in a style well worthy to be called Arabian in the best sense of the word. An artistic cabinet-maker, Parvis of Turin, is engaged in Cairo itself in making furniture on models derived from the time of the Khaliffs, or elaborated by a faithful and loving study of the decorative arts of the Arabs, and these at all our international exhibitions have excited the admiration of every connoisseur; but these carefully finished objects are costly, and the Cairenes prefer to destroy the effect of the beautiful old decorations of their houses by cheap wardrobes and so forth imported from France or Germany. The costly furniture stuffs of former times have long since been utterly displaced by the fabrics of England, Austria, and Germany, and

particularly of Saxony. The back rooms of the house consist of the kitchen and offices, among which there is often a mill and a bakehouse.

We will endeavour to become acquainted with the most important events of life under the roof of a house of this class, and see how the owner procures himself a wife, how he dies in the bosom of his family, how he keeps the high festivals of his faith with his fellow Moslems, passes the month of Ramadân, and how he testifies his sympathy with the pilgrims to the holy places.

MARRIAGE.

EVERYWHERE in the East it is the custom that a young man, as soon as his beard is grown and he can earn a maintenance, should set up housekeeping. As life is on the whole simpler and less pretentious than in Europe, and it is possible to manage with a smaller income, this object is easily attained, and there are few men of twenty who are not husbands and fathers. A man capable of making a living, and who has entered on no marriage ties, runs the risk of being regarded as a ne'er-do-weel and rather "loose fish." It is evident that these customs and opinions are sound and natural. Far be it from me to laud the morality of the Mohammedans or to advocate polygamy, a custom in every respect objectionable; still, I cannot forbear speaking in the highest terms of their strong family feeling and domestic life.

Those tranquil joys which the Cairene is wont to seek and to find in his harem have been already described, and we ought not to think ill of him if he endeavours to set up a home of his own at an early age, and solicits his relatives to aid him. The choice of a suitable wife is certainly much less easy to him than to us, since all intercourse between youths and maidens is impossible; hence, the youth desirous of marrying can never be allowed to see his future bride. Under these circumstances he must have recourse to a go-between, the khatbeh, or betrother, who is celebrated in a thousand love-songs. She, as his ambassadress, visits those families who have marriageable daughters, and she never lacks an excuse for her visits, even when she is not—as most of her class are—a dealer in cosmetics or ornaments. The object of her visit is soon discovered, and then the mothers exert themselves to set their darlings in the best possible light under the keen and critical eye of the inspectress. The result of their efforts is communicated without delay to the youth about to marry and to his family, as soon as one suitable has been found; the mother, sisters, or other near female relations of the candidate for matrimony take an opportunity of convincing

themselves by ocular demonstration of the truth of the khatbeh's report, and if they come home satisfied, the khatbeh discloses the purpose of her visits—long since divined—and proposes in form on the part of the young man for the hand of the fair Aïsha, or whatever the desired damsel's name may be. Her parents give their consent after no long consideration, for they knew beforehand what the betrother wanted, and would have dismissed her earlier if her errand had been displeasing to them. The bride herself is scarcely consulted, and although she has the right of refusal, any objection on her side is of the rarest occurrence, indeed an almost inconceivable thing. And what should make the husband undesirable, whose advantageous qualifications the khatbeh now paints in glowing terms? Perhaps Aïsha may already have seen him as a boy; this, however, is only possible when he happens to be her cousin, a case of very frequent occurrence, for among the Arabs marriage with an "uncle's daughter" is regarded as particularly auspicious and honourable.

THE KHATBEH.

Among the Fellaheen and labouring classes, whose daughters also must do some handiwork, and cannot therefore lived veiled and in retirement, the husband, of course, chooses his wife according to his own views.

When the two families have come to a general agreement, the various bargains, treaties, and discussions, begin between the bridegroom and Aïsha's father or guardian; and first and foremost as to the bride's dowry. The bridegroom must secure a fixed sum to his future wife, of which he usually pays down two-thirds at once; the remainder he retains, and it is only paid in the event of divorce. The family pay the bride's dowry wholly or in part out of the money thus received; and certainly there is no idea whatever of purchasing the girl from her parents, for the wife's position as mistress of her own fortune is perfectly free and independent of her husband, and is strongly protected both by law and custom. Unfortunately, the determination of the amount of the dowry is seldom effected without much keen bargaining, but when it is at last agreed upon the chief difficulty is overcome, and the marriage contract is concluded. Although this is known by the name of "the book," it is, in fact, an oral declaration, made before a magistrate or legal authority and witnesses, by which it acquires legal validity. On a day soon after this the bridegroom goes at about midday to the home of his betrothed, accompanied by two friends; there he is received by his father-in-law, who also brings two

witnesses and a Fikêe, or reader. The party is usually increased by the presence of friends of both families, among whom, however, of course, no woman is to be seen. After reciting the Fatkhah, the first chapter of the Koran, the bridegroom announces the sum agreed upon as the bride's settlement. He and his father-in-law kneel opposite each other on a carpet in the midst of the spectators, clasp each other's right hand, and lifting up their thumbs, press them closely together; they remain in this attitude while the Fikêe, after covering the clasped hands with a napkin or handkerchief, first delivers a short discourse, consisting usually of a few verses from the Koran, and then pronounces the very short formula of betrothal. They then partake of a meal together, the witnesses on the bride's part have presents made them, and the bridegroom "gratifies" the Fikêe with a handkerchief, into one corner of which a piece of gold is knotted.

CAIRENE MAIDEN.

The marriage is now legally accomplished, and all that remains to be done is to introduce the bride to the bridegroom and marry her to him. All friends and neighbours take part in the grand festival of the "night of entrance," as it is called; we ourselves are invited guests. A longer or shorter period elapses between the solemnity of betrothal and that of marriage, depending on the amount of the dowry to be given, and among the wealthy the bride's gifts are made the occasion for displaying the greatest luxury; indeed, some Oriental princes have given dowries to their daughters which, by reason of their magnificence, have been described with the most exact detail by Arabian historians. The present Viceroy, when his daughter was married a few years since, showed himself in this respect a true Oriental. Our acquaintances do not move in quite so exalted a sphere, but are of the citizen and official middle-class, who are more modest in their pretensions; but among them the old customs are kept up in a more characteristic and primitive form than among the wealthy, who, in their craving for luxury and love of strangeness and novelty, have let the old traditions die out. The festivities for the two sexes are, of course, independent of each other; and it is quite right and fitting that at a wedding feast the women should be more highly considered than the men. We must therefore, before taking our pleasure among the company, endeavour to learn something of the proceedings within the sacred precincts of the harem.

There, pleasure and rejoicing have already taken possession since the day

before. The bride's invited friends—all ladies, of course—have solemnly escorted her to the bath; this progress, known as the "bath-procession," is, according to time-honoured custom, performed on foot, and the European carriages so much in favour with the Arabs are on this occasion discarded. Very slowly—often coming to a stand-still in the busy thoroughfares—do they wend their way: a long way, though it seems only too short to those who take part in the procession. It is headed by Arab musicians with little tambourines, flutes, and a clarionet; then follow the married women, looking like bats in their black silk wrappers. Behind them come the young girls in white veils, and close upon them follows the bride herself; she is so closely and carefully enveloped in a red cashmere shawl that it is hardly possible to discover the faintest outline of her figure even. The only ornament she wears is a brilliant gold coronet. Two of her relations walk one on each side of her with much dignity; a canopy of bright red stuff borne on four poles waves over her and behind her, and embroidered scarfs hang from it and flutter in the wind; more musicians follow in the rear. This procession halts from time to time with much complacency, to afford a treat for the ears of the inhabitants of the streets through which it passes, and it finally disappears in the bath-house, which has been hired for the occasion, and where a handkerchief fastened up over the doorway indicates that it is to be visited by women only.

ENTRANCE TO A BATH FOR WOMEN.

In the bath they abandon themselves to enjoyment, and when they have cleaned and refreshed themselves they are wrapped in white sheets, to rest from the fatigue which succeeds a Turkish bath, to sip hot coffee, smoke fragrant cigarettes, and listen to singing-women, whose songs are of love and longing, of the accomplishment of long unsatisfied dreams, and of the joys of marriage.

When we reach Upper Egypt we shall meet again with these performers; the best of them are very highly paid, and I shall have more to say about them in that place.

When the wedding party have dressed themselves again, they play games, in which each one eagerly takes part, and the merry laughter of the women and girls may often be heard even in the street. Several hours are thus spent in the bath-house; then the procession returns home in the same order to a banquet, where again there is no lack of music and singing. When the last dish is removed the bride takes a large piece of henna paste in her hand, and all the guests stick into it a large or small gold coin. Finally, the nails of her hands and feet are reddened with this well-known cosmetic, and she takes leave of her friends, who share the remainder of the henna among them.

PASTIME IN THE HAREM.

The forenoon of the following day is devoted to the arts of the toilet, which certainly absorb no less time and attention in the life of an Eastern lady than in that of a European. Towards the middle of the afternoon the carriages and camels appear, the remainder of the dowry which has not been already sent is packed on to the camels, the bride, with her nearest female relatives, gets into a carriage closely curtained with a red shawl, the rest of the company,

BRIDAL PROCESSION.

women and children, are squeezed pell-mell into other vehicles, and the procession sets out for the bridegroom's house. Musicians playing Arab melodies on European brass instruments—a hideous and ear-splitting innovation—accompany the bride. The great trumpets blare out their resounding notes, and the admiring Cairenes shout "Allah!" as it passes. In spite of carriages and brass bands—those usurping invaders—two traditional and very typical personages have not been forgotten—the two half-naked wrestlers and the man with the water-skin. At each pause in the progress of the wedding party the wrestlers exhibit for the benefit of the public, which collects often in so dense a crowd as to bar the

way to foot-passengers; they do their best in performing a mock struggle, showing off the strongly developed muscles of their arms and torso. The sakkah carries on his business in another fashion. He carries the skin filled with water and sand, and weighing some hundredweights, on his back. With this load, which he has carried from quite early in the morning, he performs a graceful sort of dance backwards and forwards, first one foot in front and then the other, standing first on the right leg and then on the left: no easy achievement with such a burden as he carries. A third characteristic personage sometimes joins the wedding procession—this is a tumbler, who can stand on his head, or more usually walks backwards and forwards with a face of tragic dignity, balancing his long pole with marvellous skill, or making it quiver and spin between his fingers.

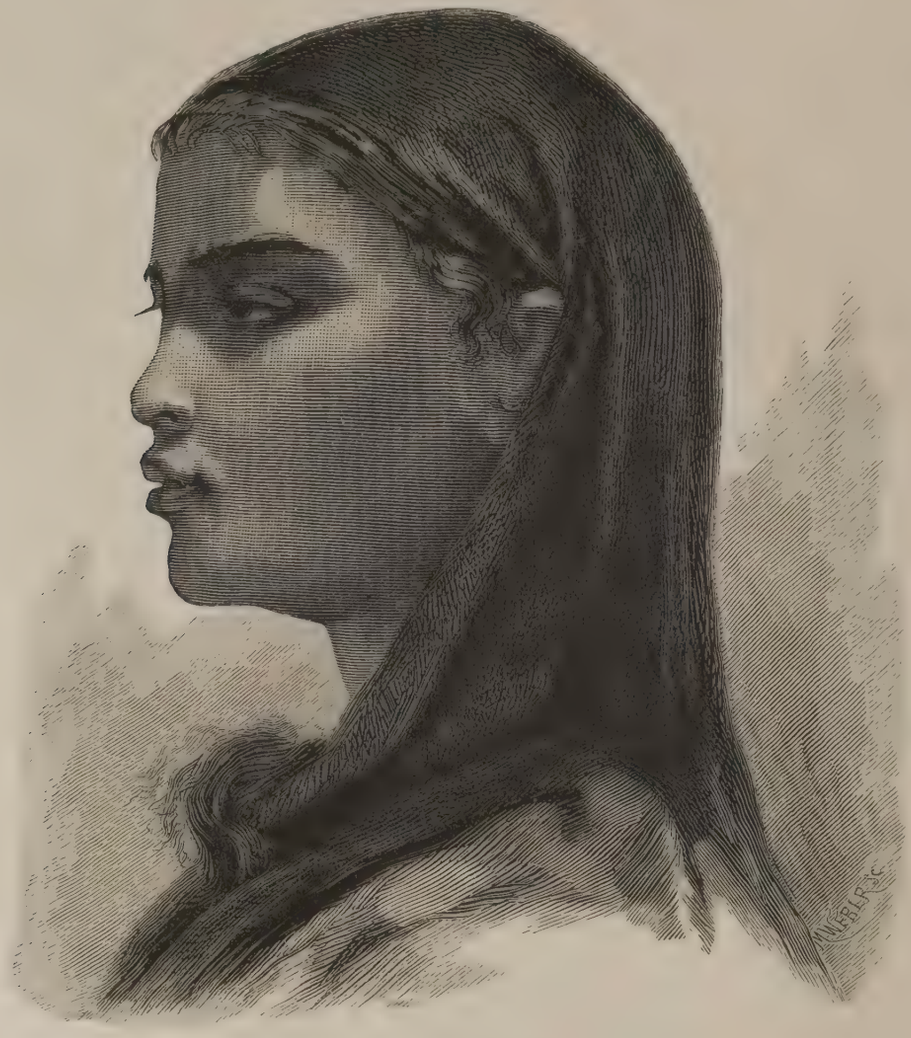
THE WATER-CARRIER.

At last they reach the bridegroom's house, into which the ladies and the camels loaded with movables, disappear; in front of it the street is usually screened with a red and green awning, under which hang lamps and lanterns. Under this temporary roof high wooden benches are erected for the numerous guests of the masculine gender who there await the arrival of the bride; we have seated ourselves among them, avail ourselves of the offered coffee and cigars, and take a part in the conversation, which is far from flagging; such an entertainment is highly relished by the Oriental, who prefers witty and intelligent talk to every other amusement.

ARAB METAL UTENSILS.

Even in the time of the Khaliffs a "word spoken in season"—("how good it is," says Solomon) was held in due estimation. It could win pardon for the criminal, mollify an angry potentate, and protect

persecuted innocence. And at the present day, even in the decadence of that pre-Asiatic culture, it is very interesting and delightful to note the care which even a common man gives to his language, how skilfully conversation is carried on, with what geniality and point an anecdote is related, and the pleasure the Arabs take in conversation, tasting each word, as it were, like connoisseurs. In this respect they



AÏSHA'S YOUNGER SISTER.

are certainly the most gifted race in the world; and among the wedding guests there are two or three venerable Sheykhs whom it is a real pleasure to listen to.

The bridegroom, who has invigorated himself during the forenoon by one of those baths so dear to the Oriental—of heated air and warm water, followed by a course of shampooing and delightful languor and rest in clean linen wrappers—now moves among his guests, dressed very simply, greeting each one, and fulfilling all the duties of an amiable host. Towards sundown a repast is served, of which all the guests partake, sitting in groups; they take their seats on the carpet round large circular tea-trays of green lacquer—or rather, tables, as they

INTERIOR OF AN EASTERN BATH.

are somewhat raised—and they help themselves with their hands from the dishes set upon it. As soon as one is done with another takes its place, so that we have to do justice to ten or twelve altogether. A little loaf is placed before

STREET IN CAIRO.

each guest, from which he breaks off a piece, and uses it as a spoon, when the dish is of a liquid nature. Sour salad serves to whet the appetite in the short intervals. Water is the only drink that relieves the severe labours of degustation; hence the excellent coffee and cigarettes with which we are subsequently refreshed are doubly enjoyable after we have thoroughly washed our hands and faces, in the Oriental fashion, with soap and water which are handed to us in vessels

of elegant form. For two hours the feasting has continued, uninterrupted by anything worthy of remark; now the noise of the Zikr mingles with the tinkle of the kanoon and sounds of song from the women's apartments; the gaudy tent-cloth is fitfully lighted up in every direction by lamps that swing gently to and fro; a fresh night breeze blows down the street, fanning our cheeks and lips. A short time before the Muezzin is heard calling to evening prayer the bridegroom disappears for a few minutes; torches and tapers are lighted, and a number of his friends make ready to accompany him to the mosque, where he must go through the prescribed prayers. In a short time he reappears in festal attire, and sets out with his companions, preceded by musicians. We stay behind with some other guests.

The procession to prayer lasts a full hour, for it is not considered decorous to hurry on the way back; on the contrary, it halts several times to listen to a singer, who celebrates the praises of the young couple.

Aïsha, since her arrival at her husband's house, has sat in perfect silence and with downcast eyes, for this is what etiquette and custom requires of her. Her friends and relations gather round her, exhorting her energetically, and representing to her that now she has left her father and mother to belong exclusively to her husband; but she must not answer a word. By degrees the female guests retire, till none remain but the nurse, or *bellaneh*, who has waited on her yesterday and to-day, and her mother and sister. These now leave her; Aïsha is left alone, trembling and blushing, with the *bellaneh*. The nurse throws a shawl over the girl's head, gives a signal, the door opens, and the bridegroom comes in. The *bellaneh* then withdraws; man and wife remain alone face to face. Now is the moment for lifting the veil that conceals the bride's face. Saying the words, "In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful," the husband raises the shawl and greets his young wife, saying, "Blessed be this night;" she thanks him with the answer, "God bless thee." This is the first time he has seen her unveiled, and it is an anxious question whether her beauty has not been described in too glowing colours; or, instead of the Rachel he desired, Leah has not been brought to him. But Aïsha's pretty face is pleasing in the eyes of her husband; indeed, the bridegroom is usually content, and announces the fact to the anxious group of women waiting outside, who immediately set up a shrill cry of delight. In the opinion of the Semitic races this shout of the triumphant and satisfied bridegroom is one of the most delightful sounds that can be uttered by the human breast, and we learn that this idea is no growth of to-day or of yesterday, from the passage in St. John's Gospel, chapter iii., verse 29: "He that hath the bride is the bridegroom: but the friend of the bridegroom, which standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice."

BURIAL.

UNRELENTING death is calling our friend Sheykh Alee; he is dangerously ill. He lies on his bed of sickness with the calm resignation of the true Moslem; only the exclamation "Allah!" that breaks from him now and then, betrays that he is suffering; thus it was when we quitted him yesterday. Early this morning a common acquaintance brought the information that during the night death had released him from his sufferings. As he felt his end approaching, with his sons' help he performed his ablutions as if for prayer; his wives and children stood round him in deep grief; when he was at his latest breath they turned his face towards Mekka, and cried out incessantly, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his Prophet. There is neither might nor power but with the almighty and exalted God. We are the Lord's: we return unto Him."

Hardly had he breathed his last, with the rites prescribed by his faith, than the women set up their lamentation—the "Walwalah,"—with hideous cries, which sound out far into the night and announce the melancholy event to all the neighbourhood. With loud cries of "Oh, my master! oh, my garment! oh, my camel!" they tear their hair and beat their breasts, while the men of the household—sons and servants—make the necessary preparations for the funeral on the morrow, with grave composure, on the contrary. Custom, it is true, requires that Eastern women should express their grief in a passionate manner, but these vehement and wholly untrained natures are also, in fact, incapable of controlling their feelings. Self-command is required only of men, but "woman's hair is long, and her wits are short," says an Eastern proverb.

LAMENTATION FOR THE DEAD (*Ancient Egyptian*).

It is with difficulty that the weeping women can be induced to leave the room of death, and then they sit down in the hall or court, cowering round a lantern and continuing their discordant wailing. Meanwhile the corpse is undressed, wrapped in sheets, and carefully covered with cloths, and then, muttering pious texts, the watchers await the morning. Then friends and acquaintances begin to stream in, the circle of wailing and shrieking women increases, while in the upper

chamber many dignified turbaned heads surround the bed of death in silent sorrow and regret. The son of the house gets many words of sincere sympathy, many a text of comfort or counsel for the coming day, of which the duties will indeed be far from light. Then two Fikêes (reciters of the Koran) make their appearance, and with them the corpse-washer, and these proceed at once to their tasks. The former, in an adjoining room, recite the sixth chapter of the Koran, beginning with the words: "Praise be to Allah, who hath created the heavens and the earth, and hath made darkness and light," and of which the twelfth verse runs thus:—"Say: to whom belongs whatever is in the heavens and the earth? Say: to God; He hath inscribed mercy on his soul. Verily He shall guide us at the last day, and there is no doubt of that." As soon as the corpse-washer has fulfilled his duty, the dead is ready for his last journey.

LANE IN CAIRO.

So far we have heard of the proceedings from a friend, but we may now set forth and join in paying the last honours to the dead. The narrow street, which still resounds with the cries of the women from the house of death, is filled with mourners, to whom we join ourselves. All round the customary commonplaces on death fall upon the ear: "Yea, such is the way of all men!" "Good luck to thee that it is not thou for whom we weep!" "Death is terrible!" "What is life? what is this world?" with texts from the Koran. Parables, too, are recited, or suitable verses, as:—

"Awake, O man, nor trust the world,
That keeps its faith with none;
A fragile skiff by tempests hurled,
And wrecked—and thou art gone."

Meanwhile the son of the deceased goes from one to another of his friends;

BEWAILING THE DEAD.

each one presses his hand and says a few words of sympathy. Presently, on an ass, arrives an official of the Beyt-el-mal, the office for the distribution of inheritance, and enters the house. It is no doubt the duty of every Moslem to make a will before his death, but the deceased Sheykh, like most Mohammedans, has shrunk from this act as being of evil omen; hence it is necessary that the law should undertake the administration of his property. First of all his seal—which is tantamount to his signature—is destroyed after several impressions have been taken from it in a large register, which also receives a brief summary of the state

FUNERAL PROCESSION.

in which our deceased friend has left his affairs. The creditors now make their claims, for it is the custom first to satisfy those demands which are preferred while the corpse is still above ground; hence his friends in business and the dealers who supplied him hasten to inscribe their names and claims in the register, and during these proceedings the house of mourning becomes the scene of the most revolting haggling and bargaining. Presently a violent squabble breaks out among some of the creditors, which is carried on with uproarious shouts, and continued even in the street. The noise is frightful, for the wailing of the women is not yet reduced to silence, and the poor Sheykh's dwelling is more like an auction mart than the house of the dead.

At last two or three sheykhs have brought the disputants to some sort of agreement. The corpse is now laid in the bier, wrapped in cloths and covered

with a red cashmere shawl. The bier is a simple wooden box or trough, without a lid, somewhat broader before than behind, and attached to two bearing poles. The head is borne foremost. It is brought down to the house-door, and the procession soon falls into order. It is opened by boys, one of whom carries a desk of palm branches covered with a cloth, on which lies a copy of the Koran; the others chant incessantly the same text again and again: "My heart adores the Prophet and Him who bends over him to bless him" (*i.e.*, God). Then follow men who, as was the case in ancient Egypt, are frequently blind, and they continually rehearse in a monotonous way the Mohammedan confession of faith.[1] After them, in no regular order, come the male members of the family and the friends and acquaintances of the sheykh, and the street boys crowd round them. Immediately in front of the bier walk four youths with coloured silk handkerchiefs round their loins, who carry vessels full of rose-water, and censers in their hands, to sprinkle and perfume the escort of the dead. The whole motley and clamorous train does not move with the solemn slowness usual in Europe on such occasions, but goes through the streets at a round pace.

BLIND SINGERS, FROM THE REPRESENTATIONS OF AN OLD EGYPTIAN TOMB.

Its first destination is the mosque, where the funeral prayer must be said. The bier is set down in front of the kiblah or prayer-niche, and the crowd, after performing the necessary ablutions, falls into order behind the reciter of the prayer. Four times—once with a loud voice and three times softly—the cry "Allâhu akbar" is repeated ("God is great"), and then a prayer is said for the repose of the dead man's soul, ending with the usual greeting to the Prophet—"God greet and bless our Lord Mohammed, his family and his companions!"

FEMALE MOURNERS. FROM A REPRESENTATION IN THE GRAVE OF PTAHHOTEP AT THEBES

Next follows a peculiar custom—a sort of judgment of the dead, which has, however, degenerated into a mere form—as with the ancient Egyptians. The reciter turns to the assembly and asks "What is your testimony of him?" The answer is, "Our testimony is that he was one of the pious." No other answer is ever given, for it is believed that even if the deceased were ungodly, God the Most High will nevertheless judge him more favourably for the united testimony of the faithful—perhaps even have mercy upon him. The whole ceremony has occupied but a short time. The procession hurries on again through the tumult of the streets, out to the cemetery in the desert. There the grave-maker has

[1] The boys usually chant passages from the *Hashriyeh*, a poem describing the Last Judgment.

already made the grave, a low structure of bricks lying north and south, with an arched top and covered with earth. After a short prayer the body is taken out of the bier, still wrapped in its cloths, and pushed into an opening at the northern end of the tomb, so that the head lies to the south-east—*i.e.*, towards Mecca,

STREET AND MOSQUE.

and the body rests on its right side.[1] As soon as the opening is closed with sand and stones nothing remains to be done but to remind the dead how he is to comport himself towards the two angels of the tomb, a custom which is, however, condemned by many. One of the Fikêes crouches down in front of the closed opening, and says: "Oh! servant of God, son of a servant of God and of a handmaid of God! know that now two angels will come to thee to question thee.

[1] In family vaults one side is for the men, the other for the women.

DISTRIBUTION OF DATES IN A CEMETERY AT CAIRO.

When they ask thee, 'Who is thy master?' answer, 'Allah is my master!' If then they ask thee, 'Who is thy Prophet?' answer, 'Mohammed is my Prophet!'" and so forth. Those who are acquainted with the "Book of the Dead"[1] will find much of the ancient Egyptian spirit in the formula, which is to serve as a defence or talisman for the dead in the other world.

The Mohammedan believes that the human soul, immediately after death, is borne by angels appointed to that service, either into the presence of God or to hell, and there has a foretaste of the lot which awaits it, but then returns to the body and remains with it,[2] lying in the breast of the deceased under the grave-cloth. It hears all that is said to it, and so can be prepared for that which is to come. In a short time the two angels of the tomb appear to it—Munkar, or Nâkir, and Nekeer—two black forms with fearful teeth, long hair down to the ground, eyes like lightning, and voices like thunder, holding enormous iron rods in their hands. When the soul perceives them—the soul being conceived of as no larger than a bee (that of the wicked, however, being of baser matter is somewhat larger)—it creeps into the nose of the corpse, which is thereby revived, and sits up to undergo the trial now about to begin. If he passes through it successfully his grave is made wide and easy to him, a glimpse is allowed him into Paradise and its joys, and at the same moment he loses all sense of time, so that the interval till the day of judgment passes "like the winking of an eye." If he fails to answer the five questions put by the angels they beat him with their iron rods so severely that he sinks into the seventh *limbo;* but this soon ejects him, he returns to his grave, and the same torment is repeated seven times. Oriental fancy has expended itself lavishly on these scenes, and has described the vicissitudes of the soul in various narratives which are frequently perfectly contradictory.

May the earth lie lightly on Sheykh Alee! The Fikêes, the bearers, and the wailing women, are all paid at once, by his freshly-closed grave, and bread, dates, and grease, are distributed among the poor who have meanwhile collected. The procession disperses, and its members return separately to the city. We accompany the son of the deceased to his house, which continues to be the scene of lamentation and bewailment; for, during three evenings in succession, friends meet there and sit in silence side by side, listening to recitals of prayers or of the Koran, or thinking of the dead. On every succeeding Thursday, till the sun has set forty times, the female friends and neighbours assemble in the house of mourning to set up a wail for the dead; and early in the morning of every Friday the survivors go forth to the cemetery to lay palm branches or reeds on the tombstone; and they distribute bread, dates, and other food, to the poor. This is their duty for forty days; after that, even, as we already know, the grave of the dear departed remains a bourne of pilgrimage, and on such occasions his memory is perpetuated by the beautiful custom of making benevolent donations.

[1] P. 57, Lepsius, "Todtenbuch," 4to, Leipz., 1842. Taf. xlix. c. 125; again, taf. xxxv. c. 99.

[2] For a night after the burial.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE PROPHET.

WE have come to the twenty-sixth day of the month Safar, which this year is a true spring month, for it coincides with our month of March, when the sun of Egypt shines in the cloudless sky not less brightly, but with much less scorching heat than it does in the summer-time. Fine weather makes a gay festival, and we purpose to share in the enjoyment of the Cairenes during the holiday-time that is about to begin.

In the street of the "Mosque of the Daughters"[1] we meet a little cavalcade. A man with a green banner rides in front, and behind him, on a mule, comes a dignified white-bearded sheykh, followed by a number of turbaned heads—some are riding on asses, some are on foot. The street boys crowd round the little procession, shouting and screaming. What is it? What is happening? Before we have time to open our lips to inquire, behold a

COURT AND HOUSE OF THE KADI.

second troop exactly similar, and the throng grows thicker and thicker; nay, close to the mosque which gives its name to the street it is so impenetrable that we

[1] Gama el-Benat, "Mosque of the Girls."

find ourselves obliged to come to a stand-still among the Moslems who are gazing devoutly at the door of the sanctuary. At last we succeed in pushing by a returning party, and in getting close to the door—opposite to it indeed—but instead of the marvellous something we expected to find there, we see nothing but a simply-dressed young man sitting on a stone seat, and who has his hand kissed by all the bystanders one after another. This is the Sheykh Mohammed, son of the deceased and famous saint Abd-el-Ganee, who, by his piety and his exemplary life as chief of the sect of the Bayyoomees, acquired great fame and influence, and whose place has recently been filled up by his younger son. Faithful to his father's habit, he is sitting before the door of this mosque, and the believing populace, eager to be blessed, crowd to kiss his hand. The excitement marked in every countenance indicates an unwonted occurrence, and, in fact, an important event is happening, a Great Maglis—or meeting—is being held in the house of the Kadi to determine the beginning and end of the festival of the birthday of the Prophet. All the guilds and sects have their share in it, and these it was whom we saw arriving in holiday dress with their sheykhs at their head to take part in the deliberations. At the door of the mosque they obtain a blessing on this important work, which is brought to an end quickly enough, for after a short discussion a protocol is drawn up and signed, and the deputations go home again.

Pleasure and rejoicing reign already; but a series of splendid holidays is about to begin, a right merry spring festival, to which God's blessing cannot be wanting since it is in honour of "the best of men—the great and elect Prophet." No other festival is carried through with so much spirit, with such elation and rejoicing as this one. Outside the city, to the right of the Boolak road, a large open space is already being surrounded with those magnificent tents, in erecting which the Easterns display the skill of a master. In the middle of the square high masts are erected, fastened together and to the ground with ropes, on which thousands of lamps are hung. In front of them are fantastically constructed scaffoldings for fireworks, which play a conspicuous part in the magnificence of the festival; in the streets stall after stall is rapidly constructed: confectioners, cooks, coffee-sellers, sherbet-mixers, buffoons, jugglers, snake-charmers, tumblers, and the owners of see-saws and roundabouts, hasten to take possession of the best places, for large profits are in prospect when the night of the

SNAKE-CHARMER.

A LADY OF RANK DRIVING OUT AFTER SUNSET.

festival has fairly set in, and jovial trains with torches wend their way through the city proclaiming the praise of the Prophet in chanted strophe and anti-strophe.

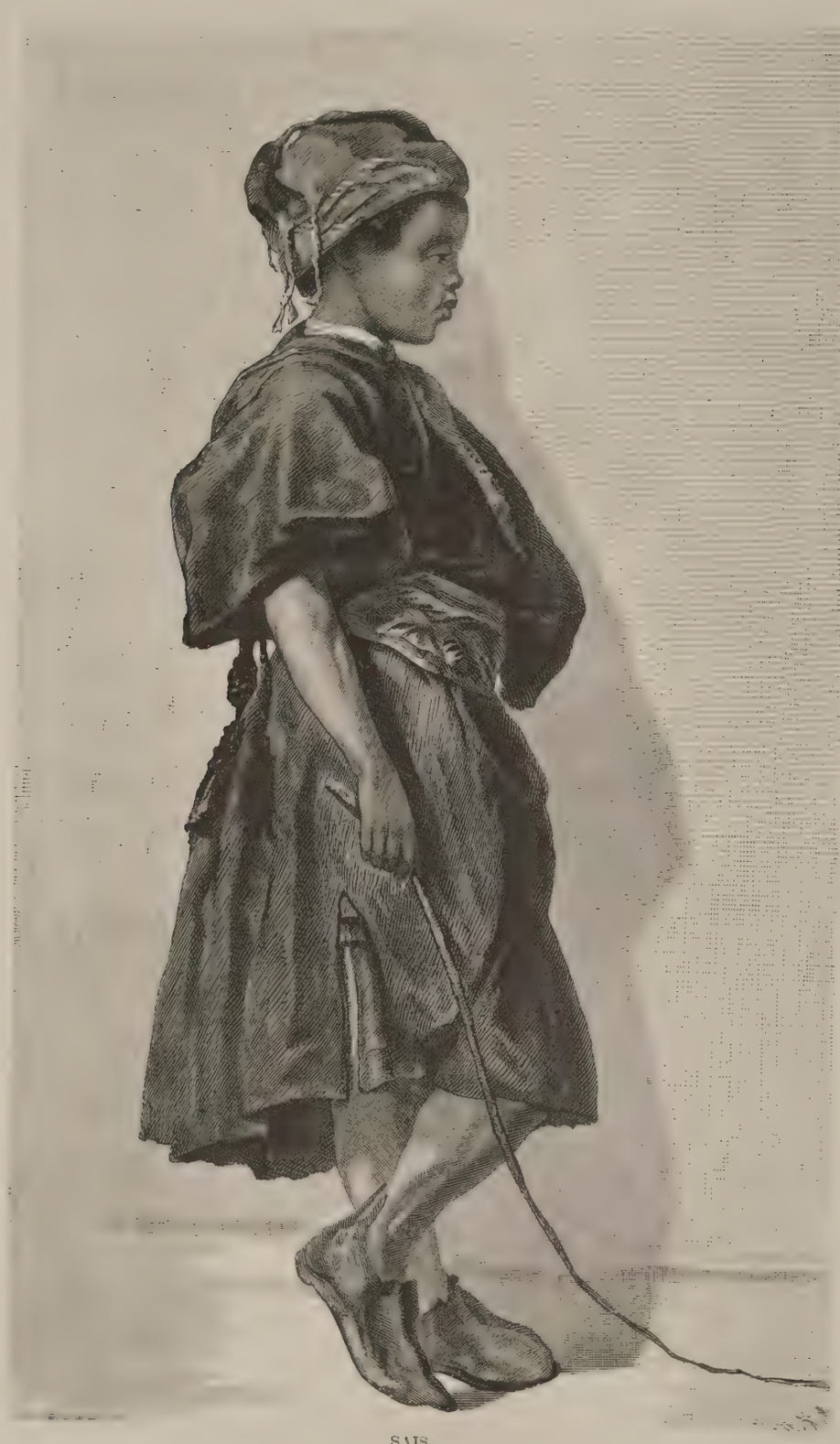
The first day of Rabee-el-awwal—the day determined by the Kadi and the elders of the city as the first of the festival—is come; or rather, let us say, the first night, for with the Mohammedans each day begins at sunset, and it is not till evening falls that labour and business are at an end, and that they abandon themselves to pleasure; indeed, the night, with its soft though cooler air, is a perfect invitation to relaxation and enjoyment.

By about eight in the evening we set out: the streets, just now so full, are deserted and still; but in the Muskee street we come upon a few groups of merry Cairenes hurrying to the scene of festivity; then—a really singular sight and not easily to be forgotten—the carriage of some princess, escorted by torch-bearers and eunuchs, flashes past like some fiery goblin train. The throng thickens at the Ezbekeeyeh gardens. Soon a dull uproar strikes the ear, we turn the corner by the New Hotel, and see a long roadway filled with men, lined with stalls, and brightly lighted up with torches and lanterns. In a few seconds we are drawn into the stream, and, shoving and pushing, strive to move on with it. A hired carriage, with a little Sais hardly more than ten years old running in front to make way, tries to part the crowd. Air! air! this is suffocation! The mob closes up again behind the carriage, the pressure is relieved, and once more we are pushing and struggling among the turbans. The gentle and amiable nature of the Egyptians is here conspicuous. In Europe such a crowd would inevitably lead to violence and accidents, while the Cairene who meets with a severe blow revenges himself merely by saying, "Can you not look where you are going, son of a dog?" to which the other replies placably, "Ma, 'alesh" ("It does not matter"), a platitude which the offended man readily adopts. However, even here it sometimes comes to active warfare. Two cocks-of-the-walk get a tight grip of each other's throat, and each swears by Allah and his Prophet to have the life of the other. The neighbours shriek, the combatants scream "Murder!" the row is terrific—when up goes a rocket in the distance, exploding into red and green stars, every eye is at once religiously bent on the glittering display, there is a unanimous "Oh!" of admiration, the quarrel is forgotten, the combatants rub their bruises, and address themselves once more, as meekly as children, to the delights of the entertainment.

On both sides of the street the booths are brilliantly lighted, and in every direction refreshments are being sold from jars or fruit baskets. Coffee is made in this red and white tent, while the customers listen to the story-teller; and from yonder marquee, which is so closely curtained, and where Karakush[1] is carrying on his too graphically natural performances, proceed sounds of song and laughter. Close beside it a baker has established himself, and draws his beautifully-browned round cakes out of his little oven under our very eyes, and, all hot as they are, they are excellent eating. However, we do not pause, for some Dervishes, with music and torches, on the way to their religious performances, attract us to follow

[1] The Egyptian Punch, already described.

them. But before reaching the tent set up for them we are detained by a pretty scene. An artist in confectionery stands behind a high pedestal supporting a round wooden tray, in the midst of which is a large circular lantern. Round this are set out in little saucers the most ravishing sago puddings, stuck full of almonds, in such dainty array that their aspect cannot fail to tempt the Arab eye and tooth. Two little boys stand exactly opposite this erection, fixing their pretty, wide eyes on the sweet objects of their desire; but, alas! with no hope of its fulfilment, for though the two have made common stock and combined their capital, two copper piastres are inadequate to soften the obdurate heart of the man behind the lantern. Still, with true Arab volubility and pertinacity, they dispute his right to demand more than two piastres for his almond puddings, and they are on the point of being dismissed with paternal obduracy when one of our party crowns their desires by extracting a copper coin from his pocket.



SAIS.

From the other side of the road comes the shrill tinkle of bells. The crowd of children—all children alike, great and small—are enjoying the delights of a round-about, of a so-called Russian swing, and of an ordinary pendulum-like see-saw. Close by, a sturdy crier, with a stentorian voice, hails us to the incomparable performance of an athlete; we push by the backs of a knot of children who are vainly endeavouring to catch a glimpse of this great treat through a hole in the curtain, and are borne on towards the plain somewhat lower down, which is, properly speaking, the scene of the festival. When we reach it, our eye is charmed by the brilliant and perfectly unique spectacle: round us is a wide circle of tents, beautifully set up and lighted by lamps without number, and from the middle of this dazzling circle, where the fireworks are let off, rockets innumerable, like blazing Jacob's ladders, seem to lead up from the festively illuminated spot to the star-spangled southern sky, and join earth to heaven. We escape from the crowd for a moment to draw a deep breath of the fresh aromatic air of the spring night, and then fall into the line again to see what is going on in the side alleys hastily run up all round the large enclosed space. To the left hand are the tents of the police, the governor, the ministers, and the viceroy, and at the opposite side are those erected for private persons and for the religious congregations. We will choose the road to the right in order to visit these; every tent we pass is full of men engaged in their devotions. They sit in large circles round a reader, who discourses on the history of the birth of the Prophet and all the signs and wonders that accompanied it; this is an ancient custom, handed down from the earliest days of Islam. Or they themselves take part in performing the religious exercise called a Zikr, which we have already seen elsewhere. This consists of a constant repetition of the name of God, of the Moslem confession of faith, or of a form of praise of Mohammed, with the accompaniment of a measured movement of the body in time to the chant, inclining it forwards or to the left or right, or round and round on its axis. The director of the whole performance, the Munshid, stands in the middle, and conducts the consentaneous utterance of the words and the motions of the body by calling out and by clapping his hands to the measure. The religious excitement is often increased by music and singers. To Europeans, the participation in these exercises seems to have something degrading in it, and not altogether without reason; but, as in other religions, a deep spiritual meaning underlies these senseless usages. The Koran prescribes to the Mohammedan a constant mention of the name of God, just as the apostle Paul exhorts Christians to "pray without ceasing." This constant "naming" is conceived of by some as a mental and spiritual exercise, while others, and by far the greater number, explain it as being the audible utterance of the name of Allah. Thus was first instituted the ordinance of the Zikr, for this Arabic word is that used in the Koran itself; but even at the present day the most conscientious and learned Mussulmans assert that the ordinance ought to be carried out only by slow long-drawn cries of Allah, and they avoid all rhythmical movement or even musical

FATHER AND SON.

accompaniment as a pernicious innovation. It was originally said of any particularly pious man that he constantly mentioned the name of God—*i.e.*, that his thoughts were constantly occupied with the contemplation of the Most High; but with the generality of people this expression has lost its original purity of meaning. The formation of numerous religious communities and orders led to the introduction of a congregational "naming of God," and as the Orientals—as we saw when

ZIKR WITH INCLINATIONS.

visiting the college at the mosque of el-Azhar—are always addicted to swinging and rocking their bodies with a view to invigorate and incite their mental faculties, the primitive quiescent meditation gave way to more or less rapid movement. The introduction of Mohammedan mysticism, which took its rise under foreign influences, was favourable to such aberrations, for, according to its doctrines, the believer must strive to become wholly absorbed in the Divinity, to be "clothed with it as with a garment," to be bereft of all his senses, and to feel and think only, "Allah." To this end spinning and swaying the body to an immoderate extent are a very efficient auxiliary, for they stupefy the brain, producing giddiness, nervous excitation, and even convulsions; and when one of the faithful taking part in the Zikr falls

down, foaming at the mouth in violent convulsions, it is said with admiration that he is "Melboos"—that is, possessed or "clothed" with the Divinity. These religious exercises spread very rapidly among the Egyptians, who from the remotest antiquity were highly susceptible to mystical emotions, and at the present day we meet with them in every direction and at every opportunity; nay, they have come to have something of the character of popular festivities. The rhythmical movement may no doubt be pleasurable, as the youth of our own country often indulge in simultaneous shouting; but the performer soon feels that his senses are dulled,

ZIKR WITH WHIRLS.

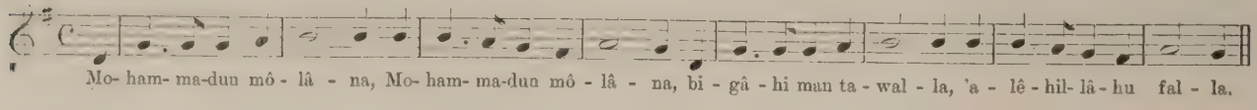
that he is turning giddy, and his nerves quiver, that he is becoming "melboos," the joyful excitement reaches its height of perfect inebriation, and finally all the physical powers are overcome by exhaustion. This usually supervenes in about a quarter of an hour, and a fresh performer immediately takes the place of the one who has retired; indeed, the circle grows larger and larger. It frequently happens that women take a part in the exercise. Dr. Spitta saw such a circle, among which were an old woman and a blooming young girl. The old woman incited the bystanders to perform by signs and hand-clapping; the young one was absorbed in the Zikr: she swung her body up and down incessantly, and her movements increased constantly in wild and ungoverned violence. After more than half an hour—my friend stood by with his watch in his hand—she had become like a raving lunatic; her head-cloth fell off, her splendid black hair fluttered wildly

round her, her gown fell loose, and she looked like a raging fury, with her face as white as a ghost's, and eyes that glowed like coals of fire. This was too much for the older woman and the conducting dervish: they laid the poor creature flat on the ground, with merciless slappings and thumpings, to bring her round. Other revolting excesses are practised by the Dervishes after a wild Zikr; in their ecstasy they pierce their cheeks, and eat scorpions and other poisonous or disgusting creatures.

But we will now quit these melancholy aberrations, and look into a tent in which, while a party of believers are whirling in a Zikr, a singer is performing to the accompaniment of a flute; the words are verses of the mystical song of Omar Ibn-el-Fareed, which has already been mentioned.[1] Its glowing imagery is familiar, for it is sung in merry tones all about the streets; but it also bears a mystical interpretation, and is therefore quite in place at the performance of a Zikr.

DERVISH EATING SCORPIONS.

Story-tellers and reciters must not detain us to-day, but we will step for a moment into the tent of the swarthy Berbers, who have a Zikr of their own. The choral song, which they repeat incessantly while carrying on the usual spinning, runs as follows:—



That is, "Mohammed is our Lord; Mohammed is our Lord, invested with dominion. May God incline to him and bless him."

We have now reached the tents of the Egyptian dignitaries and ministers. The first is, of course, that of the Khedive (in which, on the evening in question, the present Khedive was to be found as the representative of his father, who was too much occupied to come). The highest personages and most distinguished sheykhs there pay him their official visits, and enjoy the fireworks which incessantly illuminate the spot until far into the night; for of this entertainment the Arabs are never weary. It is long past midnight, but the stream of men flows round us undiminished, when at last, fatigued but not weary, we turn our faces homewards.

[1] Vol. I., p. 314.

The scene here described is repeated for twelve successive nights, and each time is more splendid, more crowded, and of longer duration. The dealers in the bazaars close their stalls earlier; even the ladies of the harem make their appearance on the scene in their closed carriages, escorted by eunuchs. At about midnight on the last night of the festival, an immense torch procession, got up with great magnificence, literally fills the whole of the Boolak road. The last display of

TENT OF A DIGNITARY.

fireworks is the finest of all; all Cairo is on foot, and the crowd perfectly impenetrable. The tents are filled to overflowing, and in some, which lie hidden in the background, men are smoking hasheesh to induce flattering dreams. Every one is eager to express his joy at the advent of Mohammed, and thus win his favour and secure his intercession with God; for while this whole month is fraught with good, the twelfth day is especially sanctified by Allah.

The next day brings an extraordinary finale to these festive scenes—the Dawsah or "Treading." The celebrity which this religious ceremony has acquired, even in Europe, and the numerous accounts that have been given of it by superficial

observers, render it by no means surprising that false impressions should have been disseminated as to its significance. It is supposed that there is something in it essential to Islam, and that it is an organic offshoot of that faith, while, in fact, it is only to be regarded as an excrescence from that saint-worship and superstition which have grown up among the inhabitants of Cairo only, and which are repudiated by all other "true believers"—if we except only the villagers of Berzah near Damascus, who likewise have their festal ceremony of "Treading." So singular and isolated a proceeding must have taken its rise in some local cause, and the following legend affords such an explanation. "The second sheykh of the Sa'deeyah order of Dervishes, and the immediate successor of its founder, Sa'ad, rode one day —but wherefore no man knoweth—from the citadel of Cairo to his rather distant dwelling over vessels of glass without breaking one of them." This nonsensical story must probably have had a foundation in some fact unknown to us; at least, it is difficult otherwise to see why the privilege should have been conceded to every chief of this sect to ride on horseback with impunity, not merely over glass but over living men. At any rate, the whole ceremony has no other object than the glorification of an order of Dervishes, and the superstition of the populace willingly offers a sacrifice to it, for each one who has been touched by the horse's hoof believes himself to have been distinguished by a special miracle. The Sa'deeyahs assert that—like the glass of the legend—the bodies of the men are uninjured by the "Treading." In point of fact there is ample proof that the Dawsah is never accomplished without some crushing and injury, though it is said the miracle is performed all the same both on believers and on unbelievers; but in this instance, as with regard to similar miracles in other religions, the "noes" do not count. We may, at any rate, assert to the honour of the more educated Cairenes, and particularly of the professors of the Mosque of el-Azhar, that they denounce the whole affair as contrary to the law, and as an imposture, and have made representations to the Viceroy again and again as to his permitting the Dawsah to take place. This has not, however, so far, prevented an enormous concourse—and among them many Europeans—from assembling to see the performance. When we arrive, at about ten o'clock, in the enclosure, there is already on one side a long array of equipages full of ladies from the harems, and foreigners, while on the other several tents, and among them one kept for the Government, are fast filling with spectators. We take our places in this tent, and have fully two hours to wait before the sheykh of the Sa'deeyah—who has passed the night in prayer and fasting to render himself worthy of the miracle to be accomplished in his person—has ended his mid-day prayers in the Mosque of Huseyn, and mounted his palfrey. Up to this moment the people have wandered up and down the road on each side, unchecked by the soldiers. But the nearer it gets to noon and the higher the scorching sun mounts in the sky the denser grows the throng. Now we hear the cannon fired which announces from the citadel that the sun is at the meridian, and a troop of excited men, with flags flying and trumpets sounding, hurry past; these belong to the dervish orders of Sa'deeyah and Refa'eeyah, and are joined by many volunteers. The dense crowds of lookers-on line the road, closely packed; more wild troops succeed the first, their excitement reacts on those who have

hitherto preserved their equanimity, and we are soon closely surrounded by a

THE DAWSAH, OR "TREADING."

crowd of Mussulmans, all incessantly praying or repeating verses of the Koran. By this time the Via Dolorosa is paved with men's bodies, and the Moslems in

front of us, too, prepare to fling themselves in the way. All lie with their heads towards us, and their legs the other way, resting their faces on their arms and incessantly crying "Allah! Allah! Allah!" at the same time they lie as close as possible to each other, that the horse's hoofs may not slip on their ribs and cause serious injury. The elastic forms of the Arabs, thus lying side by side, compose a narrow undulating roadway, which generally yields under the pressure of the horse's feet enough to prevent serious mischief. The bystanders fan the half unconscious victims—who gasp out their hoarse cries of Allah—with their robes, to cool them. Presiding Dervishes bustle hurriedly up and down this living roadway, inciting the crowd with fanatical outcries. The excitement rises higher and higher, and presently we feel even our own nerves begin to thrill. A pious frenzy overcomes a man standing opposite, the dull echo of many voices groaning out "Allah!" comes up from the men stretched on the ground before us, the crowd all around us is praying or muttering texts from the Koran. In front, behind, and in every direction, we see the rolling eyes and death-like faces of the victims.

Then a Dervish runs past; "Call on the name of God, O faithful!" he shouts. In the distance comes a man on horseback. For an instant he is forced to halt, for the horse on which he rides shuns treading on the bodies of men, but the beast, urged from behind and tugged by the bridle, presently conquers its repugnance, and with long strides over the backs, loins, and shoulders of the men it ambles onwards and past us. The sheykh is a venerable-looking old man, he sits on his horse weary and overstrained, but with a look of ecstasy on his handsome features. He wears a large olive-green turban decorated with a white diagonal stripe, this head-gear being proper to his sect. The horse is a large strongly-built animal, but its hoofs are not shod.

Hardly is the miracle fairly accomplished than the bystanders hasten to raise the prostrate martyrs. Pale faces, streaming with tears or twitching with nervousness, then come to light. One is severely hurt in a very pitiful way, while the dislocated right arm of another has a very hopeless aspect. A third poor wretch, limping very badly, has even less cause to glorify the miracle, and he is hastily led away among the crowd, now dispersing.

It has often been asserted that the religious and nervous excitement of which we have just been witnesses are the result of smoking hasheesh; but this certainly is only the case in very exceptional instances. The vigil of the previous nights, the perpetual reciting of the Koran, and the excitement before the slowly-advancing danger, are certainly sufficient to produce a nervous state and convulsions, particularly when we take into consideration the extraordinary predisposition of the Oriental character for religious transport—a state of mind so unintelligible to us. The East was originally the fatherland of the mysterious phenomena of "Possession," and so at the present day, under the promptings of superstition, hundreds are ready to fling themselves before the hoofs of the sheykh's horse.

RAMADÂN AND BAIRAM.

VERY few Moslems at the present day conscientiously fulfil the five Mohammedan duties,[1] called the "pillars of Islam." Only fasting and prayer are still regarded as unavoidable obligations on a pious Moslem, and even those who are, in fact, indifferent, carefully observe these two duties. A whole month is dedicated to the duty of fasting—the greatest and most sacred of the whole Mohammedan year, the month of Ramadân. Before it is ushered in, festivals of peculiar significance are kept, as, for instance, the solemn night of the middle of the preceding month, Sha'aban, in which the destiny of men is weighed and determined, and when God separates the yellow leaves from the green on the tree of humanity, while the faithful keep their vigil in prayer and trembling. A number of Moslems begin the fast in this month, and all look forward with much eagerness to the blessed month of Ramadân. For it is blessed indeed. "It is the month of my people, in which their sins are forgiven them," said the Prophet Mohammed. In this month all the canonical books of the Moslem religion were revealed: the revelation to Abraham, the Law of Moses, the Gospel of Christ, and the Koran of Mohammed. It is during the last third of this month that the "night of dignity" occurs, in which all seas become sweet, the gates of Paradise are opened, and God grants pardon to the world. Therefore, many a wanton sinner makes use of this time, and endeavours to make up for his misdeeds by an exact observance of the command to fast. Although Ramadân often falls in the middle of the hottest summers, the command forbids the tasting of any food from the rising till the setting of the sun. Not a morsel must mitigate the most gnawing hunger, and not a drop of water pass the burning lips; nay, even the beloved cigarette is forbidden, for the Arab "drinks" his tobacco smoke. Only such as are sick, travelling, or in the field of battle, are exempt from this ordinance, and then only on condition that they take the first favourable opportunity of repairing the omission.

The last day of Sha'aban is drawing to a close, in a few hours the first night of Ramadân will have begun. A solemn procession will receive the proclamation from the house of the Kadi that the month of fasting is begun, but this will not be declared till the pale sickle of the new moon has been seen by at least one man, and, therefore, in the course of the afternoon people are sent out to Mokattam to watch for the first glimpse of the slender crescent in the pure clear sky over the Desert. Near the citadel, in front of the native palace of justice, Beyt-el-âdil, and in many of the streets, thousands assemble and impede the progress of the

1 These are, war against unbelievers, pilgrimage, alms-giving, fasting, and praying.

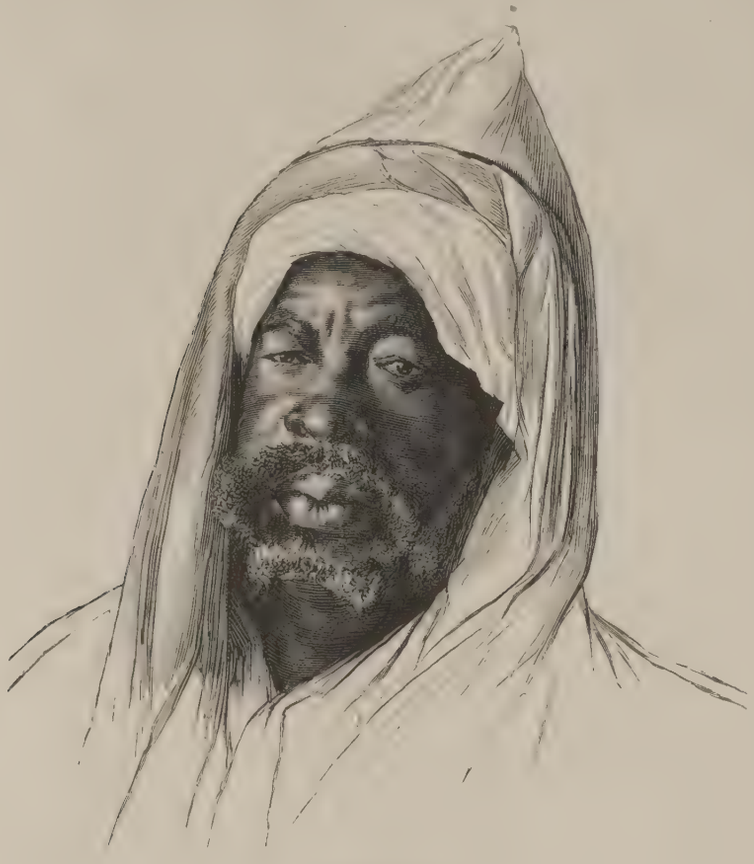
A NIGHT OF THE RAMADÂN—THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

procession, up to the very doors of the Kadi's house, where it draws up. The chiefs of guilds, the captain of the soldiers that accompany the procession, and the Minister

THE WATCHERS.

of Police are admitted, and solemnly take their seats on the Kadi's divan to hear the decisive "Fetwa." The emissaries have seen the young moon on the horizon,

their testimony is taken down in writing, and not till then does the Kadi deliver the written declaration that the Month of Fasting has begun. Cannons are fired from the citadel, the procession divides into several portions, with bands of music at their head, and they walk through the city in every direction, incessantly crying to the passers-by: "Fast, fast, ye followers of the best of men." Now begins that peculiar restless excitation which characterises all Arabs during Ramadân, and which is easily explained when we consider that every one tries to make up for his day of fasting by the gayest festivities and abundant feasting during the night.



THE MESAHHAR.

The busiest streets are brilliantly illuminated; lamps visible from afar are hung from the minarets, and the lights of the mosque in the citadel shine out like stars over Cairo, lying at its foot. The cafés can hardly hold the multitude of smoking and chatting customers, and in the mosques the faithful throng round the reciter. In the houses of the rich and great tables are prepared for guests—who are not wanting; in a side room the Koran is recited, or a Zikr is performed. Every one is more cheerful and talkative than usual, and, regardless of the swiftly flying hours, no one thinks of rest or sleep. Presently a little drum rattles outside, and the gleaming of two lights shines through the open house-door. It is the Mesahhar, the messenger of the morning, who all the year round parades every quarter of the city, announcing the approach of sunrise. He comes now for another purpose; he chants in a sort of rhythmic prose the praises of the family who dwell in the house, wishing them happiness and blessings, and for himself a handsome bakhsheesh at the end of the month. Towards midnight the "Abrar" rings out from the minarets: this is a call to voluntary prayer, and is named from its first word "Abrar"—"Verily the faithful shall drink a jar of wine." Shortly after midnight the second voluntary prayer is proclaimed with a formula known as "the greeting," because it consists entirely of texts in blessing of Mohammed. After that, in most of the mosques, the lamps are extinguished and the doors closed, but the brilliantly-lighted mosque of Hoseyn remains open all night, and el-Azhar has only four of its six doors closed. The hours slip on; a fresher breath stirs the night air, the harbinger of morning;

and soon we hear from the minarets the call at dawn, which, during Ramadân, always warns the faithful a full hour before daybreak, that they may strengthen themselves with food and drink for the long day's fast. Everything that can be thought of for satisfying hunger and allaying thirst is served at this hour, for this breakfast before sunrise is the principal meal of the whole day, and is eagerly discussed.

Presently the Mesahhar reappears; this time it is to announce the coming morning. Replete and tired, every one now awaits the moment when, in the words of the Koran, a white thread can be discerned from a black one—the first gleam, that is, of daylight. The stars begin to pale, "the breath of morning" fans the tired worn-out faces, and from the neighbouring mosque the shout is heard: "Listen—the Fast is begun." What can a man do better than betake himself to bed and make up for his lost night's rest by a long spell of sleep. This, in fact, is what happens, and even if a man wakes up again before the hour of mid-day prayer, after a night spent in making merry, he is but ill-disposed for labour. The dealers sit, peevish and muddle-headed, in the almost deserted bazaars, so do the officials in their bureaux. Thirst, hunger, and a longing for tobacco, increase every hour, and with these three evil possessions comes the ill-humour which never urges the faithful to evil deeds more often than during the "blessed month of Ramadân." Slowly, much too slowly, sinks the sun, and before it has touched the horizon the shops are closed and the offices deserted; cigarettes have to be rolled and the water-jar filled. Wherever we turn we see men expectantly waiting, with unlighted cigarettes in their hands, and standing in front of the cook-shops, coffee-houses, and public fountains. Great and small watch with anxiety for the moment when Heaven will reprieve them from the severe duty of fasting. The cannon is fired at the citadel, announcing sunset, the signal of release; a groan of relief breaks from every breast, the water-jar is applied to parched lips, and half a minute later thousands of cigarettes and pipes are burning. Young and old besiege the orange-sellers, and pillage the baskets of their refreshing contents, and the keeper of the café requires a double supply of cups and of waiters. And now, with all the mirth that has been absent during the exhausting day, night is ushered in with an abundant meal to satisfy the much-tried stomach; but extreme hunger must be cautiously dealt with. As an introduction to more

AN EATING-HOUSE.

serious work a few dried fruits, nuts, dates, and the like, are eaten, then the evening prayer is performed; a full and satisfying meal follows. This consists more largely than is usual of sweetmeats and pastry, and any one who has been a guest at such a repast must retain a pleasant recollection of many dishes,

ARABIAN PANTRY.

particularly of the *kumâs* and *kataif*, apricots dried and pressed, and other preserves of fruit, which are never wanting from the store-room of a Cairene; those who cannot prepare these delicacies at home have them brought in from the cook-shops in the street.

In the succeeding nights of Ramadân people usually go to bed by twelve o'clock; but the coffee-houses, which are crowded to overflowing, and where singers

A PROVINCIAL COFFEE-HOUSE

and story-tellers may be listened to, remain open till morning, as well as the shops for eatables.

In this fashion pass thirty days and nights, like one long holiday. No serious work is undertaken during the whole of this time, and the satiated soul longs for the end of this much-lauded month and for the feast of Little Bairam, when the baleful spell of fasting is removed, and the world returns to its natural course. The cannon announces the close of the Ramadân at sunset on the last day; the places of worship are lighted up and full of devotees; Zikrs are performed in the Mosque of Mohammed Ali and elsewhere, and once more a high family feast is held.

The next morning is devoted to visits, as New Year's morning is with us, and these visits are often extended to the deceased who rest in the cemetery.

The great reception in the viceroy's palace in the citadel begins soon after sunrise; it is his custom to perform morning prayer at Little Bairam in a neighbouring mosque, and as soon as he returns from thence the thunder of cannon announces that he is about to receive in state the members of his family, the ministers, the Ulamas, and dignitaries of learning, and all the long list of higher officials. After these the consuls for foreign powers, foreigners of distinction, and European merchants, are received; coffee is presented in costly services, with chibouques magnificently ornamented. The audience is over by eleven, but the rolling of carriages through the streets goes on till evening, for after the Khedive, the princes, the ministers, and, above all, the viceroy's venerated mother, must be called upon.

This lady used to be represented by the grand eunuch, Khaleel Aga, who received in her name; he was one of the greatest personages in the state, and even pachas humbly kissed his hand.

In more modest circles, too, the houses are full of visitors; even in the poorest families cakes have been baked, and all the world is in holiday attire, for it is the custom to make presents of new clothes and shoes at Bairam, particularly to children and house-servants. It is most amusing to see the little ones showing each other their red and yellow slippers, and to observe the conscious pride with which the old door-keeper struts about in his new blue robe, which will rarely be taken off his back before the end of next Ramadân brings him another. Everything that we see looks clean and festive, and merry faces shine and grin under the turbans. Indeed, even the foreigner whose creed is farthest removed from that of the Moslems feels some ray of joy penetrate his soul at this festival, the Easter of Islam.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

DIVERS Arabic historians tell us of a beautiful and wise woman, Schagaret-ed-durr (the pearl-tree), who, at the beginning of the rule of the Mamelukes, governed despotically as Sultana for eighty days after the death of her husband, till she was married again to the Emir Eybeg (Izz-ed-deen),[1] and, bestowing the throne on him together with her hand, withdrew herself into the retirement of the harem. To this day the Cairenes owe a grand festival to this lady, that of the Mah'mal or "the litter"; this is in honour of her having, in fact, undertaken the pilgrimage to Mecca in a magnificent litter borne between camels. At a later period the rulers of Egypt annually sent a litter with the great caravan of pilgrims to the Holy City as a mark of their royal dignity. After the conquest of the Nile valley by the Turks under Sultan Selim,[2] the continuance of this custom was expressly conceded, and it has been handed down even to the time of the present Viceroy. The Mah'mal is always accompanied by the cover or hangings, which the Viceroy, as representative of the Sultan, must send every year to the Kaabah.[3] The solemn occasion of its departure immediately precedes the festivities associated with the starting of the pilgrims, and we may, therefore, assist at them all, without much loss of time, before we set out for Upper Egypt.

The preparing of the hangings takes place in the citadel, and its transfer to the Mosque of Huseyn, where they are embroidered and lined in a consecrated spot, offers an opportunity for feasting and rejoicing, and with all the more reason because, subsequently, unless by making a journey to Mecca it will no longer be possible to see it.

This covering for the Kaabah, the Kisweh,[4] consists of three parts, namely, the curtain or covering for the walls of the cubical sanctuary itself, the broad border which is bound round it, and the veil, which is the curtain that hangs before the door of the Kaabah. First of all the heavy rolled-up bales of cloth, of which the curtain is to be composed, are carried past without any pomp on humble asses. A coarse, thick brocade, all black, is usually selected for the Kisweh, and it is decorated with texts from the Koran surrounded by arabesques in elaborate embroidery. The gazing crowd, and particularly the women, give shouts of joy as the valuable and pious gift goes by, and their shouts are repeated when, one after the other, the four portions of the broad girdle or band of the Kaabah make their appearance,

[1] A.D. 1250. [2] A.D. 1517.

[3] The most sacred sanctuary in the interior of the Temple of Mecca

[4] Manufactured at Constantinople.

magnificently worked with texts in gold and ornaments in silk. These are carried by several men on a sort of scaffolding of wooden poles. Then follow, but in no particular order, the different people who have been occupied in making the Kisweh, or who still have to take charge of it, and last of all a troop of strange figures, who excite our curiosity, though still several are absent whom we shall certainly meet with at the festival of the "starting," two or three weeks hence. Meanwhile the embroidering and lining proceed zealously in the Mosque of Huseyn, and the caravans of pilgrims gradually collect and form on the open space below the citadel. By the end of the month of Shawwal all is ready for the journey; the hangings are packed as soon as they are all finished; the pilgrims have entered their names on the register kept by the leader of the pilgrimage, victuals and tents have been procured, bundles are tied up, and the calendar notifies the day of departure. On that day all Cairo is on foot the first thing in the morning. The streets leading from the citadel to the Bab-en-Nasr swarm with humanity; the shops are shut, and in every spot where the caravan will pass, heads piled behind heads crowd every window in the public fountains and mosques and in every private house. Women in great numbers mix among the inquisitive gazers, and dark eyes sparkle from every lattice-window in the Mashrabeeyeh balconies. Cheery and festive voices sound on every side, with the kindly greeting, "May you always be in health," and the simple answer, "And you too." The love of *spectacle* and the curiosity inherent in the Cairene nature is to-day heightened and sanctified by religious feeling, for the Mah'mal is held in special veneration by the

THE PILGRIMS' PLACE OF MEETING.

Moslem, although it is a symbol of regal dignity only, and has no religious significance. It has now so often made the meritorious pilgrimage to Mecca that it has assumed the character of a relic, of which the touch, or even the sight, brings a blessing. On the present occasion it brings the procession, of which it is the principal feature, to a solemn close. The procession opens with soldiers and kettle-drums, proudly perched on tall camels, and a whole herd of the hump-backed

A FAMILY AND THEIR GUESTS WAITING FOR THE MAH'MAL.

beasts follow, bearing all the necessary baggage of the pilgrims, with water-skins, tents, and the like, as well as the hangings for the Kaabah carefully embalmed and packed. One could fancy that the camels marched on this occasion with additional dignity, and that they were proudly conscious of having been decked with bells, stained orange-colour with henna, and dressed up with palm-branches, which sway pleasantly as they go forward. On one of them, covered with a red cloth, is the pilgrims' coffer, which serves to defray the common expenses of the caravan,

a burden borne by the Government. The procession passes by in divisions, and often many minutes elapse between one group and the next. In these pauses water-bearers and sherbet-sellers provide for our refreshment, wrestlers and fencers, clad only in short leathern breeches, perform furious sham fights for the amusement of the multitude. We too look on at the entertaining scene; but it is soon interrupted, for a troop of Dervishes, classed according to their sects, are now approaching with drums and fifes, performing their Zikr, violently excited, and stirring up the sympathy of the crowd by cries and gestures. The people shout louder and louder, for now the litter of the "Prince of the Pilgrimage" appears on the scene, swinging between two camels, one in front of the other. This official is entrusted with the conduct of the expedition. Then follows the leader of the pilgrims, who, in the desert, goes first to lead the way; behind him follows a gay troop of officers, Dervishes, citizens, and all sorts of performers for the entertainment of the people. The asses and horses are festally painted like the camels, and decked with little flags and green boughs.

Next come several regiments of cavalry and infantry, who, in their fullest uniform and with their new and brilliant weapons, have a splendid effect, as though prepared to defend the most important part of the procession; they are succeeded by the head of the police surrounded by mounted Kawasses, and behind these comes the chief of the pilgrims riding on a magnificently-caparisoned horse in front of his three scribes and the Imams of the orthodox schools; the Imams are accompanied by an endless file of Dervishes of different orders, distinguished by the colour of their turbans, and carrying standards, and by the various guilds with their emblems and standards. The long stream of men as they pass by, augmented by people of every rank and condition, seems as though it would never come to an end. Each new division is headed by a band of music, and revives the flagging enthusiasm of the bystanders. We are growing impatient, and prepare to quit our place, when from afar a swelling roar, like that of beating surf, makes itself heard. As we listen we become aware of an inextricable medley of noises and voices, which increase in strength and loudness as they approach us in billows of sound. Presently we distinguish the cry, "The Mah'mal! the Mah'mal!" and in a few minutes the same word is on every lip. Every eye is turned down the street in the greatest excitement, when a broad erection is seen on the back of a camel, making its way amid the tumultuous whoops and shouts of the people; it passes by us in the midst of a crowd of men, all striving to touch it and so benefit by its blessing. Handkerchiefs are let down from the windows that their edges may reach the litter and be sanctified by that contact. Prayers rise from lips innumerable, and the monotonous murmur, sounding like the roll of distant thunder, is broken by the high-pitched shouts of joy of the women. And all this is in honour of a mere empty litter of old-fashioned shape and make, a quadrangular shrine with a steep-roofed top hung round with coloured cloth embroidered at the sides with texts from the Koran. The religious enthusiasm all round us runs high, but even if we felt tempted to share it the sight of the two personages who next make their appearance would quell it at once. First behind the Mah'mal we see a half-naked man with his head uncovered, save by his matted hair, and slowly riding

THE RETURN OF THE PILGRIMS.

forward on a camel. This is the Camel Sheykh, who accompanies the pilgrims every year in this very unpresentable costume; and behind him, a grotesque "tail piece" closing the procession, comes the Sheykh or Father of the Cats, of whom I have spoken before, with his four-footed party.[1] We escape from the crushing throng that follows in the rear, down a silent side street, while the procession pushes on to the Bab-en-Nasr, and passes out of the city beyond that gate. After resting outside the walls for two or three days under tents, the caravan sets out, and makes its first day's journey of scarcely more than four hours as far as the first station at Birkett-el-Hagg, or the "Pilgrims' Lake," where the last stragglers can join the caravan, where the skins are re-filled with water, and the leader at last gives the definite signal for a final start eastwards, across the sandy waste of the Arabian desert. For thirty-seven days they march across the country till they reach the Holy Places, and at least three months will pass before they once more see Cairo on their return. The thoughts of those who remain behind follow their friends on their journey, and during their absence we are once vividly reminded of them and of the ceremonies in which they, at Mecca, are bearing a part, for on the tenth day of the month of pilgrimage the whole Mohammedan world celebrates its most solemn festival, the sacrificial feast, which is to remind every believer in Islam of the sacrifice of rams offered by the pilgrims at the Mountain of Arafât near Mecca. Rams innumerable must bleed on that day, for even the most impecunious collects his remaining piastres, buys a lamb for his family, slays it, and eats it on the following feast day. On this occasion the poor are provided for with true Mohammedan benevolence by public endowments, and thus it comes to pass that there is scarcely a Moslem who has not his portion of roast mutton.

SUBURB AT THE BAB-EN-NASR.

The day of sacrifice is followed by a quieter time, but a certain excitement is kept up by the letters which reach the stay-at-home relatives of the pilgrims, and which tell of the fatigues of the journey, of the crush and cram in Mecca—

[1] See Vol. I., p. 91.

overcrowded as it is with humanity—of the splendour of the festive ceremonies, of the visit to the tomb of the Prophet in Medina, and similar matters. The longing for the return of the travellers grows every week, for those left at home know too well that every pilgrimage costs the health and life of numbers. Particularly perilous are the acts of devotion to be performed at the black stone, for the head must be bared, and the believer is accustomed always to the warmth of his turban, and there is danger too of epidemics in the poisonous air of the over-crowded city. But the anxious must be patient, for since the melancholy introduction of cholera in 1867, no home-bound pilgrim can re-enter the country without having performed

WAITING FOR THE PILGRIM SHIP NEAR SUEZ.

a long quarantine. Thus it comes to pass that the caravan with the Mah'mal seldom reaches the capital before the end of the month Safar. Many of the pilgrims who return by sea are met at Suez by their relatives, who crowd the strand—a strange coast-guard—when the pilgrims' ship is due.

At last news comes of the great caravan, which is to leave the Pilgrims' Lake the next day; early in the morning, escorted by bands of music, great troops of men with eatables and clean new garments for their relations—whose raiment is greatly impaired by the long journey—go forth to meet the pilgrims. These meet the caravan half-way, and then there is a tumult—a hubbub—a Babel—an excitement quite unparalleled. But amid all the rejoicing of those who here meet once more to greet and welcome each other with Oriental vehemence, there are anxious questionings, heart-breaking lamentations, and loud cries of sorrow. Here a wife is seeking her husband, in vain her eye turns from camel to camel anxiously seeking the long-looked for face; no familiar features meet her gaze. There is her husband's friend, but the place next him is empty; a glance, a word reveals the terrible truth; and so it is with hundreds. Drums and trumpets drown their cries of grief,

and the procession moves on, not halting till it reaches the gate of the city. There once more the pilgrims camp out. Before the sun has set thousands pour out of the city to the tents, and then, with many tears of joy, many too are the tears of anguish. The eyes of the mourners, it is true, are slower to dry than those of the happy.

Many of the richer classes, at the present day, avail themselves of the railway and steamboat to reach Djidda, the harbour of Mecca. Only the poor now undergo the dangers and fatigues of the land journey, or the pious who fear to diminish the meritorious character of the pilgrimage if they deviate from time-honoured custom, or such as are afraid of a sea voyage. Not the rich peasant merely, but the poorer fellah is proud to join the caravan; he packs his whole harem—mother, wives, and children—on the back of a camel, which carries all his household goods and victuals as well; by day the women sing songs in praise of the Prophet, in the evening they prepare the meal for their lord and master. Then many a morsel falls to the share of the beggars who accompany the caravan, and of the wandering Dervishes, of whom numbers perform the pilgrimage year after year. Among these there are commonly several half-witted oddities, which are not merely endured and treated kindly, but venerated to a certain extent as Walees; but now and then we may also meet with an Al Hafee.[1] One thing all pilgrims have in common, whether beggars or lords of the soil, namely, that they are proud of their visit to the Holy Places, and are delighted when any one gives them the title of Hagg (in Syrian Hadjee), which they have earned by performing the pilgrimage.

[1] A barefooted pilgrim.

The Start for Upper Egypt.

NCHANTING as Cairo is and hard as it is to part from it, the mighty ruins of a grand and remote past, arrayed on both shores of the Nile in Upper Egypt, have so powerful a spell to tempt us, that we are not unwilling to say farewell to the city of the Khalifs, and are impatient to make the necessary preparations for the long journey southwards. Three modes of progress are open to the traveller who desires to visit these monuments of the splendour of the Pharaohs, to see the broad levels that spread on each side of the Nile above the Delta, with their fertile plains and singular villages and towns, and to tread the narrow gorge with its ramparts of granite, which hems in the stream as it tears and tumbles past Syene[1] and forces its way into Egypt proper. The traveller who desires to reach the second cataract, lying at about two degrees within the tropic, must necessarily select the third means of transport—which is in every respect preferable to the two others. The "tourist" who travels merely to say that he has *been* and *seen*, and to carry home a general idea of "foreign parts" will choose the steamboat, in which in three short weeks, during which he is taken the utmost care of, he can reach Philae from Cairo. He will be conducted from one sight to another with a large party of companions, and in accordance with a prescribed programme, and will gain his end with the smallest possible outlay of time and money.

Other travellers now proceed by railway as far as Siyut[2] in Upper Egypt, and then go on, on asses or in a boat, to Thebes; quarter themselves there in the

[1] Assouan.

[2] The ancient Lycopolis.

newly-opened hotel, and avail themselves of the steamboat for the return journey. But any one who likes to be his own master, and to whom it is possible to halt and to stay where he pleases, will secure one of the Dahabeeyehs, or Nile boats, which lie for hire at anchor in the harbour of Boolak—large or small, cheap or dear, quite plain and simple, or fitted up with every comfort. Those who are ignorant of Arabic must trust to a dragoman for management and provisioning. Among these dragomans there are many capital fellows who speak several languages—English, French, and often German too—and they all know how to procure and arrange everything required by a foreigner, and especially by a Briton, to make him feel perfectly comfortable; but of the monuments these successors of the dragomans of the time of the Saïte kings know absolutely nothing beyond the names. The dragomans or Hermeneis already existed under that dynasty, which was friendly to the Greeks, and created a class or caste of interpreters who could explain these structures, with more or less aid from imagination, to the Persian, Macedonian, or Roman traveller. At the present day these guides still constitute a guild, of which the members usually dress in the picturesque old Turkish fashion, and many of whom have attained considerable wealth—as, for instance, the worthy Nubian, Ahmed Abu-Nabboot, who, in youth, served the great Lepsius, and afterwards Gustav Richter—to whom we owe the accompanying portrait—and who once accompanied me through the Sinaitic peninsula. This most worthy man, whose surname signifies "the father of the big stick"—he is said in his youth to have triumphed in a fray with several soldiers by the aid of his *nabboot*—is as faithful as stalwart, and as powerful as a Tyrolese, and still continues his labours, though he is now a rich man, "for," says he, "it is wrong to cut off the hand that feeds us." The handsome and elegant Abd-el-Medjeed; the clever and zealous Mohammed Saleh, who served me admirably well some years ago; the swarthy Alee, excellent too in his way; and many more of these worthy people, are Nubians; while Abd-el-Melik, for instance, a very clever fellow, is a Syrian and a Christian; and Omar, who is a favourite with the English, is a native-born Cairene; he served Lady Duff Gordon—the writer of the charming "Letters from Egypt"[1]—for many years with the greatest fidelity, and owed the foundation of his fortune to the gifts of that much-lamented lady and the acknowledgments of her relatives. The dragomans less in request hang about the hotels, waiting for travellers; the proved and approved ones wait till they are sent for by those strangers to whom they may have been recommended by former customers, by consuls or hotel-keepers. It is an understood thing that, like all Orientals in their dealings with Europeans, they have a keen eye to their own advantage; but they are scarcely ever guilty of any actual dishonesty, and the dread of a bad testimonial, and even of expulsion from the guild, checks their avarice and goads their zeal. The traveller who has found a clever and experienced dragoman, who has made a good agreement with him, and has succeeded from the first in making him clearly understand that he, the traveller, is the master, will be ready to admit when he quits the dahabeeyeh that he would nowhere in Europe have met with a better courier and manager

[1] An account of a residence at Thebes and elsewhere.

than his companion on his Nile voyage; for, though he can neither read nor write, and generally has been brought up in indigence, he can always conduct himself with tact and sagacity in his capacity of interpreter, even with the most distinguished of his own countrymen.

Only the very wealthy and luxurious, however, should trust him to hire the dahabeeyeh. It is far better for any one who has an acquaintance with a Cairene to ask his assistance in selecting one of the numerous barques which lie at anchor at Boolak, and to make a bargain in his own person with the Re'ees or captain at his own consulate.

We do not need a dragoman, and for a dahabeeyeh we will have none other than that of the worthy Re'ees Huseyn, who long ago conducted Wilkinson—that most accomplished student of the manners and customs of ancient Egypt—and who, a few years since, on my last expedition down the Nile, conveyed me with the utmost care and attention. Re'ees Huseyn will see to manning the boat, we will ourselves seek a cook and a servant, and return once more into the city to supply ourselves with provisions of all kinds for some months. The list of our requirements is a long one, for everything can be bought both cheaper and better in Cairo than up the Nile, and we are in no mind to starve by the way. A hired carriage conveys us back to the Ezbekeeyeh and then to the Muskee, full of shops. Our first visit will be to Cécile, *marchande de modes,* for there we shall procure the flags, without which no one would dream of starting whose bosom feels one spark of patriotism. Our dahabeeyah shall, with your permission, display a black-white-and-red flag, and a pennant of the same, though an Englishman hoists the Union Jack.

We look out of the window of the shop, which is on the first floor, down upon the surging, noisy, and ever-changing sea of humanity in the busiest street in the world, and the richest in the variety of aspect and figure of the passers-by. We just glanced at it on our way to the Mosque el-Azhar, and now, as we are about to quit it, the scene is no less novel and delightful than when we first saw it, some time since. Nay, the bustle and throng between these two rows of houses is perhaps even more attractive now than it was then; for, just as when we first set foot in a country of which the language is strange to us, we seem at first to hear only a medley of sounds, but presently distinguish certain words, and at last comprehend the beauty and sense of each phrase, so the European who has drifted into this swift torrent requires some little time to enable him to distinguish and comprehend the separate parts which compose the bewildering whole. The Muskee has been described a thousand times. The impression it makes upon the novice has been painted with incomparable vivacity, almost with extravagance, by Goltz;[1] and other writers have vividly set before the reader the long and strange procession of figures that succeed each other throughout the day, crowded into this narrow space. Goltz must be allowed to speak for himself:—"Chance"—says he, "a rather good friend of mine—put me in exactly the right way of seeing Cairo. During the first quiet morning hours I had been studying the houses in the less-frequented streets, when suddenly I found myself at the entrance

[1] Bogumil Goltz, "Ein Kleinstadter in Aegypten," Berlin, 1853. 12mo, p. 166.

of the main street which leads with endless windings from the Muskee to the Citadel, and which Napoleon is said to have driven through in a phaeton with six grey horses —but this must be reckoned with his other fabulous exploits—amid a surging and medley torrent of men and beasts; a sort of whirlpool above which the camels only could lift their exaggeratedly long necks, swaying backwards and forwards, and supporting their heads horizontally stretched out—like pilot boats on the stream. And as the massive and machine-like 'ships of the desert' cut their way through the human mosaic with its thousand voices, their blubbering, roaring, dreary groaning

CAIRENE MILKMAN.

and sighs rose through the air, while the ear-splitting yells of the donkeys seemed to be a higher note in the same hideous diapason. In the boulevards of Paris or on London Bridge I had had a faint image of such a Babylonian chaos, and in Alexandria I had seen a kind of prologue to it—even the carnival in Rome or Venice is a mere joke in comparison. Here every one, without respect of persons, is in danger of his life, and, above all, the too inquisitive stranger; he would need eyes in front and behind, and the steady shoving power of the camel into the bargain, to get himself out of the scrape in case of accident. In the main stream of Cairo it is quite out of the question to dream of gazing heavenwards to study mashrabeeyehs and details of architecture; every one must keep his wits about him or he will be tumbled over and over by some pushing, blindly-zealous street porter, or trodden down by a

heavily-laden, heedless, blundering, trampling dromedary, loaded perhaps with stones, or coals, or even building-timber; or if by chance he is riding a donkey, suddenly from round a corner a galloping cavalcade of other donkey-riders will rush past, putting his knee-cap out of joint, or performing some other equally pleasant osteological demonstration on the living skeleton, going far beyond a joke."

The spectator who is himself a waif in this living stream is certainly quite incapable of watching its waves as it flows round him. A safe corner in a window is the right place; there the strange mosaic may be sorted into its motley elements by constant and repeated gazing all day long; the significance and value of each may be discerned. and at last we may even succeed in detecting how the living whirlpool originates, swells to its maddest height, regurgitates and subsides again to perfect stillness. We may be permitted to give a slight sketch of the scene as we may observe it from our coign of vantage on the first floor. before we finally turn our back on Cairo and the Muskee, the main artery of its vitality.

JEWISH MONEY-CHANGER.

As soon as the sun is up, Bedaween lads first appear on the scene with their goats, which they milk in the still empty street into the vessels belonging to their customers, shouting, open-mouthed, "Milk! milk!" The tea-seller, generally a Persian with bright and tempting utensils of brass, follows close on his heels. Not less betimes comes the baker with his flat circular grey-brown cakes of durrah flour. He earns a few paras from labourers and artisans, but those whose means allow of it apply to the pedlar-cook, who supplies them with boiled turnips, stewed beans, pickled cucumbers, little cutlets of meat, hard eggs, and similar delicacies, and a clove of garlic is eagerly munched as a relish to the meal. Then the shops begin to be opened, the palm-branch seats are set out in front of the cafés, and the first comers of the better-clad classes will be the Effendis, the clerks and employés of public offices, and the Coptic accountants and shopmen, betaking themselves to their bureaux and counting-houses. Youthful shoeblacks, with their wooden blocks and brushes, offer their services, and glance contemptuously at the bare feet of the water-carrier, who is likewise one of the earliest frequenters of the Muskee. As the sun rises higher and the world grows thirsty, trade flourishes for him and

for the numerous dealers who, with noisy cries, sell lemonade, fruit-syrups, grape-water, sweetened water, liquorice-water, rose-water—with infusions of tamarinds, dates, and orange-peel. Lately, iced drinks have also been sold in the Muskee during the heat of the day, prepared with artificial ice. But it is still early morning, as we may see, indeed, from the presence of the citizens' wives in their white dresses, with their dusky attendants carrying baskets; they are going to make their purchases in the market, which is not yet perfectly full, for heavily-laden peasant women are still swarming in the Muskee, in their long blue gowns. Their faces are hidden by black veils, and they carry huge baskets on their heads, with fowls, chickens, and pigeons, a turkey perhaps, or vegetables. Some of them balance on their heads high piles of cakes of dried dung, which in Egypt, where wood is scarce, is used for heating ovens. Fisher-boys follow them, with their scaly wares wriggling and fresh from the Nile. The donkey riders and hired carriages increase in numbers, soldiers and splendid equipages make their appearance; the mob grows denser every minute, the cries and shouts louder, for by this time the whole chorus of dealers and sellers are on the scene, crying every kind of produce in only too audible voices; vegetables of every kind, grapes, dates, water-melons, bunches of bananas from Upper Egypt, pomegranates and tomatoes, figs and prickly pears. Girls without veils and with bright black eyes tempt the passers-by to try their oranges; blind old men feel their way through the throng, and ragged beggars mutter pious sentences—their way of demanding alms. Children fix their longing eyes on the confectioners' stalls, where fans are incessantly plied, but grown up customers, too, buy a stick of barley-sugar—or they follow at the heels of a beast-tamer, who carries a whole family of tamed apes on his shoulder, and leads by a cord a goat which has been taught to balance itself on a bottle. A strange detail in the scene is a Nubian loaded with the produce of his native land: panther-skins, ostrich-eggs and feathers, lances, stuffed crocodiles and Nile lizards, chains of shells and painted wooden bowls. A rat-catcher dances on before him, balancing a tambourine hung round with rat-skins, in which a live rat runs and jumps about. All of these differently-dressed men and women do their best to attract the attention of the householder or the passer-by, and to that end each one adopts a different cry. The words made use of by the different vendors were noted down and collected by Lane, who has immortalised many of these street cries. For instance, that of the pistachio-seller, who invites purchasers with the saying, "The rose was a thorn-bush; the sweat of the Prophet caused it to blossom." Only those who have had much practice in the Cairene dialect can understand these cries, and indeed the ear, as well as the eye, is not at leisure to give undivided attention to one thing only at a time; in fact, it is much more difficult to disentangle the confusion of tongues and sounds in the Muskee than the confused medley of living figures that fill and animate the scene.

The crowd reaches its height at about an hour before noon; a fluctuating sea of white and coloured turbans ebbs and flows below, and just as the sea is navigated by ships and boats, the human stream is parted here and there—by a long train of camels—by a carriage rushing on with reckless haste, while runners make way for it—by riders with splendid saddle-cloths bright with velvet and gold

ORANGE-SELLER.

embroidery—by wedding processions or funeral cortéges with music and singing, shouts of joy and cries of lamentation in quick alternation. The donkey-boys, following the European riders, who try to force a way for their grey-coated steeds through the heaving crowd, and constantly repeat their cries: "Riglak!" "Shemâlak," or "Yeminak!" — "your foot!" "to the left!" "to the right!" The Jewish sarraf, or money-changer, who sits at the smallest of counters and tempts the passers-by with the chink of his coins, anxiously covers his gold with his hands; he is ready to take every kind of coin known, for as every nation, race, colour, and tongue on earth has its representatives in the Muskee, coins bearing the image and superscription of every sovereign in the world are current in Egyptian business transactions: Turkish and Egyptian piastres, francs and Napoleons, shillings, rupees, and guineas, marks and guilders, Maria-Theresa dollars and Austrian gulden, nay, even silver roubles, which in Russia itself are a rarity, here pass from hand to hand, and are recognised and taken even by small dealers.

A JEW OF CAIRO.

However, the eye lingers only for a minute on the money-changer's table, for there is still something new and amusing to be seen. Two ladies from a harem have been squeezed up against the opposite house by a squadron of cavalry, for which every one makes way. They shriek and scold, though their faces are covered with their gauze veils, and as they fling their arms about, the domino-like cloak that enwraps them flies open, revealing the coloured silk dress within: but the last horseman is passed, the road is open to them again, and with their little red morocco slippers they vehemently punish the flanks of the ass that blunders up against the legs of a European, who has not yet acquired the art of getting out of the way. Europeans are here in numbers, but who would look at their dingy and unbecoming costume when there are so many others to be seen—Turkish Pashas, Bedaween, Armenians, Persians, Indians, Greeks, and Negroes of every shade of blackness.

The sun is by this time declining, the human stream is beginning to ebb, the tumult subsides, and the shades of night fall far more rapidly than in our latitudes. In the shops, the apothecary with his smart glass jars, the cook, and the cafés, light

up their gas lamps or lanterns, and the ownerless dogs sneak out of their murky hiding-places, and stay their hunger with the scraps innumerable which have collected on the dusty and unpaved street. Before midnight—unless during Ramadân—all is silent in the most bustling street in the world; all the shops are shut, and even the door-keepers, who make their beds of palm-branches in front of the houses

COBBLER.

they guard, have ceased to chatter, while the cry of the hundred Muezzins of the city of the Khaliffs rings out clear and solemn, unmixed with any other sound, through the silent night.

Early next morning we must once more repair to the Muskee; it is as yet very empty, but the old cobbler is already seated at the corner of a side street in a niche in the wall, where many a picturesque scene of low life has met our eyes; a man with food for cats has also made his appearance. We know already that at

the time of the Pharaohs[1] the nimble mouser was held sacred, and to this day Egypt is the El Dorado of cats. Not so very long ago a legacy was left for feeding them; and a German nobleman, who made a pilgrimage through Eastern lands, mentions a soldier who, though close to tempting shade, allowed himself to pant and suffer under the mid-day sun, because he would not disturb a kitten that was sleeping in his lap. The extension of the Muskee beyond the city canal (Khaleeg) is known as the New Street; we follow this street till we reach the street of the coppersmiths' bazaar, Sook en-Nahhâseen, which turns out of it to the left, and where are the Moristan of Kala'oon and the Mosque of Barkook. Here we turn down, for here, in the stalls and workshops, we shall find a variety of vessels such as we need, and others we may procure in the contiguous bazaar, called "Sook" by the Cairenes, for *bazaar* is a Persian and not an Arabic word. To-day, being Wednesday, it is not crowded with purchasers, for Monday and Tuesday are the market-days; on these days the stalls are besieged with customers, and the wandering auctioneer[2] moves about among the buyers and sellers, crying wares, taking bids, and knocking down the goods to the highest bidder. The Sook being commonly covered in, is cooler and shadier, even at mid-day, than the open streets, and we will see what is to be seen there. The rows of stalls which compose a bazaar are generally placed round a khan, a large building with a wide interior space, and it is only when we know this that we can comprehend how it is that the dealer,

ITINERANT DEALER.

[1] Appears as a pet in the time of the XVIIIth Dynasty, B.C. 1500.

[2] Called the *dallâl*. He carries his lots on his head or shoulders.

A FIRST RIDE ON A CAMEL.

sitting in such a tiny shop, can produce such a supply of goods, and fetch out more in a few minutes. The sign-boards of the dukkans (or shops) bear not the name of the owner, but a pious text. A light net-work protects the front of the stall from thieves when the merchant has occasion to quit it by day; and at night, as we know, the Sook is closed, and guarded by a watch. In Upper Egypt we shall require large supplies of copper money, and here we shall be well served by a Jewish money-changer to whom we have been recommended. He is one of the strictest members of his synagogue, and is dressed in true Oriental fashion, though like most of the turban-wearing Israelites in Egypt, he is a native of Palestine. The Jewish quarter, where the chief street is that of the sarrafs or money-changers, is only inhabited by those Hebrews who prefer to live among their fellow-believers,

ROAD TO THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

for under the Khedive Ismail they share all the rights and liberties granted to other religionists, and some of the richest and most respected merchants of Cairo are Israelites. They are said to number altogether between six and seven thousand. The thirteen synagogues which they have built, and the two sects into which they are divided, are alike under the control of a grand Rabbi. In the towns of Upper Egypt we have seldom met with a Jew; but, in fact, it is difficult to distinguish their features from those of the Arabs, their congeners in descent. Our venerable friend has served us reasonably, and will send a whole sackful of copper money down to our Nile boat; so now our cares are ended, and everything is ready for our start.

We will embark in our dahabeeyeh early to-morrow morning; this afternoon we will devote to visiting one of the wonders of Egypt, the petrified forest; to gazing once more from the height of Mokattam on the picture of Cairo in its halo of evening light, enjoying its beauty and stamping it deeply and for ever on our

memory. To make this excursion many Europeans make their first attempt at a camel ride, thus affording an infinity of amusement to the unconcerned bystanders. For our part, brisk donkeys shall carry us through the Bab-en-Nasr, and past the tombs of the Khalifs; still it is not injudicious to mount a dromedary, for the road across the desert is so sandy that I once saw a four-horse carriage fairly stranded there. To our left we leave the red mountain (Gebel el Ahmar), which is one of the most remarkable features of Egypt; to geologists and mineralogists, indeed, quite the most remarkable, for they compare the sandstone which here rests on marl to the grès calcaire of the Paris basin; it is hard and sonorous, micaceous, siliceous, and of a reddish-brown colour, and stonemasons have quarried it for thousands of years and for every sort of purpose. Oscar Fraas asserts that the celebrated musical colossus of Memnon at Thebes and its twin—both of which we shall presently become acquainted with—were, beyond a doubt, derived from this mountain, which is now connected with the city and the mill-harbour by a railway, and which yields mill-stones in any number, and all the material for the macadamised roads in Cairo and Alexandria. The crater formed in the hard rock by the requirements of hundreds of generations is perfectly enormous, and has been compared with that of Vesuvius. It is to the ordinary visitor a far more exciting and riveting object of interest than the famous "petrified forest,"[1] which may be reached after a ride of an hour and a quarter, over bare hills and yellow sand, and past sloping cliffs, red and blackish, interspersed with nodules of gypsum and traversed by seams of chalcedony. The traveller who expects to find, as the goal of his excursion, a grand mass of large trees felled to the ground and transformed by the magic of Nature from soft wood to a hard mineral, will be sadly disillusioned, even if he does not shun a still longer ride, on to what is known as the "great petrified forest;" for though thousands and thousands of large and small fragments of silicified trunks lie around him, on or under the sand, or *in situ* in the miocene sandstone rock, there is nothing whatever imposing to be seen. Even the geologist can only compare this

PETRIFIED WOOD.

PETRIFIED WOOD.

FOSSIL SHELL-FISH.

LIMESTONE, WITH SHELLS.

[1] At the bebel Kashab, where is the little petrified forest; the great one is at the Bir-el-Fahmeh, near the Wadi-et-Tih.

famous spot with one of the layers of lignite or peat in central Germany, and any one who has seen such a place knows how far it is from being picturesque. Certainly, when we learn from the botanist that these brown flakes of stone, as hard as iron, were flourishing trees many, many thousands of years ago (*Nicolia Aegyptiaca*, a species of Balsamodendron) waving greenly in the sun on wooded heights and bowing in the wind, our imagination is strangely stirred, and we confess with admiration that Nature, when she will, knows how to preserve her works—even organic forms—with

WINDMILL NEAR CAIRO.

a more successful hand than that of man; ay, even in Egypt, the land where so many structures have wonderfully survived, which in other countries would rapidly and inevitably have perished. Our return road leads over the ridge of Mokattam, and the eye of the rider still turns frequently to the soil, for it is crowded with fossil marine shells, a fact that did not escape the eyes of the venerable historian Herodotus, and the observant traveller Strabo. The heights, which are the bulwarks of Cairo to the east, belong to the system of nummulitic mountains which extends from the north-west of Africa across Egypt and India, and as far as

[1] Said by Unger to be akin to the cotton plant.

HARBOUR OF BOOLAK.

China and Japan. This nummulitic range belongs to the earliest formations of the Eocene or Tertiary period, and lies immediately above the Chalk. It is distinguished for the abundance and variety of its fossils, which are extremely well preserved, and among which marine bivalves and univalves, with crabs and sea-urchins (Spatangus and others) catch the eye even of the ignorant. The main mass is composed of myriads of nummulites, large Rhizopoda of the group Polythalamia. The largest species attain the size of a crown piece, the smaller are about as big as a lentil. On breaking open the fossilised shells we find them elegantly chambered. Many such natural sections may be seen on the Pyramids, of which the stones were principally quarried—as I have said—in the nummulitic rock of Mokattam.

Again and again we would willingly linger, and stoop to pick up a fossil of singular form, but the sun is now rapidly approaching the western range on the farther side of the Nile, and dipping down over the Pyramids, and we gaze with unmingled delight and admiration out into the distance; for if the view over Cairo from the citadel remains in our minds "a joy for ever," that from Mokattam must be remembered with rapture. Everything that meets the eye is picturesque and strange: close before us is the lonely mosque on the bare hill of Giyooshee, like the ruined castle of some magician; and farther away the citadel of the Khalifs stands proudly up, its buildings with their multiplicity of detail looking like some crystalline offshoot of the rock itself. It is to this feature, grandly crowning the landscape, that the view from the Mokattam owes its superior charm to that of the view from the citadel itself. But it is difficult to say why it is that also—not to me alone—the colour of the sky and of the desert, as seen from this bare limestone ridge, of the garden land and of the river, of the cities of the living and of the dead, the very quality of the atmosphere that floats over the scene—seem more splendid, varied, and subtle, than from the famous platform by the mosque of Mohammed Ali.

We ride home past thousands of graves, and hundreds of cupolas crowning their mausoleums. Formerly how still it was in this Necropolis, how silent and solemn! now trains clatter across it, and the whistle of engines breaks the silence of the dead. Before we can reach the city the evening star has risen in splendour, the wild dogs and jackals are barking and howling, and the sails of the mills on the heaps of ruins have a ghostly movement. Windmills are not in fact indigenous; the French were the first to teach their use to the Egyptians in the beginning of the century; but these people cling so closely to the traditions of the past, that in the provinces richest in corn neither the windmill nor the water-mill has superseded the primitive hand-mill of the peasantry.

How much, too, that has long been familiar to us from the monuments and records of antiquity do we see next morning, when we make our way down to the harbour of Boolak. Above all, the ships coming from the south, which have preserved their ancient form; even the shape of the dahabeeyehs has undergone little change since the time of the Pharaohs. They lie here in numbers, and so close together that it is difficult to understand how, when they are ready to start, they find a way out into the river. Nor is there any lack of steamboats in the inner harbour. The largest are tugs to tow heavily-laden barges up the stream; the most elegant is destined to

convey some distinguished guest of the Khedive's up to Assouan; others accommodate the sight-seeing tourists; this one carries a freight of sugar; and that one is chartered by Mariette for a journey into Upper Egypt. The Nile, though falling, still fills its bed to the very margin, and the river trade is still at its height; one loaded vessel after another comes into the harbour, and scores are only waiting for a favourable wind ere weighing anchor. The banks swarm with sailors, captains, and Cairene merchants, with fellaheen, Nubians, and Negroes, with camel-drivers and their beasts, donkey-boys, salesmen, and beggars. A number of ships' captains are crowding round a well-known merchant who has come down to meet them, having secured the right of purchasing their freights of guns, senna-leaves, ivory, and hard woods. In another spot dates are being sold by auction, the supply having exceeded the demand, as well as pottery from Sioot and Keneh. The dragoman of an English family is conducting two camels loaded with luggage towards the dahabeeyeh, and his master's family follow in a gaily-painted and very comfortable hired carriage. A Greek is embarking on a Nile boat, something like a dahabeeyeh, with a number of heavily-laden porters; in this vessel he will voyage from one city to another with his cargo of spices and drugs, the master of a floating Wakkâl. It is worth while to come down to the harbour, if only to see the negroes of every hue of duskiness; nowhere else have I ever seen so many and such various shades of black.

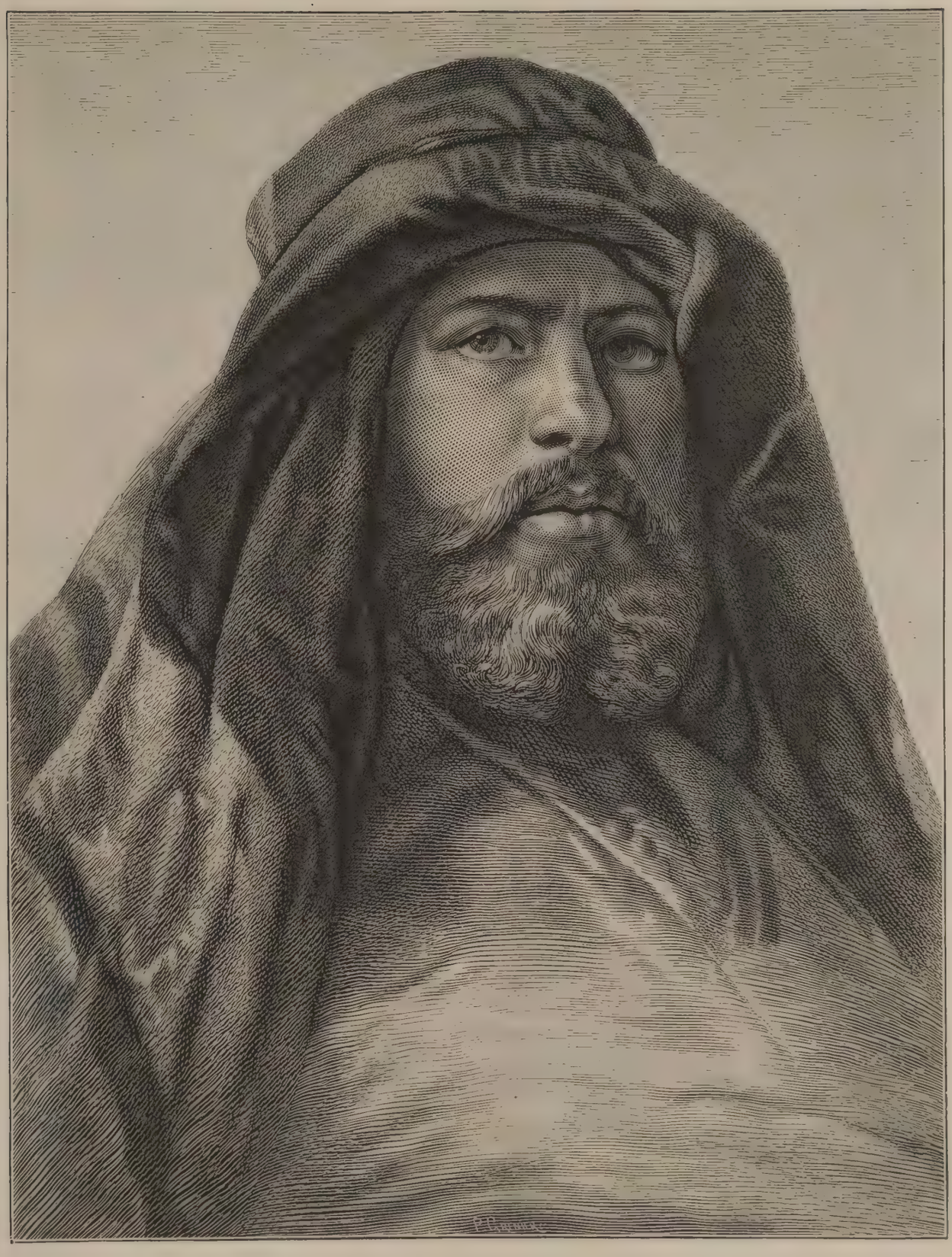
Even among our eight sailors some are very dark in colour. Seleem, from Dongola, is as black as ebony; the decently-garbed Saleh, who is major-domo of the establishment, and performs the offices of housemaid, valet, washerwoman, ironer, and housekeeper, and Ismaeel the cook, whom we named the "Nubian footman," are very dark brown. These both came from Wadee Halfa, near the second cataract. Our worthy captain Huseyn and his brother, the steersman or *mustamel*, are Cairenes. The ship's boy, Ghilanee, whose business it is to fill our pipes and supply "fire," *i.e.*, a red-hot coal for the same, is a jolly little fellah, whom we often laugh at and all like.

With Saleh's assistance we establish ourselves in the saloon cabin, which is furnished with two divans, a dining-table and a hanging-lamp, and make ourselves at home in the sleeping cabin which has a bath adjoining, and then we sit down to breakfast—Ismaeel's first effort, and deserving of all praise; we can look forward with satisfaction to the future achievements of the black "chef," so we go out on the fore-deck. The forepart of the vessel is occupied by the hands, who sleep here in the open air. The kitchen is placed at the extreme end of the dahabeeyeh, and behind it is the stumpy mast, with a lateen sail attached to a huge yard. The roof of the cabin is so high that it must be mounted up to by steps, and it is our favourite sitting place; here, under a linen awning for shade, there are a stuffed seat and two cane stools. From the little mizen floats our national flag, while the pennant flies at the yard. The sailors are pitching a quantity of black objects into a large green chest; this is their bread, which they will eat, either dry as it is or soaked, for fourteen days, till they can bake a fresh batch at Girgeh. Their dinner to-day consists of lentils, to-morrow they will have peas—and so on.

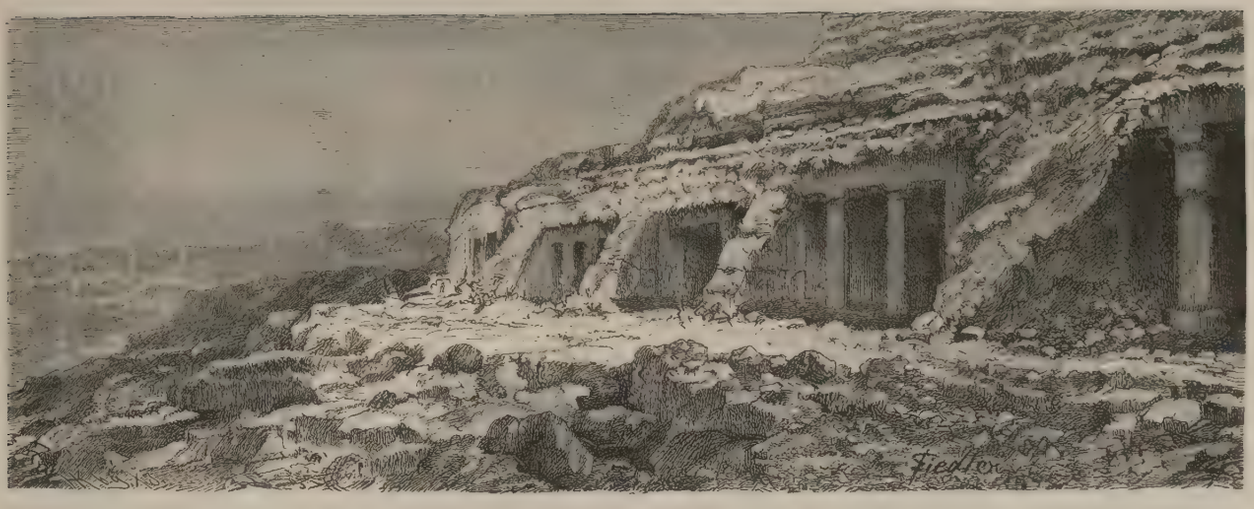
The captain has for some time been standing at the stem of the dahabeeyeh,

watching the wind. He gives the signal—the sail is loosened, Ghilanee climbs the yard like a cat, and is followed by another sailor; we push our way with poles and hands through the tangle and crowd of boats and ships—we reach the open stream, and a light wind swells the heavy triangular sail. Three other Nile boats follow our example; at Saleh's urgent request we fire half-a-dozen shots into the air, a *feu de joie* in which the Nile sailors take extreme delight, and soon sail past a heavy Nubian dahabeeyeh which—as Saleh opines—is laden with Abyssinian slaves for the Cairo market.

ABYSSINIAN SLAVE-GIRL.

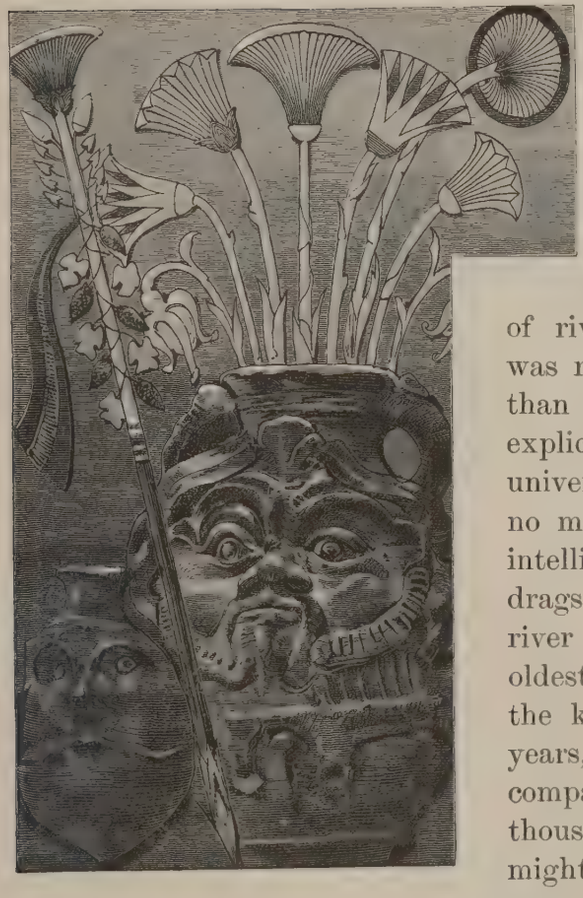


AHHMED-ABOO NABBOOT, THE DRAGOMAN.



THE TOMBS OF BENI HASAN

AND THEIR TEACHING.



OSCAR PESCHEL, the German geographer, who died too young for the interests of science, proved that those rivers which form deltas as they discharge themselves into the sea are, generally speaking, of more recent origin than those which mingle with the sea in an estuary. According to this view, the Nile would not be one of the oldest of rivers, and yet, in the very earliest ages, none was regarded as being of more venerable antiquity than the Nile. And this circumstance is easily explicable, for everything in the world or in the universe, the smallest as well as the greatest, is of no more account than a buried treasure until the intelligence of man is brought to bear upon it, and drags it from its obscurity into light. The great river Amazon—the largest, and perhaps the very oldest in the globe—having only taken its place in the knowledge of humanity within a few hundred years, seems a mere infant among streams when compared with the venerable Nile, which for six thousand years has mirrored in its waters those mighty structures which we shall sail past as we ascend it, and which is spoken of in the oldest and grandest writings of the East or West—the Bible and Homer.

Much has already been said in these pages of the rising, the falling, and the

fertilising effects of this river; the whole magical spell, however, which it exercises on every thinking man whose privilege it is to be borne southwards on its mighty flood we could not appreciate till now, when the turmoil of the metropolis is behind us, and deep silence reigns around—while we glide past verdant fields and hoary ruins, palm groves bowing in the wind, and naked sterile rocks, busy villages and towns, and vacant primeval tombs, dingy manufactory chimneys, and gaudily-painted temples. Sometimes the mountain wall comes so close to the river that the

CAIRO, FROM THE LEFT BANK OF THE NILE.

rock is bathed by the stream; sometimes it retires to a distance, but never more than a few miles from the banks. Wherever there is a level of soil, be it never so small, the peasant brings it into tilth, and a village grows up there. Meadows, hamlets, rocks and islands, the groves of palm and sycamore, ships and sails, dykes and contrivances for raising the water, numerous as they are, are all so much alike that it is impossible to distinguish them, and yet the attention is never wearied, for the lights and colours are more various and brilliant in this valley and on these hills than anywhere else on earth: whether seen in the tender haze of early morning, in the golden glory of noon, in the evening hour, when the setting sun turns the over-arching sky to a purple canopy, or in the refreshing night, when Hesperus shines

like a younger moon, and the moon with a calm silvery light, like a cooler sun, while the planets and stars sparkle with astonishing brightness in the pure deep blue heaven. How various, too, are the figures and occupations of the men in the towns and villages we stop at! and our astonishment and delight are ever new at the works of the Pharaohs, of the Greeks and Romans, which tempt every lover of history to visit them and linger.

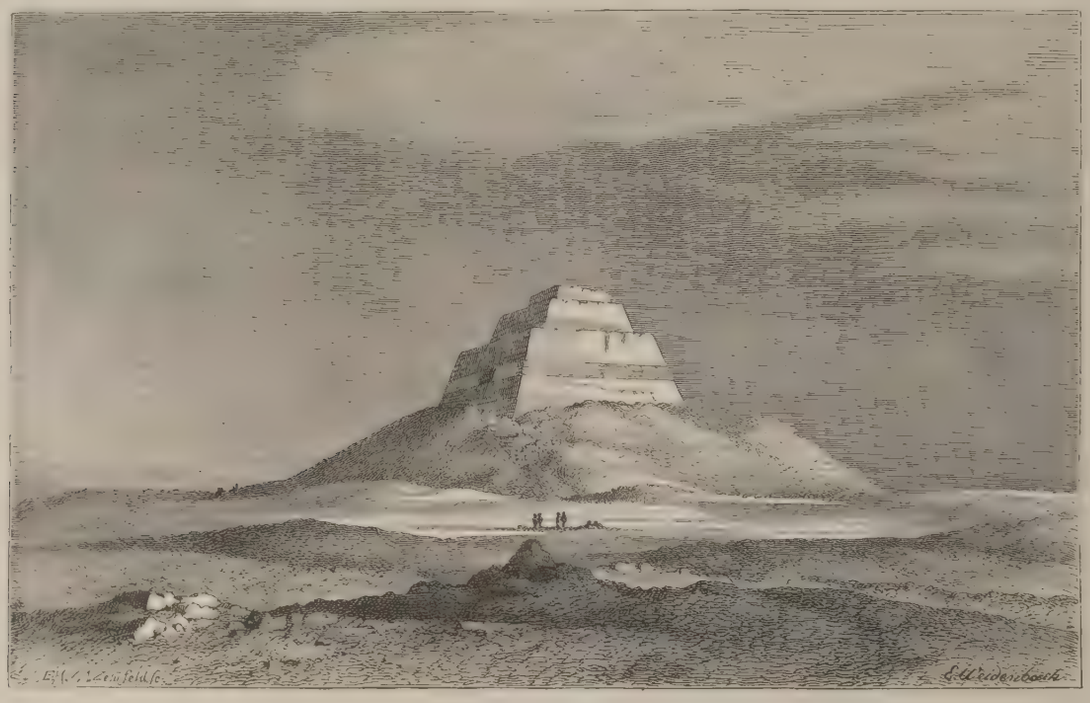
During the first hours of our voyage it is the Pyramids, above all else, that attract our attention; these we know, however, so we turn to look at the eastern shore, where lie the quarries of Tourah and El-Mâsarah; from the limestone range

TOURAH.

beyond the blocks were brought across for building the Pyramids. In ancient times the blocks and slabs were quarried from the very heart of the rock; at the present day, however, they are hewn and blasted from the face of the cliffs. The halls and passages hewn out by the masons of Pharaoh's time are vast beyond everything. Many an inscription in these has perpetuated the name of some royal architect; and history tells us of the State criminals and prisoners of war who laboured here. The lepers who were banished to the quarries are said to have suffered and sorrowed here. Egyptian reports, intentionally distorted, tried to identify these victims with the Hebrews led by Moses into Canaan; and I have already mentioned that the ancient Egyptian name of Turrah—Ta-roueh—recalled that of Troy to the Greeks, and a myth soon arose that the prisoners of war from Ilion landing in Egypt with Menelaos had been sent to work in these quarries.

The blocks, when ready, are conveyed, even at the present day, on two-wheeled

carts, drawn by oxen, either down to the Nile, or to the railway which runs to Helwan, on the margin of the desert; here there are sulphur and vapour baths. These very ancient mineral sources, curative of skin diseases, have also been regarded by some writers as the place of banishment of the lepers previously spoken of. Many consumptive patients from Europe pass the winter in this place, which is comfortably arranged, and which is fanned by the fresh pure air of the desert; and many an invalid, given up by European doctors, here finds relief, or even a cure. Numerous small and carefully-formed instruments of flint (Celts), were discovered by the German physician, Dr. Reil, in the vicinity of the sulphur-springs, and under his guidance I myself saw and collected several.[1]



THE PYRAMID OF MEYDOOM.

The village of Bedrasheyn and the ruins of Memphis lie exactly opposite Helwan. The Pyramid of Steps at Sakkarah and the broken Pyramid of Dahshoor attract the eye, and early next morning we shall see the peculiarly-constructed Pyramid of Meydoom, built in several storeys, which is considered—and, no doubt, with reason—as the oldest of all the mausoleums of the Pharaohs. Mariette found in the immediate vicinity the mastabas of several members of the family of Senefru, who reigned before Cheops. The statues of Prince Ra-hotep and of his wife, Nefert, were found here.[2]

We frequently catch a glimpse of the railroad on the left shore of the Nile, which connects Cairo with Upper Egypt. We disembark at the village of Wasta, for there the railway into the Fayoum branches off, and the difficult excursion

[1] See Lepsius in the "Zeitschrift für Ægyptische Sprache," 4to, 1870, p. 89; and Sir John Lubbock, in the "Journal Anthropolog. Inst.," Vol. I.

[2] P. 43.

through this province will amply reward the traveller. It is a vast oasis, at the present time supporting 150,000 human creatures, originally wrung from the desert before the incursion of the Hyksôs—that is to say, at least between four and five thousand years ago. An arm of the Nile, diverted into an artificial bed, was conducted westward through a lock at El Lahoon, and ramifying and dividing, like the stem of an umbel of flowers, into a vast number of channels and ditches, bore the fertilising mud, and deposited it on the soil of the desert. This branch, which turns off at Siout, is known as Bahr Yoosuf—Joseph's Canal—because the people attribute its construction to Jacob's prudent son, the prototype of all wise governors.

RUINS OF THE LABYRINTH AND ITS PYRAMID.

To this day it supplies moisture to the province, which is, literally, the "gift of the Nile." The land falls at three distinct levels down to the salt lake of Horus, Birket-el-Karoon, and the Sahara. The great reservoir, the famous lake Moeris,[1] which in ancient times dispensed irrigation not to the Fayoom alone, is long since dried up, and there, where formerly the pious Egyptians of Crocodilopolis (afterwards Arsinoe) fed and tended strangely-adorned crocodiles,[2] rich crops are now gathered in fields and gardens. There is no district in Egypt more fertile than this, and yet, in the geographical lists of the ancient temples it is passed over as "typhonic," no doubt on account of the worship of the crocodile that obtained there. Strabo praises the olives produced there in thriving olive-groves, and olive-trees still grow

[1] Linant Bey, "Memoire sur le Lac Moeris." Alexandria, 1843.

[2] With earrings and bracelets. Herodotus II. 69.

there in the thousand gardens, with lemons, oranges, and every sort of fruit, such as we saw in the Delta, as well as immense quantities of magnificent roses; but the essence prepared from them in earlier times was, no doubt, better than that now made there. Nevertheless, during the past year far more than half-a-million piastres' (about £10,000) worth was exported. The sugar-cane, cotton-tree, and all the nutritious products of Egypt, flourish in the fields of the Fayoom, which owes its Koptic name—meaning the lake land—to Lake Moeris; close to this lake stood the famous Labyrinth[1] and its Pyramid. Near the village of Hawara Lepsius discovered the remains of this "wonder of the world," which Herodotus declared to be incapable of description, and which, he says, had cost more labour and wealth than all the works of the Greeks put together. If we scramble up the grey-looking pyramid of bricks—once encased with slabs of polished granite—which, as Strabo informs us, stood at the end of the Labyrinth, and hence look down on the ruins at its foot, we plainly see that the ground-plan of this enormous palace, where

FLOUR-DEALING AT BENI SUEF.

from time to time the representatives of the Egyptian provinces assembled round their king, had the form of a horse-shoe; but nothing more can be determined, for the centre and left wings of the building are completely destroyed, and the right wing, where the sun shines down into ruined halls, is a confused mass of wretched grey bricks, made of sun-dried Nile mud; the people of Hawara will tell us that these ruins are the deserted bazaar of a town now vanished from the face of the earth. Only a few stone chambers remain, and some fragments of large pillars and columns, with an inscription which tells us that King Amenemhat III., of the XIIth Dynasty, built the Labyrinth. This king, who also erected an obelisk not far from Crocodilopolis—and of which the ruins may be seen by the village of Ebgeeg—took particular interest in measuring the height of the Nile, and in ascertaining its course, and it was he who planned that vast reservoir which we know of by its Greek name—Lake Moeris. In Egyptian the inundation is called "meri." Amenemhat, in consequence of his favourite interests, was called "King Meri," or,

[1] Built by Amenemhat III. and IV. The name of the queen Sebaknofrə, or Scemiophris, has been found amidst its ruins. This name connects it with the worship of the crocodile-headed god Sebak. *Mer* also means a "labyrinth," or winding street, in Egyptian.

King of the Inundation, and thus it was that the Hellenes, making the Egyptian word "meri" easy to their tongue, called him Moeris. Heinrich Brugsch has also recognised an origin for the word "labyrinth"—previously strangely unintelligible—in the Egyptian word *erpa-lo-hunt*—"the temple of the mouth of the lake."[1]

Before Lake Moeris and the sluices at each end of it fell into ruin, it was possible to irrigate a much wider extent of the Fayoom than now. This cannot admit of a doubt to those who have crossed the salt waters of Birket-el-Koroon and climbed the ruins of Deemeh; or, like myself, have set out from its south-

SUGAR-CANE HARVEST.

western end to visit the temple standing in the middle of the desert, and now known as Kasr Karoon. A wide space round this remarkable structure, which dates from the time of the Romans, is covered with innumerable ruins of human dwellings, tanks, and terraced vineyards, and strewn with fragments of vessels in clay and glass. But the yellow drift-sand has long since choked all germs of life, and here Set has won a great and signal victory over Osiris.

At Medeenet-el-Fayoom, the pretty capital of the province, we will give up our steeds, and exchange the roughly-constructed skiff of the fisherman from Senhoor for the railroad. Near the town many highly interesting antiquities have been found,

[1] As Erpa-lo-hun for the modern Il-lahoun.

chiefly of the Roman and early Christian periods, and very recently some valuable papyrus rolls.

We left the dahabeeyeh at Wasta, and will now resume our Nile voyage. In the distance we see the Pyramid of El-lahoon, close by which the Bahr Yoosuf enters the oasis of Fayoum, and early next morning we find ourselves anchored under a shady bank in front of the town of Benisuef. The castle of the Khedive, towering above the little houses, does not tempt us to visit it, but we will give the captain time to land, in order to purchase some flour; the bargain is carried on close to the moorings, and conducted with as much vehemence as though it were some furious quarrel.

A fresh north wind having risen to swell the lateen sail, the dahabeeyeh cuts

A BATH-HOUSE.

through the water against the stream as swiftly as a steamboat. In one place, where the eastern range approaches the shore, we see a monastery perched on the steep and rocky height. This is Gebel-et-Tayr, or the Bird-mountain, and, in fact, a sand-bank near the shore swarms with pelicans and other feathered folk. They flap their wings, spread them, and finally many of them rise, startled by a swimmer, who cuts through the water with powerful strokes. He soon has reached the dahabeeyeh, has clambered into the little boat at her stern, and, all naked as he is, stretches out an arm to show us a cross tattooed on it in blue. He is a Koptic monk, who demands an alms of us as fellow-Christians. He puts the piece of money we give him in his mouth, and swims back to his monastery—an old foundation, where the inhabitants do shoemaking principally. The legend tells that on a certain feast-day the Bookeer birds collect in the neighbourhood, and one after another stick their heads into a cleft in the rock, till one is caught and hangs there; then they all fly away, and come again the following year.

GEBEL EL TAYR.

RECRUITING UNDER MOHAMMED ALI.

All the fields are as green as in the favoured islands of the Delta, particularly on the left bank, and the many smoking chimneys, both on the shores and inland, prove that man here knows how to take advantage of Nature's bounties. Certainly one individual profits above all others by all that is reaped here, viz., the Viceroy, on whose estates—up to Mineeyeh in one direction, and as far as Roda in the other—the sugar plantations are irrigated by steam-pumps, and tilled and reaped by fellaheen. The heavy canes, streaming with syrup, are conveyed on tramways to the factories, and in an average year 500,000 hundredweights of cane sugar are produced in Egypt. When the canes are ripe for cutting every peasant from far and near is called into requisition—not actually to forced labour, since they are all paid, but not as free journeymen, since come they must, and are levied like soldiers. Those only are exempt who can read and write, and this excuse is deemed sufficient.

We will not get out to visit any of the great factories as we sail by, but will go on to Mineeyeh, one of the most important towns on the Nile, for we long for a Turkish bath. In the vicinity of the Government House, the residence of the Mudeer, we find a large crowd collected. "They are levying recruits," says Saleh; and melancholy as the scene is, curiosity prompts us to remain and look on. The poor brown youths who are mustered here certainly look miserable enough, with their trembling limbs and pale lips, and it is positively heart-breaking when one of them is passed on as "able-bodied," and led away. His female relatives, who have accompanied him into the town, lift up their voices in lamentations, as if they were mourning for the dead. "Oh, my son!" "Oh, my brother!" "My husband!" "My camel!" cry the women, melting into tears, often bowing and writhing with theatrical gestures, and waving their black veils. Of five recruits, indeed, scarcely one, perhaps, will return to his home, and many a mother bids her darling a last farewell. Still, Re'ees Huseyn, who perceives my sympathy, assures me that these people are well-off in comparison with the recruits in Mohammed Ali's time, when they were carried off with wooden collars round their necks and fetters on their wrists, like criminals. He himself, he said, had evaded the conscription, and he showed me his maimed hand. I subsequently observed many old men whose fingers lacked a joint or two; they had had them cut or shot off, to escape military service, and at last this crime became so common that mutilation was punished, and the culprits impressed all the same.

We leave the town, refreshed by the bath we have taken in an establishment which is very prettily got up for a town of about 10,000 inhabitants; but before proceeding on our voyage we will inspect the magnificent vice-regal sugar-factory, under the guidance of its French principal, and peep into the courtyards of the houses which look so unpretending from outside; then we continue our voyage southward. We should like to land once more at the Zaweeyet-el-Meyteen (the Zaweeyet of the Dead)—a spot lying obliquely opposite to the town, and where the inhabitants bury their dead in a handsome cemetery filled with cupolaed sepulchres—and close to it, behind the "red ruins" (Kom-el-ahmar), venerable tombs are cut out of the face of the rock of the Arabian mountain, and decorated with carvings. But we must take advantage of a favourable wind, and endeavour to reach Beni Hasan by to-morrow morning. It seems worth mentioning that the ancient Mineeyeh (Menat),

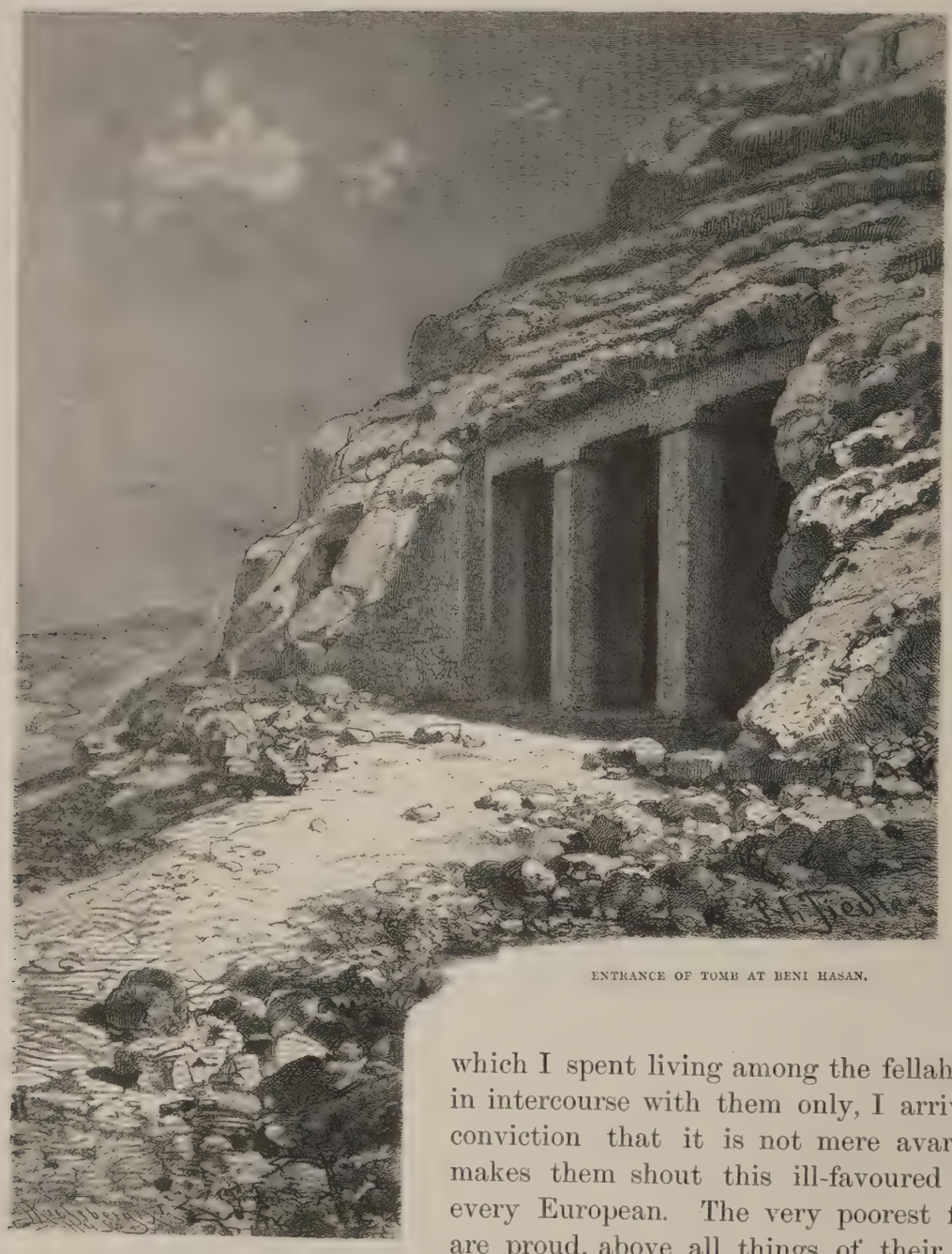
formerly built here, was transferred to the other shore of the Nile, but remained faithful to its necropolis, and still conveys its dead across the river.

Saleh wakes us early; the dahabeeyeh is moored by the bank; a fellah, who carries a staff in his hand to give himself the aspect of a guide—here perfectly unnecessary—and some brown boys with asses, with vile saddles, have been attracted to the shore by the sight of our pretty boat and the hope of money to be earned, and we soon are mounted and trotting across the green fields towards the mountain, from which long rows of open tomb-doors look down on us from afar.

A FELLAH PLOUGHING.

The air is wonderfully fresh and pure; merely to breathe is a pleasure, and every glance round, near or far, brings some new delight. A plougher, who has yoked together a camel and a buffalo, availing himself of their unequal powers of draught, shouts to us "Bakhsheesh ya khawadje!" for a "bakhsheesh," or present, though he has not rendered us the smallest service; and this cry for bakhsheesh, of which thousands of travellers have spoken, has met our ears incessantly ever since we disembarked at Alexandria. To-day we shall hear it still again a score of times. It is originally a Persian word, signifying "a present," and is equally applied to the 200,000 piastres by which some great *entrepreneur* bribes a pasha, and to the copper alms flung to a crippled beggar. Professor Paul Ascherson—a botanist, who accompanied Rohlfs on his excursion into the Libyan Desert—declares that the word "bakhsheesh" is the natural outcome of the

reflex action of the speaking apparatus of every Egyptian, which is set in motion as soon as he catches sight of a European, and particularly of an Englishman. The observation is both keen and witty, but, as I have said elsewhere, during many months



ENTRANCE OF TOMB AT BENI HASAN.

which I spent living among the fellaheen, and in intercourse with them only, I arrived at a conviction that it is not mere avarice that makes them shout this ill-favoured word at every European. The very poorest fellaheen are proud, above all things, of their religion, and believe that they are of more value in the eyes of God than the cleverest and wealthiest of the Christians whom they see making money in their country or patiently travelling across it. They regard themselves as the elect and distinguished people of God, and every disbeliever in Islam a reprobate. The Koran requires that the true believers shall be just and kind to each other, but it contains not a single passage which enjoins any feeling for man as man

and a "neighbour." The fellah would think he was committing a sin if he vouchsafed to bestow on an unbelieving stranger one of the usual pious and really beautiful greetings. So, in most cases without any hope of a gift, he shouts out "bakhsheesh!" rather as greeting than as a demand—an expression, in fact, of his feeling towards a stranger. He has in general no good wishes for him, but still he is welcome, particularly if any profit can be made out of him. But the bearings of the native to the European, and the expression of his feelings also, soon change when they are thrown into friendly intercourse. At the time I speak of I was in the habit of receiving from my neighbours, instead of "bakhsheesh," all those good wishes and

THE VALLEY OF THE NILE AT BENI HASAN.

blessings which by right every Moslem ought to reserve exclusively for his fellow-believers.

The houses of an abandoned village, itself built among ruins, are passed on our left; it used to have a bad reputation for robbers, but a perfectly harmless population moved nearer to the river some years since. We now quit the saddle, for the path to the tombs over the limestone pebbles is not a long one, though steep and broken. When the great Champollion—now fifty years ago—climbed this path, he proposed to devote twenty-four hours to the tombs of Beni Hasan,[1] but they chained him to the spot for fourteen days; and he may well be called their discoverer, for though they had in fact been visited and mentioned by Europeans before him, it was left to him to recognise their full importance. In the infancy of that science

[1] "Lettres Écrites," pp. 72—74. Paris, 1833.

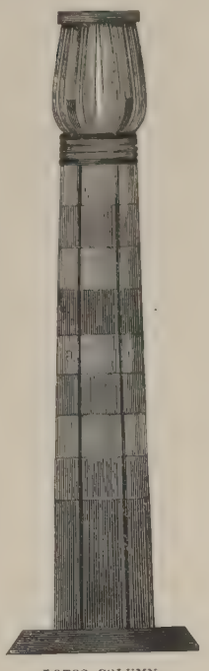
of Egyptology which he created, the highway to error stood open, and even he, in his descriptions of these celebrated tombs, read names of personages and nations incorrectly, and was completely mistaken as to the periods of the kings mentioned in the inscriptions; still, with that almost superhuman insight into the heart and marrow of a matter that genius bestows, and a marvellous tact in feeling out and following up every clue, he discerned and pointed out everything that these monuments might do for us, though it was reserved to later investigators to detect their full value in detail. The importance of the pillars of Beni Hasan in the history of the development of architecture, and the interest of the tombs for the history of the human race—as Champollion plainly indicated—may in this place briefly engage our attention.[1]

On the occasion of our visit to the necropolis of Memphis we have already seen both large and small rock-tombs. These are, almost without exception, older than those of Beni Hasan, for most of them date back to the end of the fourth and the beginning of the third millennium B.C., while the inscriptions in the tombs at Beni Hasan show that they were hewn in the rock or painted with stucco for the illustrious hereditary governors of the district of Mah, who were related to the royal family, and who governed under the Pharaohs of the Twelfth Dynasty, between 2354—2194 B.C. A long series of centuries separated them from the earliest Greek work in the style we term Doric; and yet, who that has seen Paestum and other buildings of that class, can fail to be reminded of these when he sees the tombs of Beni Hasan?

When Champollion first saw the fluted polygonal shafts wrought out of the living rock which support the roof of the antechambers and inner rooms of these tombs, he styled them proto-Doric; and as the first intimate intercourse of the Hellenes with Egypt coincided with the date of the erection of the earliest Doric temples known to us, the suggestion was obvious that the Greeks had derived the first idea of their simplest and most beautiful order of columns from the valley of the Nile. But though it must at once be admitted that the independent genius of the Greeks must have been quite competent to assimilate forms borrowed from foreign nations, and reproduce them under a new aspect, those who cherished a blind devotion to Greek art still refused to recognise any affiliation of the Greek Doric to the columns of Beni Hasan, convinced that Greek art was, in every branch and fibre, the unmixed offspring of Greek genius alone. Neither in this nor in any other department could their favourite nation have borrowed the least feature from the barbarians; and yet it must be supposed that the judicious, vivacious, and keen-eyed Greeks became suddenly unsympathetic and purblind as soon as they touched foreign soil, and remained blind and idiotic after their return, if they derived nothing from their travels. No doubt, a general resemblance in the primitive form of all columns may be assumed, and explained by the common instincts of the human mind as brought to bear on a common problem, or even by a mere concurrence of chances; but Lepsius has convincingly shown, with the acumen that distinguishes him, that while it is possible to trace the origin and significance of every portion of the columns in the Egyptian rock-tombs—of which

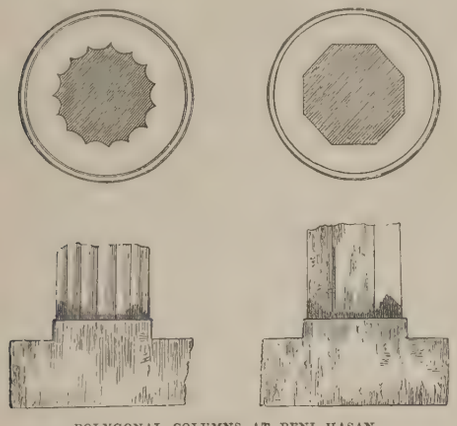
[1] "Lettres Écrites," p. 75.

those at Beni Hasan may be considered the finest—step by step, from the very beginning, there are in the Doric columns which resemble them certain elements which only become intelligible to us when we consent to study their genesis on Egyptian ground.



LOTOS COLUMN.

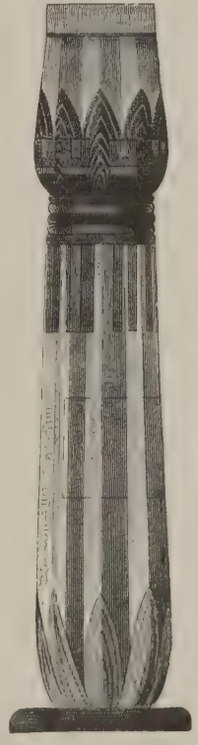
In the first place, we must clearly bear in mind the wide difference between the rock-dwelling—which in Egypt is almost synonymous with the tomb—and the erected house (or temple) of hewn stone, with its infinitely richer variety of forms.



POLYGONAL COLUMNS AT BENI HASAN.

Let us look back on Memphis and the oldest tombs in its necropolis. We there find no supports for the roof but plain quadrangular pillars. These originated in the desire to let the light into the second and third chambers, as it could only be admitted by the doorway, and with this view openings were cut in the dividing walls that supported the roof; thus the block of stone left standing to keep it from falling in assumed the character of a pillar. The piece of wall above the opening, or door, being left undivided, became then and there the entablature. Subsequently, the desire for more and more light in the interior, behind the pillars, led to the reduction of the angles; but here again the process was similar to that of first cutting through the wall, for the pillars, which now had acquired a prismatic shape with a polygonal section, were not cut away so high as to the architrave, but at the top a portion was left of the original quadrangular outline. Thus the idea of the first form was preserved, and at the same time a connecting member was supplied which was perfectly adapted to its purpose, and at the same time significant and suitable—the abacus.

CALIX COLUMN AT THE RAMESSEUM.



PAPYRUS COLUMN.

The column thus called into being in a new form could be separated from the abacus in a more definite way, since it was easy to introduce various levels and surfaces below it in the guise of mouldings; and we find this done in a few rare instances in columns of the very earliest times. From a still further addition to the angles of the octagonal column, one

with sixteen sides was derived, which we also meet with at Beni Hasan. The mechanical difficulties in the way of cutting sixteen surfaces with obtuse angles with perfect sharpness and accuracy—or, probably, a desire to render these sixteen angles more prominent to the eye, and to procure a more brilliant play of light and shade in an architectural feature of increasing value and importance—finally suggested the idea of fluting the sides, and so turning the obtuse angles into sharp ridges. I cannot here give a detailed account of the further development of the order: how it was that the anterior surfaces parallel to the abacus never were hollowed or bevelled, but allowed to remain an unaltered portion of the original pillar, and often decorated with a line of hieroglyphics; and how the circular base—which is wanting in the Doric column—was left in the rock to connect the shaft with the ground. But enough has been said to show how the development of the column can be traced step by step, even in its details.

PLANT TYPE CAPITAL.

The plant-like pillars, such as we have already met with at Saïs and Tanis in buildings of a later date, of course could not have originated from the cave or rock structure. We find them, no doubt, though generally singly, in tombs, but never earlier than the time of the kings of the XIIth Dynasty, and never in combination with the polygonal column. Where they occur in tombs—and they are to be seen even at Beni Hasan—it is at once perceptible that they have no organic connection with the character of rock architecture. Like the vegetable prototypes from which they borrowed their form, they must have grown in the open air: at first, probably, as supports for verandahs and pergolas attached to those gaily-painted and airy houses of wood and brick in which the princes and great men used to live; then they were constructed in stone, and applied to supporting the architraves of the temples which the worshippers always desired should be as eternal as their Divine inhabitants. Where we find polygonal columns in a temple, they are never associated with the plant type, and we may conclude that the edifice which they decorate is of an early period; for though they survived the rule of the Hyksos, they were certainly no longer in use after the end of the XVIIIth Dynasty.

PORTICO OF THE TOMB OF THE NOMARCH AMENI, AT BENI HASAN.

The lotos columns, as they are called, which support the roof of one of the tombs at Beni Hasan are strictly characteristic of external architecture, although they are here

COLONNADE OF MEDAMOT AT THEBES.

hewn out of the rock. The shaft, which rests on a circular plinth, rises slenderly, like a bundle of four fasciated stems, beautifully rounded, and diminishing towards the top, where they are bound round by five strips, or fillets. The swelling buds form the capital, and the points support the abacus, which projects very little beyond them. Those known as papyrus columns are similarly constructed. They, too, were of early origin, for a few examples have been found in the neighbourhood of the Labyrinth, of the date of Amenemha III., by whom it was built, and of whom I have spoken as the King of the Inundation. They are distinct from the lotos column, in the first place, by having a shaft representing several thin stems, usually eight, with their angles turned outwards, and which in section are triangular, like those of the papyrus; and secondly, by their insertion in the plinth, which is an unmistakable imitation of the growth of a plant surrounded at the base by root-leaves. From these rises the shaft, which diminishes more or less towards the top. The tips of the papyrus, which they represent, are bound together with from three to five bands. The buds form the capital, and the lower portion is sheathed in leaves, as a flower is in its calyx.[1]

The shafts are not invariably sculptured; on the contrary, in later periods particularly, their parentage is only indicated by the insertion, and the root-leaves at the base, and by the fillet-bands of the capital. Then, instead of the capitals I have described, we not unfrequently see them take the form of some bell-shaped flower; but the artist indicated the derivation of these also, enfolding the base in calyx-leaves, from which grow the slender tufts of the papyrus; and many other forms of bud are indicated in colour, even when they are not in sculptured relief. The abacus then occupies the middle of the disc, which is enclosed in the cup-shaped capital. We may designate this type as caliciform. At later periods, these and similar capitals were often overloaded with ornament alike by the sculptor and painter, who decorated them with the leaves and stems of various water-plants indigenous to the Nile; still, the architect never lost sight of the original idea so far as to forget to introduce the fillet at the top of the shaft, thus retaining the "motive" of a bundle of stems tied together to form the shaft, with a connected tuft of leaves composing the capital. These bands also struck the eye of the Greeks; but while the Egyptians, of course, never applied them to their fluted polygonal columns, the Greeks adopted them in their Doric column, where we see them as the *annulet*, just below the capital. Indispensable as these rings, or bands, were to the Egyptian plant-column, those antiquaries who insist on the independent origin of the Doric have never found an adequate explanation of them there. The types of columns which deviate from those above described I will mention and discuss when we meet with them in the temples; but each and all, various as they are, could only have originated on Egyptian soil. We have been able to trace the tomb-pillars step by step; and those plant-forms which were copied by the Egyptian architects in external buildings belong, without exception, to the native vegetation of the Nile.

We will now proceed to visit the tombs, which lie in two groups near each other. The northernmost includes the most interesting tombs, and of these, two in particular are the most attractive. Even the antechamber, or approach to the rock-

[1] They are also given, Rosellini, "Mon. Civ.," taf. 1, 2.

tomb, which the hereditary prince-governor, Amenemha (also called Ameni), had made for his eternal rest, attracts our observation. Two beautiful polygonal pillars support the arched roof, hewn out of the living rock, while its inner side rests in the smooth and polished face of the cliff within which the tomb is excavated.

We enter this mortuary chapel through a door crowned with the hollowed-out Egyptian architrave, and here we find several neatly-fluted sixteen-sided columns, which support the ceiling of the vast cave. It is hewn into three vaults, and richly decorated with coloured ornaments. At the back, in a niche, stand the mutilated statues of the deceased and of his wife. The mummy-shafts, which occur

HERD OF CATTLE BROUGHT BEFORE THEIR OWNER.
(From an Egyptian Tomb.)

in these tombs as well as in those of Memphis, have long since been pillaged; but the pictures and inscriptions with which the walls of this tomb are covered from floor to ceiling—even the door-posts being painted—make us so perfectly acquainted with the name and circumstances of the noble family who departed this life four thousand years ago, that we can specify of each member of it what office he held, and under what king, who was the woman he wedded, what relationship the different individuals bore to each other, what their possessions were, and in which they took most pleasure, on what day of the calendar the feasts fell which they held most sacred, what incidents in their lives they deemed the most important, and the mode of their interment. And the same is equally the case with the neighbouring tomb of Khnumhotep the son of Nehera, and with every other tomb.[1]

[1] The inscriptions of these tombs will be found translated in "Records of the Past," Vol XII., 59—65.

As in the necropolis of Memphis, so here, at Beni Hasan, the pictures and inscriptions refer not yet to the fate of the soul in the life to come—as in the tombs of later date—but only to the details of this temporal existence and the interment of the body. These noble princes of the district of Mah[1]—who were indeed related to the Pharaohs by marriage—served under the kings Amenemha and Usertesen, who belonged to the Twelfth Dynasty, and whose residence was no longer Memphis, in Lower Egypt, but Thebes, the capital of Upper Egypt. The first of these—Amenemha I.—had wrested the sceptre from the kings of the Eleventh Dynasty, who had likewise lived in the city of Amon—to the great benefit of the land, which seems

SEMITES ENTERING INTO THE NOME OF MAH.

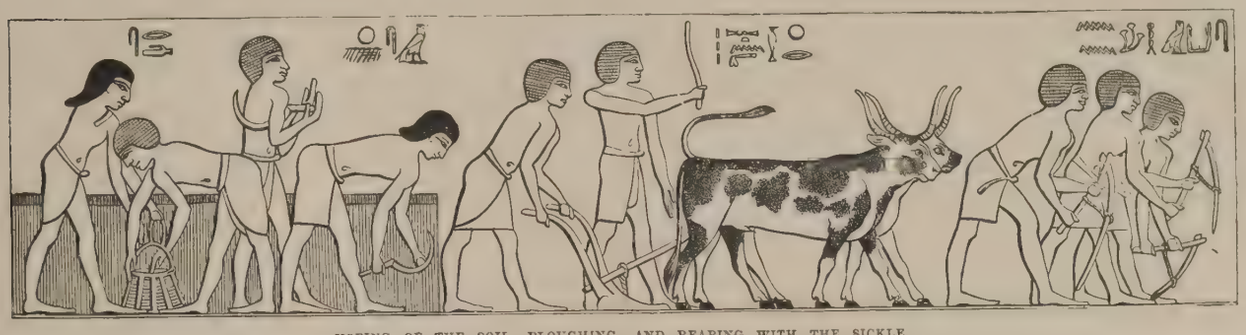
to have progressed internally in every direction under the care and wisdom of his successors. Though it is not within the purpose of this volume to give a list of the kings or of the peoples they subdued, or to enumerate the victories they won, I shall endeavour to point out everything that may interest the student of human culture, or seem of importance in the history of its development; and precisely at the period when the tombs of Beni Hasan were hewn and constructed, great advances were made in matters well worth studying from this point of view.

Already, under the kings of the Eleventh Dynasty, the great high road had been constructed which connected the Nile with the Red Sea, leading through the Wadee Hamamat,[2] as it is now called, of Koptos to Leukos-limen (Kosayr). The traveller across the desert was wont to halt at five chief stations, and the Pharaohs superin-

[1] The Nomos Hermopolites of the Greeks.

[2] El Hamamat, the Egyptian *Ru-an*, "valley mouth," of the inscriptions.

tended the forming of wells by the way. Commerce with the Somalee coast and Southern Arabia—Punt[1]—was thus opened up, the gold-mines of Æthiopia and the mines on the Sinaitic Peninsula were now worked, the division of the land into districts was perfected—of which more will be said presently—and the care devoted by Amenemha[2] III. (Moeris) to the irrigation of the country has already been mentioned. Side by side with the active progress and practice of the other arts, architecture, which in the Nile Valley enlisted all the others in her service, found



HOEING OF THE SOIL, PLOUGHING, AND REAPING WITH THE SICKLE.

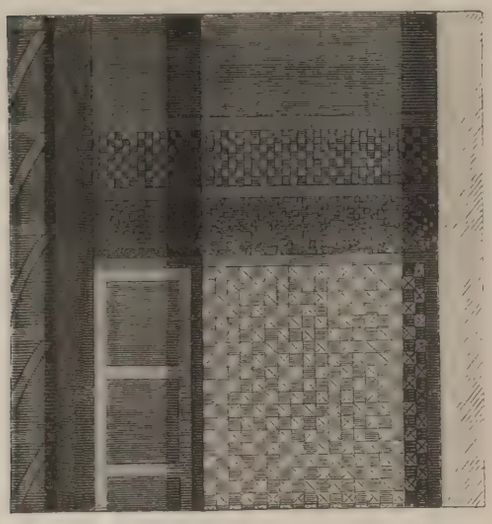
new opportunities. The founding of the great national sanctuaries of Thebes, of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, and of the Labyrinth, took place at this period, from which, too, the first great obelisks date. Numerous inscriptions in the quarries tell of the great buildings undertaken by the Pharaohs of the XIIth Dynasty; the style of the hieroglyphics on the monuments of this date that have come down to us is grand and simple; and of all the works of Egyptian sculpture, not one can surpass the fragment of a sitting statue of Usertesen I., of which the upper portion is lost. It was discovered at Tanis, and now excites the admiration of every connoisseur in the Museum at Berlin. The sculptor who executed its right leg was an artist in the highest sense of the word. In painting, the artists still remained deficient in the power of drawing things as they appear from one general point of sight, and up to the end of the rule of the Pharaohs the laws of perspective were never applied by them, but their industry with the brush is sufficiently proved by the innumerable paintings on plaster which line the tombs, and which show us, too, how with humble means and appliances they succeeded in producing the most characteristic types. Unfortunately, they are fast fading, and being blackened by the torches of travellers and spoiled by the irreverent hands of vain and culpable fools. Those of Beni Hasan, among others, are

WOMEN WEAVING AND WASHING, WITH THEIR OVERSEERS.

[1] Brugsch, "Egypt under the Pharaohs," I., p. 113.

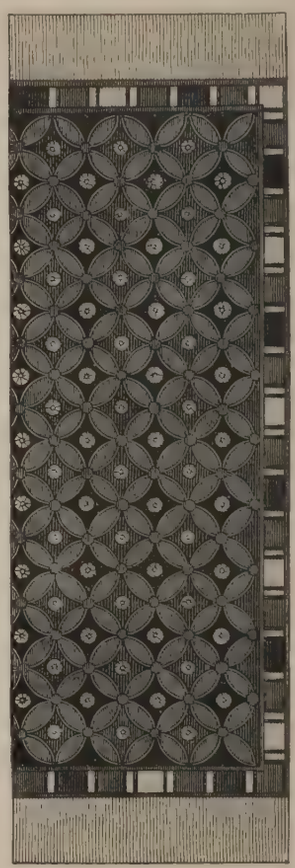
[2] Or Amenemhat.

suffering more and more, and we have only outline copies of them; but they are in no respect inferior in truthfulness and vivacity to the representation of a herd of cattle here given, which was detached, plaster and all, from the rocky wall of a tomb, and is now to be seen in the British Museum.[1] Among the thousands of pictures which line the tombs of Beni Hasan, one is of special interest. It is the earliest representation that has been met with of a family of the race of Amu (Semitic). These, conducted by their Prince, Absha, crave admission into the district of Mah. Khnumhotep, the governor of the district, receives the strangers with caution, for his scribe, Neferhotep, is presenting him with a deed or tablet, on which the number of the travellers—thirty-seven—is inscribed. The Semites are bringing gifts of eye-pigment (*mestem—i.e.*, antimony), with a roe-deer and a gazelle. The men are armed in various manners; one in particular has a piece of wood for flinging—a kind of boomerang—and they have bows, lances, and a target. Women on foot, and children on an ass, with another ass to carry the weaver's beam and shuttles, accompany the tribe, and a minstrel strikes the lute in honour of their ceremonious introduction. The sharper features of the Semitic race are clearly distinguished from those of the Egyptians. In other pictures in the same tomb, among the soldiers we see red-haired men in a peculiar garb, and these, too, seem to belong to the Semitic tribe.[2] It is remarkable that among the Jews in Egypt, to this day, very blonde hair is not uncommon, while among the Arabs and fellaheen it is extremely rare; and in the time of the Pharaohs it roused the utmost aversion, for red was the colour



MURAL ORNAMENT FROM AN OLD EGYPTIAN SEPULCHRAL CHAMBER.

MURAL ORNAMENT FROM AN OLD EGYPTIAN SEPULCHRAL CHAMBER.



MURAL ORNAMENT FROM AN OLD EGYPTIAN SEPULCHRAL CHAMBER.

[1] No. 137. It is from the tomb of a scribe named Amenhotep, of the XVIIIth Dynasty.

[2] Or else Libyan.

of Seth, or Typhon, and red-haired people (particularly among the hated foreign interlopers of Semitic origin) were looked upon as "Typhonic."

Not only in the case of Absha and his party, but on all occasions, the utmost caution was exercised as to admitting foreigners into the sacred Valley of the Nile. Even the harmless negroes of the interior were met at Semneh by a warning inscription of the time of Usertesen II., which forbade their crossing the frontier, unless they were bringing cattle into Egypt or intended to hire themselves out to service.[1] But the strict exclusiveness of the earliest periods was broken through in many ways at the time of which we are now speaking. A papyrus in the Berlin Museum relates the history of the adventurous Sinah, who passed beyond the frontier fortresses to the East, and wandered on, still eastwards; who settled in Edom, won and married the daughter of the prince of that country, and at last returned to Egypt, and was received with honour by the king.[2]

COLOURED MURAL ORNAMENT FROM A GRAVE AT SAKKARAH.

SCULPTURED PILLAR FROM THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK.

Travelling was no longer regarded as an unheard-of and fearful thing; after the time of the Herakleopolitans, strangers become common in the Delta, while a few, though these are rare, venture even into Upper Egypt. Then they get the control of the harbours on the Mediterranean coast, and multiply with a rapidity proportioned to the relaxation of the strict prohibitions by which previously they had been kept at a distance.

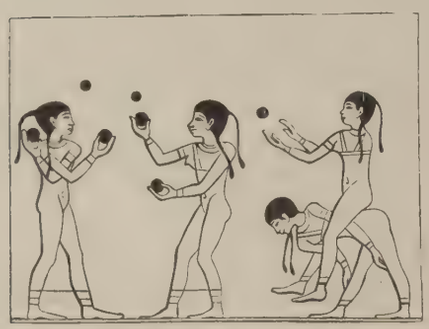
The XIIth Dynasty comes to a close with a queen—Sebek-nefru-ra.[3] The first king of the XIIIth appears to have acquired his rights of succession by his marriage with her; but little of any mark is recorded of his successors. Under them, Lower Egypt—by this time swarming with the Semitic settlers—fell into the hands of the Hyksôs, who, driven westwards by one of the great migrations of the nations

[1] Given, Lepsius, Denkm. Abth. 11 Bl.

[2] Translated by C. W. Goodwin and Chabas, "Records of the Past," Vol. II., p. 107.

[3] Scemiophris of the Greek lists. Her name occurs at Crocodilopolis.

of inner Asia, overthrew the frontier garrisons of the Pharaohs, and were very likely hailed as deliverers by their Semitic brethren in the Nile Valley. They arrived on foot and on horseback; for before their incursion no horse is to be seen on any of the monuments, and after their expulsion what noble steeds we find depicted in the wall-paintings! At Beni Hasan there are tombs particularly distinguished by the abundance and variety of the animals represented in them, but there is not a single horse to be seen. The horse is the warrior's friend, and at the period when these pictures were painted all breathes of peace, and the little we hear of deeds of arms is petty and unimportant. It is thought a grand achievement to march out at the head of four hundred men, and the stubborn individuality of the various Nomes, both in politics and religion, and the power possessed by the governors, must have rendered it difficult for the Pharaoh to collect an army from the different provinces of his country. The hands of the peasants grew hard and horny by holding the plough and other instruments of peace, and not by wielding the sword. Nevertheless, an Egyptian army did exist even at that time, and even at Beni Hasan we see soldiers represented, a little siege, the manufacture of various weapons, and the punishment of refractory warriors. But agricultural scenes are ten times as numerous. The ploughman with his span of oxen is followed by the sower, and the corn is trodden into the earth, softened by the inundation—not by swine, as Herodotus tells us, but by goats. At harvest-time the ears are cut with sickles, and the flax is beaten on the earth. Cattle tread out the corn, the crops of the year are stored in great lofts, and the amount of the vast herds is registered by stewards. Every official carries his writing-reed and papyrus-roll, and we know, from the records which have been so marvellously preserved—certainly, they are the oldest of any papyri—that the reed was never wielded more accurately and surely than at that time. Round the houses were planted magnificent gardens, in which fruit was grown on standards and espaliers, and various sorts of vegetables were reared; the houses themselves, built of bricks and wood, and gaily painted, with their verandahs and store-houses, were well furnished with neatly-wrought tables, seats, vases, and other vessels. Dogs, from the slender greyhound to the bow-legged turn-spit, and cats, as we have seen, are family pets. Apes are kept as playthings, and dwarfs to make sport with. In the kitchen, meat and ducks are slaughtered, stewed, and roasted; and the master of the household has many to provide for, for the Governor of Mah—like the nobles of Memphis—had numerous serfs, who understood every description of handiwork. Carpenters and shipwrights fell and cut up trees; joiners and wheelwrights are to be seen at more delicate work; stonemasons, sculptors, and decorators are hard at work; brickmakers mould the clay with their hands and knead it with their feet; potters make vessels for domestic use, turning and baking them to perfection; while glass-blowers make vases for finer uses. Tanners and shoemakers are busy; and in the women's rooms



PLAYING AT BALL.

they are weaving at the looms under the inspection of fat overseers, whom we perceive to be eunuchs. Very elegant ornamental patterns are to be seen on the garments of the immigrant Semitic family, of which mention has been made; but the Egyptians were in no respect behind the Asiatics in the arts of weaving and dyeing. Even on the primæval monuments of Meydoom we see garments stamped in gay colours, and in elegant patterns, which leads us to imagine that the art ascribed by Pliny to the Egyptians, of dipping cloth of a uniform colour into a fluid and bringing it out again with a pattern on it, must have been known there at even this early period. The consideration of the ornaments I have mentioned

VALLEY OF THE SPEOS ARTEMIDOS.

justifies us in supposing that the art of weaving had reached a high degree of perfection in Egypt at a very early date. They also confirm, beyond a doubt, Semper's observation that the working up of the material in weaving and pottery by technical processes first gave rise to varieties in form, and then to figures and patterns, which subsequently found a wider application in the decorative arts; and as we contemplate the designs here reproduced—designs which to this day are applicable as patterns for stuffs—and which are copied from the walls and ceilings of tomb-chambers, which in every other respect are perfectly bare and devoid of all architectural detail, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that the first idea of the painter who transferred them to the plaster with pencil and brush was to produce the effect of a room lined with hangings, such as are never absent from an Oriental palace. As surely as weaving is a more primitive art than architecture, so surely were these designs transferred from stuffs to these walls, and not from the walls

to stuffs; hence the regular repetition of the figures, in which we might sometimes almost fancy we see the line of the threads. Now, compare these primæval patterns with those of modern weavers, and it will be seen that the Egyptians of 4,000 years ago had no reason to be ashamed of their work.

If, too, we compare the sculptured campanulate ornament on the pillars of the temple at Karnak with these much older painted decorations which are now before us, we have ocular demonstration that the ornaments first devised by the weaver and then adopted by the painter have finally been transferred by the sculptor and architect to the decoration of the pillar. Anton Springer says that ornamentation is the true parent of art, and he adds, that art was not born of the struggle for existence but of delight in existence; and we have never met with a more vivid illustration of this principle than in the cave-dwellings of the dead at Beni Hasan, which survive from the period when architecture created her most characteristic element—the column as a composite member.[1]

Those must have been happy times, when even the tomb was made bright with pictures. How fine are the grapes that the merry vintagers cut from the luxuriant vines! The juice is trodden and pressed out, stored in jars, and deposited in airy lofts; for subterranean cellars are not in Egypt. Singers, and harp and flute players perform their strains, and, as at the present day, the music is accompanied by measured hand-clapping. Dancing is an artistic exercise by men and maidens. The strength of the youth is tested by wrestling-matches, and even in these early times the ball flew from hand to hand. Draughts, morra, and hot-cockles, and other games, are represented (these were carefully collected by Minutoli in an essay devoted to the subject), and the Nile resounds with shouts over boat-races, fishing excursions, and bird-shooting. All this, of course, relates to the nobles and wealthy, who found their last rest in these tombs; but the lot of the serfs was not a hard one, for it is especially insisted on in the inscriptions that their masters were mild and benevolent. The noble Ameni—whose grave we first entered—says of himself that he was a good master, a prince that loved his people; that he did no wrong to the son of the poor man, nor oppressed the widow; that he distressed not the peasant and turned away no shepherd; that he never took away the labourers of any small man (the master of only five serfs) for his own works, and that no man was miserable or hungry in his time; but that when a time of famine came he caused all the fields of the district of Mah to be tilled as far as its boundary-stones to the north and south (to the east and west the desert and the Nile marked its limits); that he supported the inhabitants and provided them with food, so that no starving man was found within its borders, and the widow was as well supplied as the woman with a husband; and that in all he spent, the great man was not preferred before the small.[2]

To feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, and to clothe the naked[3] were the principal and reiterated requirements of the Egyptian moral law, and it

[1] The representations of these tombs have been extensively published by Champollion, Rosellini, and Lepsius, in their plates of the monuments of Egypt.

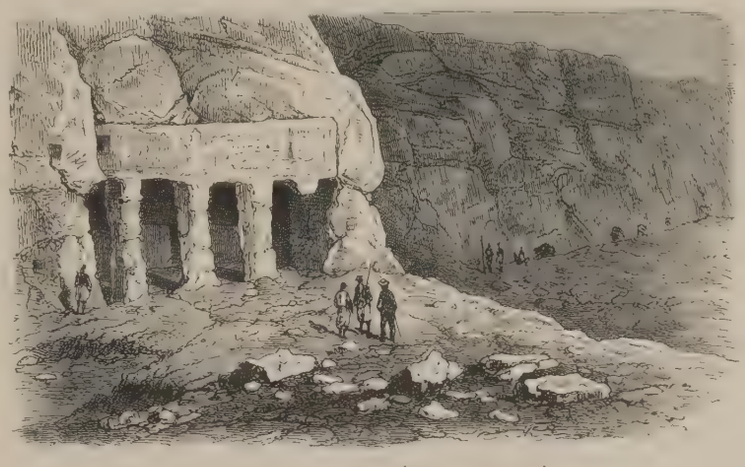
[2] A full translation of this inscription will be found in the "Records of the Past," Vol. XII, 59. The limits were defined by landmarks or tablets (*hutu*), and as many as fifteen were set up here. This was during the XIIth Dynasty.

[3] To which is sometimes added remedies to the wounded and sick.

would seem that at the time of which we speak they were not only preached but practised.

Little is said about death in the tombs of Beni Hasan; however, we are shown the whole scene of the obsequies and the conveyance of the bodies to the tomb of Osiris at Abydos; but I shall take another opportunity for enlarging on these subjects.

Rock-tombs innumerable are found in the limestone ranges on each side of the Nile, but I will not invite the reader to accompany me through them, for he would soon be weary of the repetition, while the student is always finding something new and interesting amid the apparent monotony, and the more thoroughly he investigates every detail the better he will succeed in making a selection and extracting all that can be learnt from the monuments. To wander wearily, and often in vain, from one to another; to sift, elaborate, and rehabilitate his discoveries must be his portion, while it is the reader's share to enjoy the result. But I will not here give him a history of Egyptian civilisation; I propose, on the contrary, to take him as my companion, and to show him, in the very presence of the sources of our knowledge—the monuments themselves—how, after a youth spent in peaceful content and modest retirement, and devoted—as we have seen in the monumental records of Memphis and Beni Hasan—to the improvement and development of its inner life, after centuries more of foreign dominion, the kingdom of the Pharaohs started forward with a mighty leap, like a coiled spring suddenly released, and rose to a pitch of splendour which threw all the other empires then existing into the shade. At Tanis we saw the descendants of the foreigners who overthrew Egypt; in Thebes we may admire and wonder at the culminating glories of the Pharaonic period; now, however, we will proceed on our way to Siout (Lykopolis), where we shall find the monuments of those hapless princes under whom the Nile valley was subjugated by the Hyksos. We will hasten on thither, passing by many important monuments, which shall be described when we speak of the history of their founders. I am sorry to deprive my companions of a visit to the transverse gorge lying within an hour's ride of Beni Hasan, where the cave temple of Pakht or Sekht[1] is to be seen—"the great Pakht," as she is here designated, "the mistress of Set, in her rock temple." But the reader is already familiar with this



THE GROTTO OF ARTEMIS (SPEOS ARTEMIDOS).

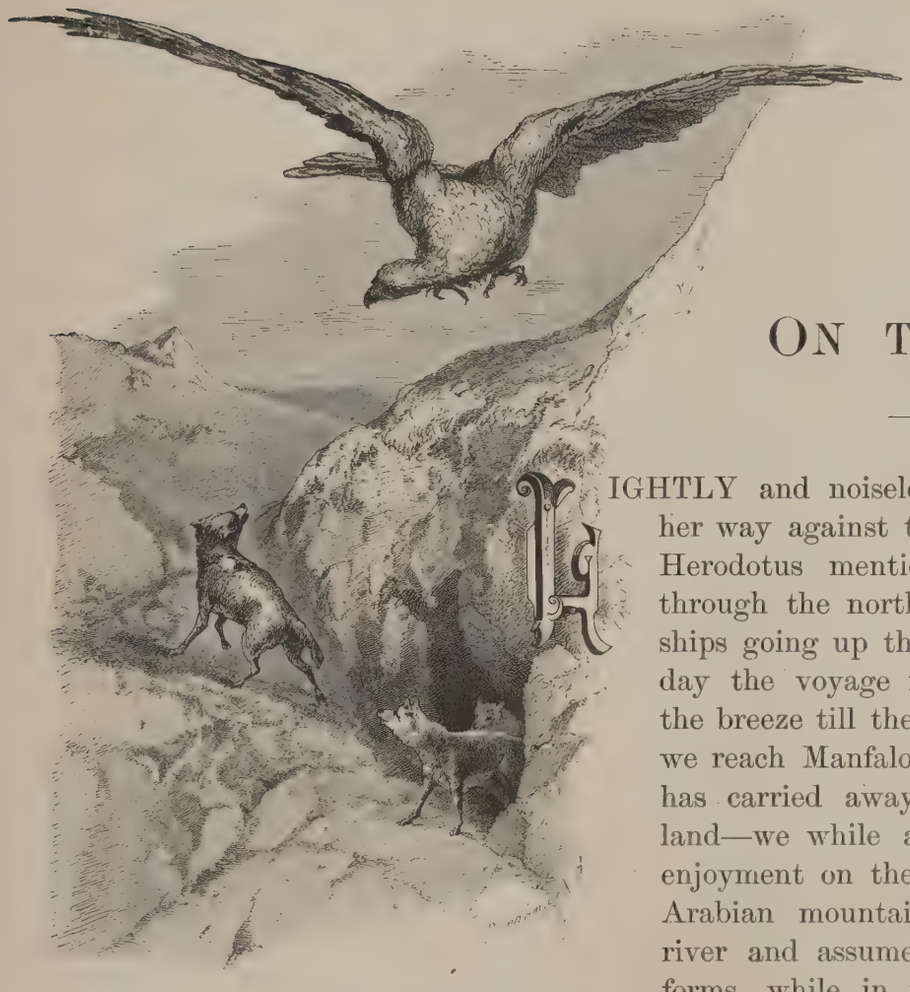
[1] The name of this goddess, formerly read *Pakht*, or Pasht, one of the names of the lion, was discovered to be Sekhet. She was a form of Bast, or Bubastis, and bore other names, as Merenptah, "beloved of Ptah," of whom she was the wife, and mother of Neter-Tum. She also had the appellation Menhi and Urheka.

primæval divinity, and has seen at Bubastis the head-quarters of her worship, as well as the cat-headed or lioness-headed statues of the goddess. She was named Artemis by the Greeks; and Speos Artemidos, or the Grotto of Artemis, was the name they gave to the sanctuary hewn out in the mountain-side, and the caves in its vicinity, where formerly many mummies of cats were discovered. In Champollion's time there was a whole necropolis of dogs and cats here, buried in the sand.

If we now turn southwards we come upon the remains, scattered and few, of the town of Antinoë, in one of the most lovely palm-groves in Egypt. This city was built by Hadrian close to the ancient Egyptian town of Besa, on the spot chosen by his beautiful favourite Antinous for sacrificing himself for the Emperor's sake. An oracle had warned Hadrian that he was threatened with a great trouble, and the faithful Bithynian youth threw himself into the Nile[1] to fulfil the prophecy, and so avert from his master any greater danger. It is no wonder that the Emperor deplored him extravagantly, and had numberless statues made of the heroic youth, even under the form of various divinities.

Proceeding still farther southwards we find ourselves at el-Bersheh, where, in a tomb, we may see the picture of the transportation of a colossus, which I shall refer to again when we are face to face with the giant statues at Thebes. At Tel-el-Amarnah we will embark once more on the dahabeeyeh, after visiting the foundations of some mighty structures which Time with his relentless besom has swept off the face of the earth. These formed part of the residence of the eccentric reformer, Chu-en-Aten (Amenophis IV.), of whom we shall learn more at Thebes; his chief officers had themselves interred in rock-tombs, which are richly decorated with characteristic pictures well worthy of study.

[1] A.D. 132. The fate of Antinous, and honours rendered to him, are mentioned on the obelisk of the Monte Pincio at Rome. They have also been made the subject of Dr. Ebers' last novel, "The Emperor."



On to Thebes.

LIGHTLY and noiselessly our dahabeeyeh cuts her way against the swiftly-rushing stream. Herodotus mentions that all the winter through the north wind swells the sails of ships going up the Nile, and at the present day the voyage is constantly made before the breeze till the middle of February. Till we reach Manfaloot—a spot where the Nile has carried away considerable portions of land—we while away the time with much enjoyment on the cabin roof; for here the Arabian mountains come down near the river and assume a variety of picturesque forms, while in more than one place the stream bathes the foot of the bare rock, in whose rifts the swallows and wild ducks find shelter. When these winter visitors of the Nile valley are returning in the evening to their roosting-places, their twittering and chattering somewhat harshly breaks the stillness which reigns all round, though we might almost deem that they were spirits in bird form, and watch them, not without a

shudder, as they shoot out of the hard rock itself in rapid flight, or disappear into it as completely as if it had swallowed them. Pilot and captain have to keep their eyes open between this and Siout, for many a reach must be cleverly steered round; and as

MANFALOOT.

for the cataracts, there is no passage there more dangerous than the eddy that rushes round the cliffs of Aboo Fawdah. No careful Rees will ever make the passage through this gully—the head-quarters of violent and variable squalls—after dark; and our pilot, Houseyn, loves to tell wild stories of boats that have been wrecked on the cliffs of Aboo Fawdah, and the history of the rash captain who laid a wager at Boolak that he would pass the dreaded mountain, "which he knew as well as his own eye," without any damage; but miserably lost all he had in the world; for his boat was caught by four contrary blasts at once in this fatal spot, and though it was sheathed with iron, it was dashed to pieces against the rocks. The ruined

GEBEL ABOO FAWDAH.

captain returned home with nothing but a beggar's staff to call his own, saying with many sighs, "Gebel Aboo Fawdah—I know thee now!"—a saying that has become a proverb to the sailors of the Nile.

We will quit the dahabeeyeh here, where the much-dreaded mountain slopes southwards, and just below the fellah town of Manfaloot, which stands on the river bank.

We pause before an opening in the rock at the summit of a bare cliff; the fellaheen who have guided us hold out a helping hand, and we find ourselves within the mouth of a dark cavern. Breathing is difficult in this hot, heavy, dusty atmosphere, charged with odours of resin and pitch-tar, while the tapers burn dull, and hardly light it, and the foot stumbles against some unknown objects.

We are in the celebrated Crocodile Cave of Maabdeh, and surrounded on every side by rubbish, skeletons of beasts, bones of dead creatures, rags of mummy-cloths, and lumps of resin. Here we discern the large outline of an embalmed crocodile, there a human mummy, and a gleam from the tapers now and again reveals fragments of gold mixed with the dust at our very feet. Have we not wandered into the cavern of some magician, where gruesome monsters keep watch over the precious metal? Stooping down, we find many skulls, arms, and legs, thickly gilt, of ancient Egyptians, who had themselves interred in the tomb of the crocodiles[1]—who can rightly tell us why? Were these mummies buried in this inaccessible and ghastly hiding-place in time of internal disturbance by their ancient descendants? Was the crocodile—the sacred animal of Seth-Typhon—worshipped here in the home of dangerous gales, with special honours, flattered and entreated, and expensively buried? There is no doubt that all that is malignant and destructive in nature, and consequently drought and storm, were the attributes of Typhon, and we know, too, that the voracious reptile was worshipped as a sacred animal in many places in Egypt.[2]

CROCODILE OVER THE DOOR OF A HOUSE.

At the present time a crocodile is but rarely seen in the neighbourhood of this cave; but it is not long since these creatures—which are being driven farther and farther south, particularly by the steamboats—were frequently to be met with at the foot of Aboo Fawdah. So lately as in 1871 Lord Ducie killed one fourteen feet in length. Of the innumerable embalmed specimens in this sepulchre, many have been conveyed to Cairo and sold, to be taken to Europe, or to be hung up over house-doors as a talisman. The cave of Maabdeh probably conceals many other treasures of antiquity. The first man who boldly defied all the repulsive details

[1] The presence of gilding on these mummies shows that they are of a later period, probably the Ptolemaic times of third century B.C. Khamus, the second son of Rameses II., of the XIXth Dynasty, about B.C. 1300, was found buried in the tombs of the bull Apis, in the Serapeum at Sakkarah.

[2] Emblem of the god Sebak, or Sebakra, the favourite deity of the kings of the XIIIth Dynasty. He was supposed to represent the terrible fire of the sun.

which are inseparable from such an undertaking, and searched this cavern, was the English consul, Mr. Harris, and he found a papyrus with a book of Homer written upon it.

In the course of our voyage southwards we presently are struck by isolated specimens of a new species of tree which becomes commoner as we approach the cataract. I mean the doom-palm (*Hyphæna Thebaica*) whose range, properly speaking, begins at Keneh. The trunk of the date-palm is crowned by a single magnificent tuft of graceful, bending, feathery leaves, under which the blossom and huge bunches

DATE AND DOOM PALMS.

of fruit grow and ripen; but the columnar trunk of the doom-palm divides about half-way up into two branches, each of which bears its bunch of feathery leaves and nuts about as large as a duck's egg. Every portion of this tree is of use—the wood is used by carpenters, the eatable fibrous kernel of the nut tastes like a sweet cake, its hard shell is turned into buttons and such small wares, the fellaheen roof their hovels with the leaves, and the bast of the doom-palm is highly-prized and applied to many purposes.[1] The range of this tree is southwards, and in Equatorial Africa there are forests of it, extending for miles, far beyond the limits of Egypt.

We now discover, on the west shore of the Nile, the minarets of Siout, a very populous city, at which begins Saeyed, or Upper Egypt proper, and behind it lie the

[1] Mentioned in the garden of a personage of rank of the XVIIIth Dynasty. It was called the *mama*, or *mum* (Brugsch, "Mon.," I., taf. xxxvi., p. 49). The peculiarities of its fruit are described in the Sallier papyrus at the time of the XIXth Dynasty.

spurs of the Libyan range of mountains. Before we can run in to el-Homra, the harbour of Siout, the river winds so frequently that it appears to lie first on our left and then again on our right; but at last we reach our destination. We steer in towards land between two steamboats and among a host of Nile boats. We keep off the swarm of sellers of pipe-bowls, jars, and other articles in pottery—which are made here of excellent quality and beautiful shapes — and mounting the best of the asses which are waiting for hire, we ride into the town, over a dyke road shaded by fine sycamores, and past the huge Government buildings. The long bazaar, well furnished with goods, is swarming with people, for to-day is Sunday, and a market-day in Siout, and crowds of country-folk have come into the town, which has 30,000 inhabitants of its own. There is plenty indeed for a European to gaze at in this motley assemblage, but the street-life of Cairo is still fresh and vivid in our memory, and, knowing the greater, we are apt to under-estimate the lesser, so we do not think much of the Sook of Siout, with its crowd of citizens, peasants, and Bedaween, and pay small need to the shopkeepers, who make signs to us to inspect their little stalls, where they watch over many pretty articles of native workmanship, particularly beautiful embroidery on leather and velvet, and we soon make our way out again into the open air. Many new buildings attract our attention, and we see several courtyards, of which the extent and handsome decorations are very surprising, when compared with the wretched brick walls that the houses they belong to turn towards the street. We submit to being refreshed by a

A COURT AT SIOUT.

BEFORE THE GATE OF THE TOWN.

course of ill-usage in a bath—for this is the process in all such establishments—and then we follow a funeral procession that fills the whole street; we will follow it out of the town and visit the particularly well-kept Arab cemetery, with its crowd of cupolas, and the ancient tombs in the Libyan range. We are willing enough to moderate our donkey's pace, and have no wish to outstrip the mourners by passing them on the broad country road, for in all the East no more beautiful songs of mourning and no finer bass voices are to be heard.

At last, however, we must leave the funeral train, and climb the slope to the mountain which served the natives of heathen Siout as a necropolis. For there was an ancient Siout—or Sayut, for so the town is called—four thousand years ago, though only a few miserable remains of it are now visible. This we learn from the inscriptions in the tombs we are now about to visit, which were constructed under the XIIIth dynasty. When they were excavated in the limestone, Siout was one of the most powerful cities of the kingdom, and this was not long after the extinction of that race of Pharaohs who were the lords of those prince-governors for whom the tombs at Beni Hasan were constructed; but as we stand in these caverns we can see that they were hewn not long before ruin overtook the founders. They are planned grandly and magnificently, but not one is more than half finished. Large masses of rough unhewn rock in the walls and roofs stand out bare and ugly, while other portions are beautifully smoothed, and the surface covered with carefully-engraved inscriptions. The niches intended for mummies, statues, and sacrificial vessels, have long since been robbed, and under the Mamelukes a great deal was wilfully damaged.

EGYPTIAN WOLF (DEEB).

Under the incursion of the Hyksos the nobles probably fled to the south, with the sovereigns of the XIIIth dynasty, and the troubles that pressed upon them in the present prevented their thinking of finishing the dwellings dedicated to the future life, whether for themselves or their fathers. The Arabs call the largest of these rock-tombs "the stable of Antar," and the next in size "the bath." Antar is the Siegfried, or Roland, of Arab story, who conquered heroes and demons, and his adventures are listened to with even greater eagerness than the thousand and one nights by the modern Egyptians, who would rather hear them recited than anything else, excepting the poems of Aboo Zeyd.

The view from the entrance of these tombs is magnificent; across the cemetery,

the city crowded with minarets, the broad meadow-land—which is nowhere better cultivated and irrigated than here—to the Nile, and, on one side of it, the Libyan range, on the other the Arabian mountains. The geologist finds many interesting fossils by the road-side; and the lover of antiquity may discover, in numberless artificial caves, great and small, inscriptions and remains of embalmed animals, particularly of dogs and jackals, for Siout was the city of Anubis, the "opener of paths," to whom *Canis niloticus* was sacred, and the god was represented with this animal's head. The Greeks thought this "grave-watcher" was the wolf, and hence called Siout Lykopolis—"the city of the wolf." Many bones of wolf-mummies have indeed been found here, and to this day there are many species of the dog tribe wild in Egypt, among which the wolf may be included, though it is a smaller variety than

SIOUT.

the sheep-stealing villain of Europe. The zoologist calls it *Canis lupaster*, the fellah name is *Deeb*, and it would seem to have been the creature worshipped at Lykopolis and represented at Beni Hasan. The jackal, ubiquitous in the East, is *Canis aureus*; *Canis niloticus* is a light-coloured and long-eared variety of the fox, which it resembles in size and form, and it is to be seen in the old monuments guiding the bark of the Sun. The *fenek* of the Arabs—*Canis zerda*—is only about half the size,[1] and has very long ears. Skeletons of domestic dogs have also been found in the same cavern.[2]

If we venture still farther into the rocky gorges of the Libyan chain we shall find caves, distinguished by Christian symbols and little Koptic inscriptions, which served as dwellings for those anchorites whose lives, after they had fled from the

[1] An account of the dogs known to the Egyptians will be found in the "Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology," Vol. IV., p. 19.

[2] The head of the mummy of a dog, wrapped in bandages, is in the collection of the British Museum, "Guide," p. 60, No. 6,740.

MID-DAY PRAYER IN SIOUT.

turmoil and temptations of the world, are narrated by Rufinus and Palladius, with details more edifying than credible. John, the Hermit of Lykopolis, being one of the most favoured by heaven, is said to have had the gift of prophecy, and to have foretold to Theodosius his victory at Aquileja in 394.

Returning to the town to seek once more for some traces of the ancient Lykopolis—where Plotinus, the greatest of the Neo-Platonic philosophers, first saw the light, A.D. 205—at most we shall find a fragment of marble here and there built into a modern house, or a few pillars of Greek workmanship in the principal mosque.

Some years ago I saw many strange figures here at Friday noonday prayer,

THRESHING-SLED.

throwing up their arms in the ecstacy of worship, and I sat—the only European—in front of a café listening to the tales of a capital story-teller. Now we may meet a great number of Europeans in this same spot, for since then the railway has been extended to Siout, where it now terminates. It is difficult to say whether it will avail to revive the failing trade of the town, where the long famous manufactures of damask and carpet hangings have fallen into utter decay. At any rate, Siout must still be, as it has always been, the emporium for all the wares and produce brought in from the oases of the Libyan desert, from Darfoor and Kordofan; and at any rate, Roomeyla, which is the camping place and depôt of the caravans to the north of the sepulchral mountain, can never lose its active commerce so long as the railway extends no farther southwards. Siout is the prettiest of all the towns on the Nile, excepting

Keneh, and yet, as we walk through its bare and ugly streets, it is difficult to understand the lines of Ibn Saeed :—

"But one short day and one short night
I spent in Siout; yet I say
All life besides cannot outweigh
Those fleeting hours of delight."

Our amiable consul, to whom we have paid a visit, escorts us back to the dahabeeyeh, and tells us for what incredibly high sums the palm-groves and fields in the neighbourhood are farmed out. We are astonished, but we cannot doubt, for the produce of well-cultivated ground in this country is perfectly amazing.

A few hours after quitting Siout, and leaving el-Homra behind us, the wind fails us; the sail must be furled, and the sailors set themselves to the laborious task of towing the dahabeeyeh up the stream. We may disembark, and gladden our eyes with the fresh verdure of all the fields, the rich harvests, the industry of the fellaheen, who carry the jars of water for irrigating them, the judiciously-planned waterworks on the land of the larger holders, or owners, and the picturesque aspect of the villages which, with their tall pigeon-houses, might be mistaken at a distance for the remains of huge temples, with several pylons, such as we shall see at Thebes, and which earned for that city its title of "the hundred-gated."

It is the beginning of December. The durrah harvest—the staple food-stuff of the Egyptians—is being reaped, and vast flocks of pigeons wheel round the dove-cots which stand high above the houses of their owners, float like swift clouds across the sunshine, and settle down on the fields to claim their share of the grain that encumbers the earth. The fellah keeps these swarms of pigeons for the sake of the manure, but it is calculated that they consume more than they can return at the best. Still he does not give them up, for no creature can be more tenacious than he is of ancient customs. Can it be believed, that in spite of all the improvements in agricultural implements, the fellaheen still use the very same plough, pick, and sickle, as their forefathers under the Pharaohs; that the harvest is never carried in waggons, but always on the back of asses, camels, or men; and that the corn is threshed to this day with the selfsame threshing-sled, the primitive *nawreg?* The iron shod semi-circular runners crush out the grain, it is true, but they also cut and spoil the straw. A picture at Thebes shows us that the ancient Egyptians yoked the horse to their plough, while at the present time, throughout Upper Egypt, the horse is never used in harness. Rohlfs' expedition into the oases of the Libyan desert led him to Siout at the same time of year, and we owe much of our knowledge as to the cultivated produce of this region to the information supplied by his guide, and its accuracy is vouched for by the reputation of Professor Ascherson, who accompanied him as botanist to the expedition. The fields of wheat, barley, and clover, have a lovely appearance from the tender green of the young plants—they show like rows of emeralds against the darker colour of the sugar-canes and the black soil. The durrah is reaped, but other crops are grown in the fields—poppy, onions, beans, and lentils, and in the gardens, tomatoes, egg-plant (aubergine), capsicum, gulgas (*Colocasia antiquorum*), coriander, dill, bammiah, basilicum, and the Luffa cucumber (*Luffa Egyptiaca*). To these we may add flax, hemp, maize, lupines, saffron, indigo,

VILLAGE IN UPPER EGYPT.

and tobacco. The fruit-trees and groves are a special feature of the country round Siout; date and doom palms, orange and citron trees, covered with fragrant flowers and shining fruit, and in the gardens, figs, mulberries, pomegranates, and the nabuk (the jujube, *Zizyphus lotos*). Acacias have been planted in the Nile valley from the earliest times, and their pods, resembling a string of beads, are represented in hieroglyphic inscriptions; and side by side with these, which to this day bear a name derived from the ancient Egyptian,[1] we see the *Acacia Farnesiana*—a native of America, with tresses of gold-coloured flowers that breathe a scent of violets. The libbakh, or lebbek, which we saw before in the Delta, spreads its deep shade, the broad-armed sycamore throws a more doubtful shadow. Rohlfs calls it an ugly tree, on account of the wide spaces between its spreading branches; and it cannot be denied that by the side of the graceful palms it is not conspicuous for elegance.

YOUNG WIFE OF A FELLAH.

At this season of the year the fields are alive with labourers, who sing as they work. Eye and ear alike are charmed with the gay and lively scene. Among the men we see many heads full of character, and many pretty faces among the women and girls, who often go unveiled; but the prettiest sight in all the Nile valley is that of the young boys and girls here, who up to the age of about five generally run about perfectly naked — the sweetest little brown pets. The babies in arms are less pleasing; their mothers generally carry them about on their shoulders, and they are rarely kept clean. Many women when they go out to their work leave the babies behind to take care of themselves, and the traveller who wanders through the streets of a fellah village in harvest-time, deserted by the inhabitants and guarded only by the shabby dogs, may come across more than one cradle and nurse as strange as that transferred to his portfolio by Herr Gentz, and here set before the reader. I myself once came on an infant lying on a scrap of carpet by a heap of durrah in the middle of a field, kicking its little legs, and minded only by a dog. Not a fellah mother would have passed by it without offering it the breast, and its own mother would no doubt come and fetch the little screaming thing in due time. At this time of year the country is full of a picturesque

[1] *Acacia nilotica*: Ancient Eg., "Shent"; Modern, "Shonteh," or "Sont."

charm, which stamps it deeply on the memory, from the incessant bustle of men and women, and children, of buffaloes and camels, asses and dogs, which swarm in every field. Man and beast seem closer companions here than with us; the work done by one to-day is carried on by the other to-morrow, and we are reminded of the lost paradise of Eden as we see the snowy flocks of egrets, standing or stalking fearlessly among the labourers—though these indeed eat their bread in the sweat of their brow—or watch the dogs, which have a great likeness to wolves, playing with lambs, whose piebald colouring recalls the craftiness of Jacob. And yet, in this

PALM AND SYCAMORE—THINNEST AND THICKEST OF THE TREES OF THE NILE VALLEY.

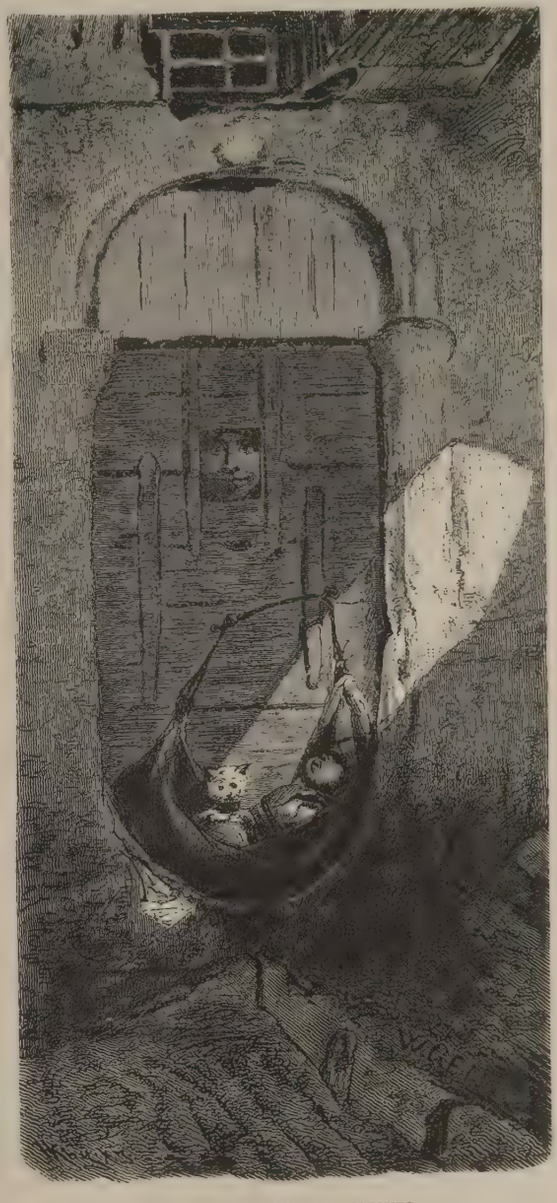
very spot, so richly blessed by nature, the malignity of man has made men's lives a very hell.

We sail between two places called Gow[1]—"the largest," Gow-el-Kebeer, is the Antaeopolis of the ancients, but only a few ruins are left of its stately temple, which still excited the admiration of travellers only a few centuries ago. In the year 1821 the river carried away the last remaining portion of this building, and many columns of the hypostyle with fine palm-capitals. The Greeks gave the name of Antaeus to the Egyptian "Horus, the Victorious" (Hor-nub). The other—"western town"—

[1] In ancient Egyptian, *Kú*, "the hill," in Coptic, *t-kôou*, "the hill," called also by some *Nai ent bak nub*, "City of the Gold Hawk," but this is really, or so-called, Har-nub, according to Brugsch ("Dict. Geogr.," p. 1,009). The Greek "Hierakon," not Antaeopolis, struck coins in the reigns of Trajan and Hadrian, their type a crocodile, or deity holding one. —Langlois, "Num. des Nomes," p. 17.

A SELLER OF TURKEYS.

Gow-el-Gharbeeyeh, lies on the Libyan shore of the Nile, opposite the city of Antaeus, and was the scene of a tragedy in bloody earnest. In 1865 an insurrection broke out, accompanied by robbery and violence, and at its head was a certain Ahmed Tayyib. The Government sent out a troop against the rebels, reduced them to a handful, and inflicted the most fearful punishment, not only on the conspirators, but on all their relations and belongings, who were condemned by hundreds to forced labour, or to death. Lady Duff Gordon's picture of the scenes of horror at Gow are quite heartrending. Ahmed Tayyib is said to have been killed, but the fellaheen believe that he still lives, having fled into Abyssinia. A mass of legends promptly grew up and attached themselves to his memory, and the common people speak of him as of a sort of Messiah, and look for his reappearance among them.



FELLAH BABY AND ITS WATCHER.

Below Gow the dahabeeyeh must once more be towed against wind and stream. We walk on, from village to village, gun in hand, and the sailor we take with us is soon heavily loaded with wild ducks, shot on a canal we cross, and with the pretty pigeons hit as they fly from one palm tree to another. These pretty creatures, with their lustrous necks surrounded by a dark band, are kept by us in cotes and cages; on the Nile we prefer to meet with them, accompanied by olives, in a pie such as our black *chef* excels in making. A bit of game, too—snipe, larks, or ducks—tastes uncommonly nice when for weeks no meat has been obtainable but mutton and fowls. Beef is rarely to be got on the Nile, even in the large towns, and many Arabs regard it as unwholesome. Sohag is the next place we stop at, after a long run in a perfect calm, and here it is market-day, and we can have the pleasure of superintending in person the purchases for our boat. The turkeys are particularly fine which are offered for sale by the women and girls, and the best cost not more than from four to six shillings of English money. Fowls and pigeons are extremely cheap; butter is to be had in little

[1] The old Egyptian pigeon of tombs, called *mena t*, "the collared," is so represented. The pigeons were also called *kar-en-pe*, "birds of heaven"—Coptic, *ejroompe* and "*ari-en-pe*," "guardians of heaven." Four were let fly at the royal coronation, a ceremony like the flight of the white dove at the coronation of the French kings at Rheims.

HEADS OF REBELS.

pats, each on a green leaf, but it must have a thorough washing to make it fit to eat.

If we were not too sorely tempted to hurry on southwards and get to the venerable monuments of Thebes, we would certainly linger at Sohag long enough to visit the two monasteries in the neighbourhood—the White Monastery near the town, and the Red Monastery somewhat farther to the north—for their ancient chapels, which I visited on a former occasion, are generally, and very justly, regarded as the oldest Christian basilicas in Egypt. The Kopts assert that the chapel of

SOHAG.

the White Monastery was built in the fifth century, and very likely they are right. Very good evidence of its antiquity is to be found in the gradual slope of the outer wall—built of hewn stone—and in its cornice, which reminds us of the ancient Egyptian architecture, though the torus between the wall and the hollow ogee is absent. The flat roof of the interior—which is divided into three aisles—is supported on columns, most of which are of granite; the tribune projects, and the chancel is elaborate in detail. The Red Monastery, built of burnt bricks, resembles the former, inasmuch as it has some beautifully-wrought capitals, and it is said to have been founded by Aboo Bishay, the tutor of Aboo Shanooda, who, as the legend tells, was the founder of the White Monastery. It is certain that the middle apse is decorated with pictures of St. George, the dragon-slayer, and it may be supposed that at the period of the persecution of the Christians under the Mameluke rulers,

the Kopts, here as elsewhere, may have given their patron saint the name of a venerated Arab sheykh, to render their church sacred in the eyes of the Moslems.

There are to this day a considerable number of Koptic monasteries in Egypt, although several of the eighty-six enumerated by Makreezee have been ruined, and deserted by the monks. Each one is possessed with a desire to refer its origin to as early a date as possible, and the Holy Mother is said to have rested on her flight into Egypt, not only by the tree at Matareeyeh, but also in the crypt of the Church of the Holy Virgin at Cairo, and on the spot where the monastery of el-Maragh, west of Manfaloot, now stands. In this last establishment, which seems to be rich, five hundred monks still reside; the Prior showed Herr Gerhard Rohlfs an ancient

DESERTED KOPTIC MONASTERY AT ASSOUAN.

register, written in Arabic, in which it is said that the Holy Family lived here until the death of Herod, and that the monastery was founded in the fourth century.

Several of these monasteries boast of having been founded by the fathers of monasticism, Paulus of Thebes and St. Anthony,[1] the history of whose life is ascribed to Athanasius; and this is very positively maintained by the two pious houses in the Arabian Desert not far from the Red Sea, and lying east of Beni Sueyf. These —and particularly the cloister of St. Anthony, though it only harbours forty monks —enjoy a great reputation, and they certainly may boast of extreme antiquity. But though the cave of the great anchorite is pointed out in their vicinity (as on Sinai the mould of the golden calf is shown), it is certain that the first monasteries were not established until many decades after the death of Anthony, and the very existence of Paulus of Thebes has, under the test of criticism, been removed from the province of history to that of legend.

[1] About A.D. 365.

At any rate, not only these two monasteries—which have recently been visited and described by Schweinfurth—but all the cloisters founded in the desert bordering on the Nile valley, may well be proud of the victorious resistance they have made from time to time to the most furious attacks. Each of them has its stronghold (kasr) and fortified walls, and often enough must the ruhbân,[1] or Koptic monks, have been forced to take shelter in the tower when the rapacious Blemmyes, or the troops of the intolerant and avaricious sovereigns, swooped down to plunder their peaceful retreat. The monasteries in the Nile valley itself had a somewhat less stormy and precarious existence, and there was a time, at the beginning of the fifth century, when the country lying between Girgeh and Keneh—and which we shall pass through on our way—was so full of monks and anchorites that at Tabenna alone 50,000 are said to have gathered together to keep the Easter festival. There were not less than 100,000 monks in the whole of Egypt, who lived in ascetic mortification and retirement from the world—some in remote and solitary hermitages, some in *lauras*, consisting of rows of contiguous cells, each occupied by an anchorite, some in monasteries or large establishments where a number of recluses dwelt together; some again, as *Rembooth*, wandering about in twos and threes. Monasticism has been called "Egypt's last contribution to the history of human development"; its root, as I showed in the first volume, has been traced to the penitential cells of the Temple of Serapis, but without the sunlight of Christianity it could but have remained a tree with crude fruit. All that we learn of Paulus, Anthony, and Hilarion,[2] the two Macarius,[3] Arsenius, Ammonius,[4] and their companions, reveals much transcendental exaggeration, much overweening spiritual pride, ostentatious vanity, and melancholy surrender to the spiritual foe in their own souls; still, that which drove these men out of the cities and into the desert was a noble impulse, and in their time and in the state of society then existing was by no means without excuse. The man who regards these wrestlers for their salvation as idle dreamers and as madmen, and the anchorite "movement" —as we say nowadays—as a diseased outcome of the mind of the people, does not understand those brave and struggling spirits. They fought for their salvation as they thought, through abstinence and suffering, far from the world; and who can smile at Moses the Moor,[5] who overcame the robbers who attacked him, and then carried them one by one into his monastery, because he might do no one any hurt; or at the recluses, haunted by visions, flaying their shoulders with scourgings, vowing chastity and poverty, and enduring every privation and disgrace—not patiently, merely, but joyfully—because He who had borne the cross had suffered still more sorely! They knew nothing of vicarious repentance, and they fought the hardest of all battles, planted firmly on their own feet. The man who cannot appreciate these brave souls is either ignorant of history, or forgets—at a time which is too much inclined to regard the tangible and material as the only essential element

[1] Singular, rahib.

[2] A pupil of Anthony. He sprinkled "holy water on the horses of his party, and enabled Christianity to outrun Paganism in the hippodrome at Gaza."—Sharpe's "History of Egypt," p. 519.

[3] One of Egypt, the other of Alexandria. All lived about A.D. 370.

[4] Martyred A.D. 414.

[5] About A.D. 469.

of life—that we, at the present day, are still enjoying that "glimpse of the supernatural" which the Church of the Middle Ages shed over science, and which we can hardly regard as the most ignoble of those stars that rose in the East, of which the proverb speaks.[1]

GIRGEH.

Palestine was the cradle of Christianity, Alexandria her school. She expiated in the cells and monasteries of the Nile her days of youthful extravagance and excess. "In Egypt," writes one who knows this period well, "all religious life touched one of two extremes; escaping, after a severe struggle, from the bigotry of Paganism, the Egyptian knew no bounds in his recoil against it, and believed that he must devote himself to the new faith in a sense analogous to the symbolic and abject cultus of his forefathers." In Egypt Pachomius,[2] the first founder of a religious order, ventured to require the monks who attached themselves to him—in number much above a thousand—wholly to sever themselves from their towns and families, and to submit to his strict rule. The first nuns assembled round his sister. Similar orders were instituted on the Nile by Orus, Anuph, Serapion, and others, and the lives of the monks were spent in coarse handiwork and prayer, far from

[1] Ex Oriente Lux.

[2] About A.D. 469.

WRITING-ROOM AT GIRGEH.

all spiritual activity, devoted only to personal salvation. Religion became a passion, and history witnesses how stiff-necked and warlike this people could be—though long-suffering above all others under the tyranny of its rulers—as soon as

A KOPTIC WOMAN.

any attempt was made to touch even a tenet of its faith. Through thousands of conflicts all those Egyptians who have not adopted Islam have remained Monophysites, and the same Koptic Litany which was used in lonely hiding-places during the persecutions is sung to this day at divine service by the priests. Between Siout —where the largest Koptic church exists—and Thebes there is now the most extensive Koptic population in the whole of the Khedive's dominions, and at Girgeh,

which we are now nearing, we shall have an opportunity of assisting at the sacrament of the Eucharist as solemnised by our Koptic fellow-Christians in the church of St. George—to whom the town owes its name.

Near the fine mosque on the Nile bank—which, however, will probably ere long fall a victim to the force and rapidity of the current—we quit the dahabeeyeh, for the sailors wish to take the opportunity of baking a fresh batch of bread, Girgeh being exactly half-way between Cairo and Assouan. A friend at Cairo has entrusted us with a present for a Kopt who is concerned in the administration of the Mudeereeyeh, and with it we have a letter of introduction. We find him in his writing-room or office at the Government House; the window opens on to a view of the Nile and the Arabian range, which here assumes a very striking outline. The Mudere of the province has transferred his residence from Girgeh to Sohag, and his divan, or council, resides there with him, presided over in his absence by his representative, a Wekeel. Our Koptic acquaintance is one of the accountants, and we learn from him that his colleagues, the actuaries and collectors, are also of the Christian faith. He kindly offers himself as our guide, shows the modest bazaars, and then, at our request, accompanies us to the keneeseh, or Koptic church. Service has already begun when we cross the forecourt and enter that portion of the venerable building which is reserved to the men. The women are separated from them by a trellis, resembling that of a mashrebeeyeh window; the *heykel*, or holy of holies, is shut in by a wall decorated with hangings and pictures; there are two very bad but very old pictures of the Virgin and of St. George, and the altar is within this sanctum.

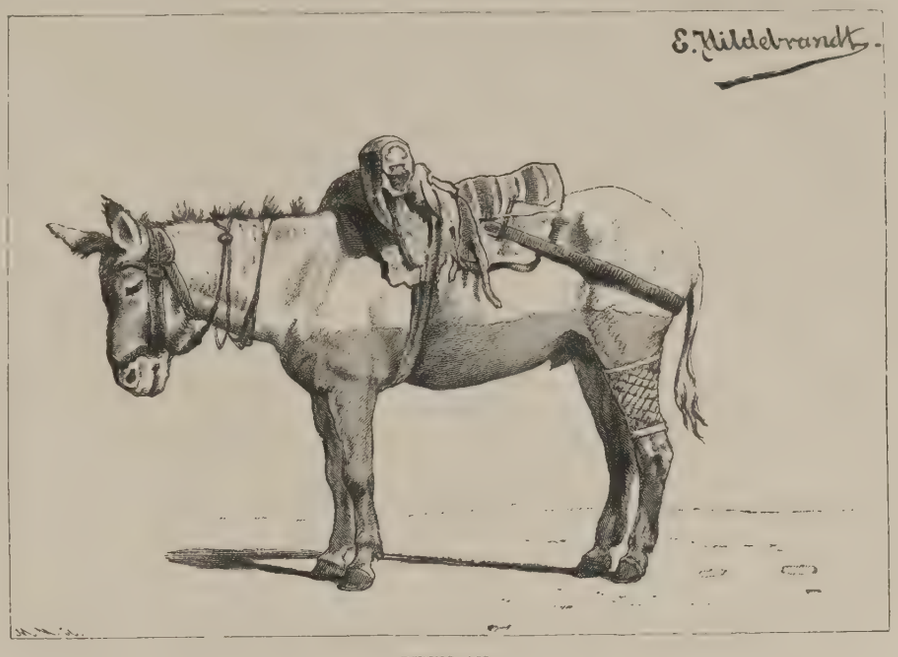
INTERIOR OF A KOPTIC CHURCH.

Most of the worshippers have grave, kind faces, less sharply cut and of a lighter shade of brown than those of the Arabs, and they are dressed in dark colours; it is rare to see a turban of any shade but blue or black. The first time we enter a keneeseh we are shocked to see so large a number of men supporting themselves on crutches, but we are relieved to learn that the Kopt, who is obliged to stand all through a service that is often interminably long, uses these supports to save himself from being worn out with fatigue. Our companion kisses the priest's hand,

as does each one that comes in, bends the knee before the pictures of the saints, and then remains standing near us among his co-religionists, who pay so little heed to the service that they eagerly discuss all sorts of worldly business; but in fact the Koptic chant is understood by none of the congregation, and only in a very few instances by the priests, and it is performed solely and entirely by a few clerks and schoolboys. In the women's division of the church, where many faces of great beauty may be seen, the chattering and squabbling are so loud that even individual voices and words can be distinguished, and when at last a child begins to cry, the priest is obliged to make a raid upon them, and command silence.

We are beginning to envy our neighbour the use of his crutch; for although the odious medley of gossip, singing, and bell-tinkling, which the Kopts call divine service, had begun fully two hours before we arrived, we have stood through more than an hour of it before the chief ceremonies begin. The high-priest, a fine-looking old man, now comes out of the heykel, and walks about among the congregation, swinging a censer, and laying his hand on the head of those nearest to him—on ours among others. Nothing approaching to sincere devotion is to be seen in any faces but those which bow under this favour; and, indeed, what is more worthy of veneration than an old man's blessing? Still, not a Kopt quits the church; for the Lord's Supper is administered—in a way, indeed, which it is painful to remember. Instead of wafer, small cakes stamped with a Koptic cross ✠ are distributed, and the priest, after washing his hands, partakes of the bread and wine both together, breaking the bread into the wine and eating the sop with a spoon. He also offers a spoonful to such of the laymen as are near the heykel. Finally, that no particle may be lost of the sacred elements that represent the body and blood of Christ, the priest fills the cup with water, rinses it round, and after pouring it over his hands, drinks it up. Verily, as this unclean fluid is to pure wine, so is Koptic Christianity to the other creeds of Christendom. Before we quit the keneeseh alms are collected for the poor, and we also are expected to give. I took no part in the love-feast, which closed the ceremony, and which, in the early days of Christianity, was so full of sacred fellowship and significance. I assisted at it once at Luksor, and saw my fellow-Christians buy fresh bread, hot from the oven, and share it amid much bargaining and quarrelling. On that occasion a brawl took place in front of the church, and was particularly horrible as occurring in such a spot. But, alas! these communities have retained little of Christianity but the name, and though their members fast most conscientiously, and devote more time to the services of the Church than any other sect, the true spirit of their faith is wholly wanting, and it is not surprising that, in Upper Egypt particularly, all the noblest and best elements of the Koptic community have been diverted and absorbed into other confessions. The American Missionary Society —a Presbyterian body from the United States—has been particularly active and successful among them, and there is hardly a town in Upper Egypt where they have not succeeded in winning over many Monophysite Christians to evangelical orthodoxy,

in forming a congregation, and establishing schools. At Koos, south of Keneh, which we shall shortly reach, the whole Koptic community, with their priest—a venerable old man, whose personal acquaintance I had the honour of making—went over to the Protestant confession. The Roman Catholic Propaganda has been no less zealous among them, but less successful. At Girgeh there is an ancient monastery, with a few monks who adhere to the Latin Church. The largest Romanist community is at Negadeh, between Keneh and Thebes, living side by side with Kopts and evangelical Protestants; and one of the most delightful surprises I ever experienced I owe to the church bells sent out to them from Europe. Delightful and never-to-be-forgotten are their beautiful tones, as I heard them here one evening, after having for months been a stranger to the sound that calls the Christian to worship. It was Christmas Eve, during a magnificent sunset, and their solemn harmony sounded far and wide, and like a greeting from home in my startled and eager ear.[1]



RIDING ASS.

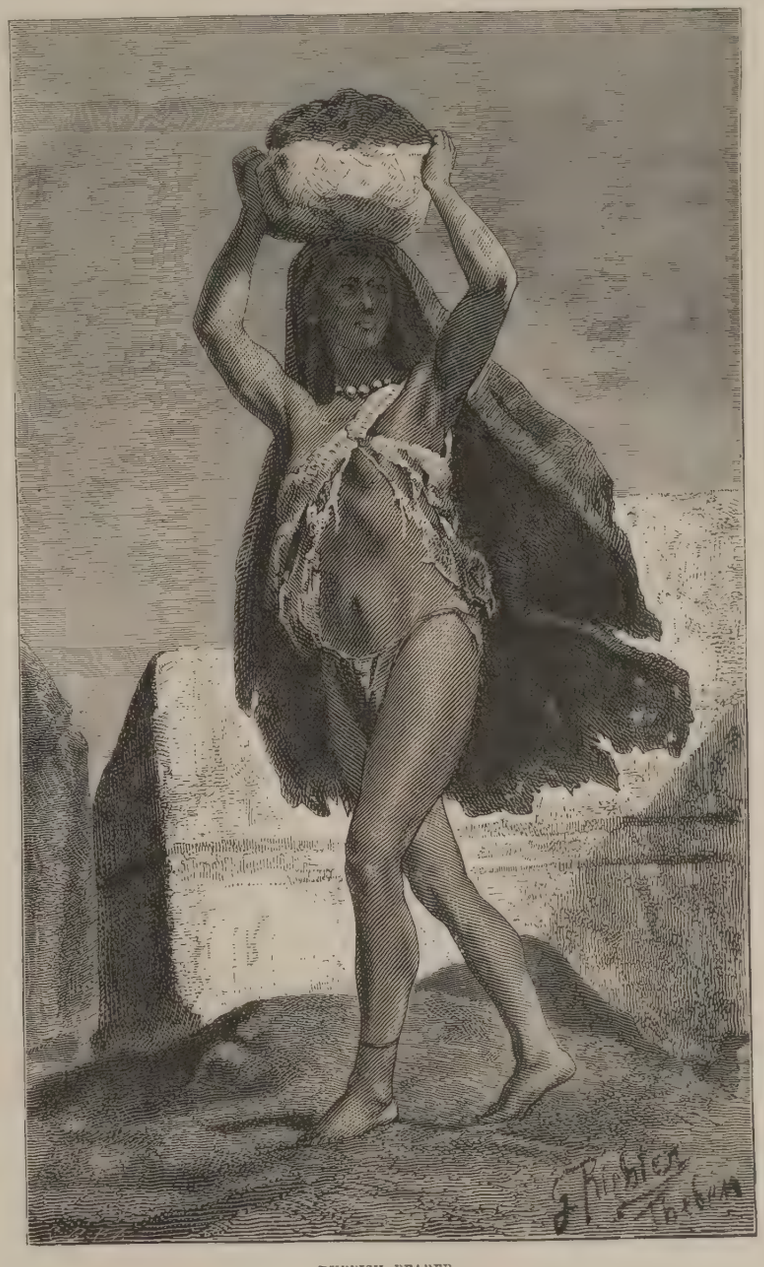
PIGEONS DRINKING.

After service our friend guides us through the narrow streets — where many delightful pictures of humble life strike our fancy—and home to his own house; he invites us to a dinner which the women of the house are not permitted to share, and instead of wine he gives us very good date-brandy, which our fellow-Christians on the Nile are apt to enjoy somewhat too freely. The finest European vintages are to be met

[1] The service, which is performed in the Koptic—now a dead language—and Arabic, often lasts for three hours, the congregation beginning by paying their homage to pictures of saints and the Virgin. There is a frequent celebration of the Eucharist, which is administered in both kinds; and on Palm Sunday basins of water are consecrated, in which the congregation dip palms, and the wreaths made of them are used as amulets for a year. Fasts are common; the ordination of priests, and exposition of the body of the defunct patriarch attended with exciting demonstrations.

BUFFALOES WATERED IN THE NILE.

with at the tables of the rich Kopts, and of these there are many, not only in Cairo and Alexandria, but in Upper Egypt, and particularly at Girgeh. A Koptic household is conducted precisely like an Arab one; the women and children live apart from the men, in their own rooms, and the reverence which the fathers exact from their children is so great that the sons never venture to dine at the same table with their parent till they are married men.



RUBBISH BEARER.

Next day I rode, through the perfumed freshness of an Egyptian winter's morning, to the famous ruins of the ancient Abydos, mounted on a fine and artistically-shorn ass, the property of my new acquaintance. The steamboat passengers generally make this excursion from Beliâneh, which is somewhat nearer, and not from Girgeh; but this is a mistake, for a European will derive great enjoyment on a fine day—and in these latitudes it hardly ever rains—from a ride through the highly-cultivated country, and the large villages with their huge pigeon-houses. In the villages reside the magistrates (Sheikh el beled) in really fine houses; and such a ride will allow of his becoming better acquainted with "the granary of Egypt," and with the characteristic methods of tillage and irrigation here, than in any other part of the Nile valley. Even in this favoured district there is no lack of miserable hovels, of rubbish heaps and filth; but though we turn with disgust from the neglect of the peasant, who leaves the carcases of dead beasts in the village high street, to be devoured by the dogs and vultures, in another place we shall be filled with sincere admiration for the industry, the cleverness, and the perseverance of these men and women, who grow up untaught and undisciplined, but who so well under-

stand the value and management of their water supply, and to resist its inroads, as to have constructed the dyke along which we ride, and at the same time the thousand rivulets which intersect the fields, and the water-wheels, with their buckets, which stand by the margin of the larger canals. In a spacious and well-built farm belonging to a rich Kopt, we find an official in the act of counting the stock of horses, camels, buffaloes, asses, and sheep, and it almost looks as if they might vie in number with those of the "man in the land of Uz," whose "substance was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she asses, and a very great household." Unfortunately, the enormous herds of buffaloes have been of late years greatly reduced. They were formerly watched in troops by the fellah boys, and ridden into the Nile by women, but the pressing demand for cotton during the American war, and the introduction of new breeds of cattle, have led to their diminution. A ride of scarcely two hours brings us to the borders of the Desert, and to the village of Arabat-el-Madfooneh, which nestles under a palm-grove on the very margin of the Libyan waste. Near the very first houses we detect the traces of the labours of the great "excavator," Mariette, for we meet men, women, and children loaded with the precious dust, thickly mixed with natron, which they procure from the ancient site of Abydos, and carry in baskets on their heads, or load on to the backs of asses, as an invaluable manure for the fields. We dismount before the indefatigable Frenchman's house—which serves as a temporary museum for the smaller objects that have lately been dug out from the sand—and then visit the sites of the ancient This, the oldest city of Egypt, and of Abydos, one of its most sacred. If the Asiatic race, to which the Nile valley owed its primitive and most wonderful culture, came to Africa—as I believe—across Arabia and the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, travelling at first westwards, and then moving northwards, no more eligible spot could have offered itself for the foundation of a fortified capital than the broad, open valley which was sheltered by the Libyan range from the sand of the Desert, and at a safe distance from the inundation of the river, while in front of it, spreading eastward, lay a wide plain, easy to irrigate, and unsurpassed in extent by any strip of arable land on the shores of the Nile south of the Delta. Probably the immigrant hordes found here an indigenous population, subjugated them, and appropriated their women as soon as they had established themselves on the soil. In no other way can we explain the physical resemblance of the Egyptians to the original inhabitants of North Africa, which have been called the "handsome families" of the Ethiopian races; but on the other hand, no one—not even Robert Hartmann, who has attempted, and with much cleverness, to establish the idea that the Egyptians were an indigenous African race—has been able to explain in any other way how it is that the form of the skulls of the subjects of the Pharaohs, which are well known from mummies, at the remotest periods, approach most nearly to the Caucasian type, while those of later time are more decidedly Ethiopian; why, on the earliest monuments, the women, who are less exposed to the burning rays of the sun, are represented with a fair and yellowish skin; whence it comes that not individual roots and inflexions only, but the whole spirit of the Egyptian language, is closer to the Semitic than to any other family; and finally, how it happens that of all

the other national races of Africa, not one besides the Egyptian possessed those qualities of enduring laboriousness, intelligent subordination, scientific inventiveness, and strong artistic instinct, which are the outcome of a bent and capacity of the soul and intellect that characterise none but the races of Asiatic origin, and which we should seek for in vain among any other of the native races of Northern Africa.

The whole Nile valley and the indigenous population south of the Delta were first subjugated by the invading race, and their princes established their residence at This—Abydos. The first of these kings, according to every chronicler known to us, was Menes, or Mena, a native of This.[1] Mariette's excavations have brought to light monuments of this ancient city from the superincumbent soil of fragments, and these must be of an antiquity equal to that of the oldest discoveries in the Necropolis of Memphis.[2] The city of This, of which the ruins lie somewhat to the north of Abydos, was the centre of all political life in the valley of the Nile, and the seed-bed of the strange and characteristic religion of the Pharaonic era. The immigrants were probably adherents of Sabæan creeds — worshippers of the sun, the moon, and the brighter stars—when they settled by the Nile, which also they soon learned to worship as divine; but, be this as it may, when once they were settled the religious instincts of the people took a different form in every district in the country. The god Ptah, of Memphis, stands at the head of the oldest series of divinities; at This Osiris was worshipped, and with him Shu and Tefnut, the children of the Sun; still, Lepsius is right when he says that every advance in the religious and philosophical doctrines of the Egyptians was intimately connected with the worship of Osiris at Abydos, and that this city was the birthplace of every national and mythological (religious) movement which was gradually diffused, and overspread the whole country.

ISIS, OSIRIS, AND HORUS.

Osiris, the lord of Abydos, was also the centre and crown of those Egyptian doctrines of immortality which were so elaborately developed at Thebes at the height of its glory,[3] and so he continued to be down to the time of the Roman emperors, and even when the Egyptian temples were beginning to be emptied of worshippers, and the first Christian communities were beginning to be formed. The beautiful myth of Osiris and Isis, as related by Plutarch and confirmed by the monuments, grew up by degrees on the soil of Abydos where its hero was worshipped, and was not complete certainly till a somewhat late date. There can be no more appropriate spot for repeating it than here, while standing by the most sacred of all the tombs of Osiris.

[1] His date: 5004 B.C., Mariette; 3982 B.C., Lepsius; 2700 B.C., Wilkinson.

[2] Consisting of nearly 2,000 objects, a catalogue of which was published in 1881.

[3] Osiris was also worshipped at Memphis at the earliest period, and the numerous inscriptions recently found in the pyramids of Sakkarah by M. Maspéro are all connected with the myth of Osiris and the gods of the circle of Osiris, Seb, or Saturn; his father, Nut or Rhea; his mother, Anubis; Thoth; the constellation Orion; and the Dog-star. Three of the pyramids of Merenra, named Haremsaf, published by Brugsch-Pacha in the *Zeitschrift für Ægyptische Sprache*, 1881, March, mention a tree of life and the immortality of the soul.

Osiris, conjointly with Isis, who was his sister and wife, was king over the Nile Valley, gave it laws, and taught the world, which he journeyed all over, the arts of peace. At a feast after his return he allowed himself to be persuaded by his hostile brother Typhon to lie down in a chest which was ready for the purpose. Hardly had he got into it, when seventy-two conspirators, the accomplices of Typhon, flung down the lid, locked it, nailed it down and tied it up, and threw it with its living contents into the Tanitic mouth of the Nile, which carried it into the sea. It was

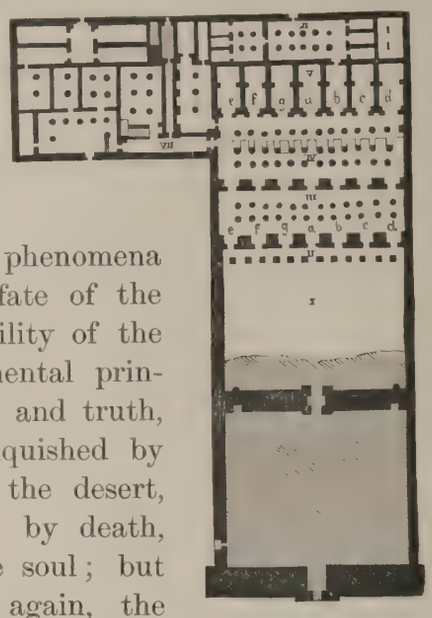
GREAT HALL OF ABYDOS. [*c* III. KEY OF THE PLAN.]

borne to Byblos, on the Phœnician coast, and stranded close to an Erica shrub (a heath). The noble plant quickly grew round the chest, and became such a magnificent tree that the king of Byblos afterwards caused it to be cut down, and used as a beam to prop up his house. Meanwhile Isis travelled all over the country in search of her husband, found his coffin, revealed herself to the royal owner, removed the chest from the Erica, lifted it, weeping, on to her shoulders, and bore it away in a ship. As soon as she reached Egypt, and was in solitude, she opened the chest, and laid her face, bathed in tears, on that of her dead husband, and kissed him. At last she quitted the body to seek her son Horus, who was brought up in Buto, and to rouse him to vengeance. During her absence Typhon discovered the corpse, tore it into fourteen pieces, and strewed them all over the Nile valley. As soon as Isis learned this she

BANK OF THE NILE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ABYDOS.

gathered together the beloved fragments, and wherever she found one she erected a monument to her husband. Hence, as some say, there are many tombs of Osiris in Egypt, but others assert that all the limbs of Osiris were laid together in one place, and that Isis erected monuments where she found them only to mislead Typhon when he should endeavour to discover the real tomb. The most important of these tombs, even under the Pharaohs, was that of Abydos, where the head of Osiris was said to be buried.

While Isis was lamenting for her husband, and attending to his obsequies, Osiris had remained in the under world, and his son Horus had strengthened and armed himself for revenge. A furious struggle took place between him and Typhon, which lasted four days, and resulted in the overthrow of Typhon. Horus gave over the foe in bonds to his mother, Isis; she, however, granted him his life, and was re-united to her husband, Osiris.[1]



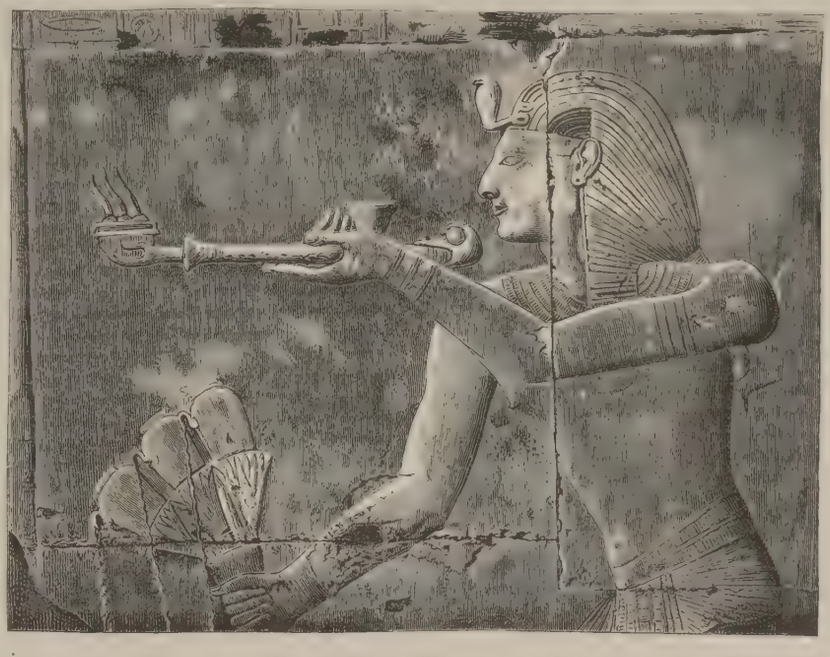
PLAN OF THE TEMPLE OF OSIRIS.

Under the image of a husband and wife, this pretty legend very subtly represents the course of the phenomena of Nature in Egypt—the circuit of the sun, and the fate of the human soul. The inundation of the Nile, and the fertility of the earth, the illuminating power of the sun, the fundamental principles of human life, the ultimate triumph of goodness and truth, as figured by Osiris, are apparently assailed and vanquished by Typhon—that is, by drought and the encroachments of the desert, by the darkness of night, mists, clouds, and storms, by death, by lies, and all the evil and restless stirrings of the soul; but as soon as the diminished flow of the river swells again, the young crops grow green, a new sun lights and cheers the world, and disperses the mists, the human soul rises again in the other world to a new and everlasting life, truth triumphs over falsehood, and good conquers evil. Horus has overthrown Typhon, avenged his father, and restored him to his throne. Isis, the mother, is the feminine, and sympathetic element, formative, not begetting, the conceiving element of Plato, overflowing with love for the first and highest essence, which is goodness itself, though it must use that which is base and evil as its material and vehicle, even while it hates and shuns it. In this myth of the Divine family, which is amply illustrated by the monuments, every Egyptian saw a figurative representation of the fate of his own soul, and every dying man believed in a resurrection like that of the risen god. No wonder, then, that the grave of Osiris attracted all the pious souls in the country, and that devout princes and citizens commanded that their bodies should be brought to Abydos to be consecrated or interred under the shadow of the sanctuary. The vast cemeteries in which Mariette Pacha found graves of every period of Egyptian history from the very latest up to that of the

[1] Plutarch de Iside. The principal facts are scattered through the hieroglyphical texts, and have been given by M. Lefèbure, *Le Mythe Osirien*. In hieroglyphs Typhon is called Set. Many other interpretations have been given of this myth.

builders of the Pyramids, are the asylums where the dead, who were always conveyed by water, hoped to find eternal rest.

The celebrated Temple of Abydos which was consecrated to this purpose, was built by Seti I. It is near the village of Arabat el Madfooneh, and in 1859 Mariette undertook the difficult task of disinterring the western portion, which was entirely covered by the detritus from a hill of the Libyan chain.[1] El Madfooneh means "the buried." Did the village of Arabat acquire this name from its ruined buildings, or from its association with the grave of Osiris.[2]



SETI I. OFFERING INCENSE AND A LIBATION.

Most of the Egyptian temples are built on the same ground-plan, which I will presently lay before the reader, but the Temple of Abydos deviates from it completely; the forecourt and pylons which lead up to its main entrance are destroyed, but the interior of the temple is wonderfully preserved, and still deeply impresses the beholder. Seven chapels, all side by side (V., *e—d*) form the centre and core of the structure, and each of these must be regarded as a special sanctuary. The sanctuaries of Abydos were roofed over with well-rounded arches hewn out of blocks of stone, just as the large stone sarcophagi were covered with lids hollowed out on the inner side, and intended to represent the starry heaven that bends over the world and over the dead. At the farther end of each a hollow niche may be seen where stood formerly a statue of the Divinity, and in the door-post the holes are still visible to which the hinges of the brazen doors were fixed. In each of these sanctuaries a great god was especially worshipped. In the centre one (*a*) it was Amon, whom we shall hear more of in Thebes; to his left (*e—g*) were Harmachis, the god of Heliopolis, Ptah of Memphis, and the king, Ra, being the earthly personification of the sun-god; to his right (*b—d*), Osiris, Isis, and Horus. These shrines lay outside the sepulchre of Osiris, which has not hitherto been discovered, any more than the shaft to which Strabo descended through a vaulted way. This tomb itself was the end and object of the voyages of the dead, and of the pilgrims who came from Upper and Lower Egypt to visit this, the most famous of the graves of Osiris. Seven doors, all walled

[1] Published by Mariette, in his work, *Abydos*, two vols., folio with plans and inscriptions.

[2] After the XVIIIth Dynasty, B.C. 1400, every deceased Egyptian was called "Osiris," or "Osirian"—*i.e.*, in the same condition as Osiris.

up but one (*e—d*, III.) led into the temple through the two vast pillared halls, which must be passed through (III. and IV.) to reach the sanctuary. In the first

FORECOURT WITH PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE OF ABYDOS. [II. OF THE PLAN.]

hall the ceiling was supported by twenty-four columns, and in the second, which was larger and finer, by thirty-six. In the former there were four, and in the latter six

TABLET OF KINGS AT ABYDOS.

groups of six, and the ways left open between these groups of columns led straight up to the door of the sanctuary, as did those between the outer columns and the wall.

The visitor who desired to approach the chapel of Amon through the centre opening saw, to the right and to the left, and wherever his eyes might turn, nothing but pictures and inscriptions, all concerning Amon, while any one approaching the sanctum of Osiris between the rows of pillars to the right, saw nothing but what referred to the ruler of the nether world; and each of the roads leading up towards the seven vaulted chapels, at the farther end of the second great hall, was richly decorated on the same principle.

Many were the ceremonies to which the devotee was subjected who desired to be admitted to these sacred halls, which no unsanctified or uninitiated layman—as the inscriptions tell us—was permitted to approach. None but the highest priests and the king might enter the inner sanctuary, while the processions waited in the outer hall, and gazed with pious awe at the ceremonies performed in the vaulted chambers. No song, no music of flute or harp, might ever be heard in this temple, which was erected as a kenotaph, or honorary monument, by Seti I., probably on the site of a more ancient sanctuary, for we are told of such a restoration in inscriptions of the XIIth Dynasty. His body rests in Thebes; but his name was to be preserved near the head of Osiris, here at Abydos, with those of his forefathers, that he might here receive, under the auspices of the god with whom his spirit was united, the reverence and sacrifices of his descendants. The mummy was probably brought to Abydos,[1] and placed in front of the holy of holies—at any rate, the inscriptions tell us that the priests had to make the circuit of every chapel, to perform thirty-six ceremonies, to recite sacred litanies, to raise the veils that shrouded the statues of the gods, to dress them with scarfs, wreaths, and garments, and to worship and do them homage in very definitely prescribed spots. The space behind the seven sanctuaries was the scene of much preparation; and this seems to have been most indispensable for the services performed in the chapel at Osiris, since it is only from that one chapel that a door leads into the hall with ten columns adjoining it at the back (VI.) and several rooms connected with it. On the columns and walls of both the great halls the Pharaoh is represented bowing forward to pour out a libation to the gods, burning incense, or kneeling to receive their gifts —the attributes of sovereignty or the symbols of the highest joys of life. These representations are in low relief, executed with unsurpassable care in a fine-grained limestone. Seti's face is always given as a portrait, not in any way idealised, and his likeness to his son—Rameses II.—(Vol. I. p. 100), is unmistakable. Every sculpture of his time bears the stamp of careful finish; but soon after his death the great masters who here handled the chisel in his service seemed to have ceased to work, for the numerous reliefs of the time of Rameses II., preserved in the first hall and the outer hall, where twelve pillars support the roof—both pictures and hieroglyphics—are far behind those of Seti's reign as works of art. He survived the completion of the general planning and erection of his kenotaph in the rough,

[1] The sarcophagus of Seti I., of fine alabaster, covered with inscriptions relating to the sun's passage through the Hades, is in the Soane Museum in London. The mummy has been just discovered in a gallery made by the XXIst Dynasty, near the Deir-el-Bahari, in a good state of preservation, and in one wooden mummy case with an inscription in "hieratic" recording that it had been deposited there during a foreign invasion in the reign of Her-hor, about B.C. 1100. First published by Duemichen in the *Zeitschrift für Ægyptische Sprache*, 1862.

CAMEL MARKET.

as is proved by the wooden braces, in the form of swallows' tails, which were intended to strengthen the connection of the blocks of stone, and which are all marked with his name. On the other hand, Seti must have left the larger portion of the interior decorations of this magnificent structure to his successor, and how that son acquitted himself of his task he has recorded for posterity in a great inscription, which is preserved on the inner wall of the fore-hall (II.), and which I will refer to again on a later page.

Though Mariette, and Mariette alone, deserves the credit of having cleared this noble edifice from sand, we owe the discovery of the most important of all the documents yet found on Egyptian soil to the learning of Professor J. Duemichen of Strasburg. It consists of the long series of names of all the legitimate and

GROUP OF GAZELLES.

acknowledged Pharaohs who had ruled over Egypt up to the time of the builder of the kenotaph of Abydos, and was found in one of the southern side chambers. (VII.) of the temple of Seti. Just as the head of some noble house in our day might stand in the ancestral hall of his castle, and gaze at the portraits of his forefathers, so Seti, with his son and successor, stand before this list of names; the father sacrifices before them with incense, while the son approaches them with songs of praise.

Some time previously another similar tablet[1] had been found, among the ruins of the kenotaph which Rameses II. built for himself to the north of his father's, with all the most costly materials—granite, alabaster, graywacke, and limestone from Mokattam. This list contained sixteen perfect names, and six injured ones; a larger one had been found at Sakkarah, with thirty-nine perfect cartouches, and

[1] By Cailliaud in 1822, now in the British Museum.

only three damaged; but that discovered by Duemichen includes seventy-six cartouches, beginning with Mena, the first king of Egypt, and ending with Seti. The immense importance of this monument in restoring the long catalogue of sovereigns who ruled over the valley of the Nile is at once evident, but it derives its great practical value from the list of Pharaohs which has come down to us as the work of Manetho, a native of Sebennytus (now Semmenood). He, being a learned priest, and equally familiar with Greek and Egyptian, compiled it for

A SPRING IN THE DESERT.

Ptolemy Philadelphus, who desired to learn the early history of the land of which he—the son of a Macedonian—found himself the ruler. The history of Manetho has been lost, all but a few fragments, but his list of kings was preserved by Christian chroniclers, and it can now be verified and restored by the help of the list at Abydos.[1]

The name of *Memnonium,* which was given by the Greeks to the temple of Osiris at Abydos, I will discuss when I speak of Thebes, where it was also used.

On the road back to the dahabeeyeh we meet a large caravan from the oases of the Libyan desert, bringing fresh dates (there are 65,000 fruit-bearing palms in the

[1] Manetho flourished some time between B.C. 294—246.

single oasis of el Khargeh), natron (native soda), and large bowls turned out of a single piece of wood, which come from Darfoor, and find a ready sale among the fellaheen and boatmen.

Since the residence of the Mudeer has been removed from Girgeh to Sohag, where a great camel market is held, most of the caravans proceeding to the oasis of el Khargeh prefer to start from Sohag.

The western oases run north and south, parallel to the course of the Nile, like a duplicate or outskirt of its fertile valley, broken up by broad belts of desert; but

THE MIRAGE.

until very recently nothing accurate or satisfactory was known about them, though they are divided from the Nile towns by no more than five days' journey across the desert. Lately, however, G. Rohlfs and his companions, in their expedition into the Libyan desert, have made us acquainted with them, with the ocean of sand in which they lie like islands, with their primitive condition of society, and with the plants and animals inhabiting them, from the hyæna and gazelle to the fossil marine remains preserved in the soil. The monuments existing in the oases themselves, and of which copies are now in the possession of every student, give us information upon the earliest history of the oases. The ancient remains of el Khargeh were examined by Brugsch on a subsequent journey, and admirably treated by him; and his researches, with those of Duemichen, enriched our knowledge of ancient geography by the discovery of the names given to each oasis in Pharaonic times. *Uit* was their general

designation, and this means the concealed or enclosed, probably in allusion to the desert surrounding them. Later they were called *uah*, or plantations, whence the Koptic *uch*, or *uahe*, a dwelling or settlement, from which the Greek *oasis* is derived. The kings of Egypt took possession of these desert islands at an early period, and appointed governors to rule them. Thothmes II., one of the early kings of the XVIIIth dynasty, who expelled the Hyksos from the Valley of the Nile, erected a temple here to the Egyptian gods; but the finest of the monuments preserved in

1100.

the oases date from the period of Darius I., king of Persia. The two other kings of this name, both surnamed "the Great," restored the sanctuaries founded by the son of Hystaspes,[1] and they were kept up with care till the time of Trajan.[2] As, at a later period, the Romans and Byzantines banished heretics to the oases—for instance, Nestorius, the bishop, who was sent to Hibis, *i.e.*, el Khargeh—so the Pharaohs used them as a place of exile for personages held to be suspicious on political grounds; and Christian graves and ecclesiastical buildings prove that the citizens of the oases, whose culture is highly lauded by Olympiodorus, were principally Christians before

[1] Darius I. Hystaspes, or Darius I., B.C. 521—485, and Darius II., or Nothos, B.C. 425—405.

[2] The fullest and most recent accounts of the oasis is that of Brugsch Pacha. There is another by Professor Duemichen. It has been often visited by travellers, as Cailliaud, Von Minutoli, and Edmondson; but the journey of Brugsch Pacha and his work gave the first scientific and Egyptological description.

FELLAHEEN RIDING TO MARKET.

the incursion of Islam. At the present day they are almost without exception Mohammedans, and the sect of the Senoofees is active among them, and intent on inflaming and stirring up their fanaticism and intolerance.

Wheat, barley, rice, and clover, cotton, and indigo shrubs, date and doom palms lemon, orange, and fig trees, and the Sont acacia, all flourish in the oases. The vine, which yielded a noble juice in the time of the Pharaohs, is now grown only for the sake of grapes for eating; and in the great oasis of el Khargeh, which has 6,000 inhabitants, this luxurious vegetation is watered from 150 springs, whose waters are diverted into numberless channels. This island in the desert, called by the Greeks Hibis, would seem to have been intimately connected with Abydos in former times, both religiously and politically, for the same governor ruled them both. In the Temple of Heb—*i.e.*, Khargeh—built by Darius, which was especially dedicated to the gods of Thebes, the children of the sun, Shu and Tefnut, who were the gods of This, were also worshipped, and the mysteries of Osiris were performed in the upper storey of the Temple, which none but priests were permitted to enter. The five hymns to Amon engraved in stone, with which Darius decorated this temple, come down from an earlier period, and we shall have the opportunity of studying them when we visit the monuments of Thebes.[1]

Few readers would thank us for leading them from one oasis to another across the thirstiest region of the Sahara; and though, even in this wide waste, the details of a desert journey are not devoid of pictures of natural beauty, of camping scenes, and exciting incidents, well suited to the pencil of the artist, no artist has hitherto penetrated into the Libyan desert. In other parts of the Sahara, on the other hand, caravans are frequent; and their camels drinking at the wells, the Bedaween on foot or on horseback, the black-eyed girls and active youths, and, above all, the wonderful phenomenon of atmospheric refraction known as the "Fata Morgana" or mirage, have all been painted, and more than one spirited traveller[2] has given a vivid verbal picture of the waste that divides the oases. It has been proved, too, that the Libyan desert, before it assumed its present aspect, was covered by an ocean, that the waves of a vast sea moulded these shallow basin-shaped hollows and the dry torrent-beds (Wadees) with worn and rounded margins which are everywhere met with, and piled up the heaps of sand and pebbles, which occur in abundance, washing away the soil, and leaving the strange island-like "witnesses." These "witnesses" give the part of the desert which immediately surrounds the oases a quite peculiar character. On the way from Sioot to Farafra, G. Rohlfs and his party passed a dripping cavern, with stalactites from three to four feet long hanging from the roof, and then came upon a whole town of such formations, which had a quite fairy-like effect, exhibiting the forms of pillars, towers, obelisks, houses, pyramids—in short, to use Rohlf's own words, "every shape and aspect which imagination could attribute to them." They could not weary of gazing at this magical scene, where it was difficult to decide whether it was the work of men's hands or a sportive trick of Nature. A picturesque range of heights

[1] Translations have been published by Brugsch Pacha, and in the *Records of the Past*, viii. p. 135. They are pantheistic. Alexander the Great visited the oasis of Amon, and afterwards assumed the title of Son of Amon, about B.C. 334.

[2] Among them Zittel, the geologist.

runs north and south, and the scene is diversified by mountain passes, isolated groups of rocks, sandy dunes, and precipices where calcareous spars glitter in the sun like a crystal mirror or like clusters of diamonds; these vary the monotonous yellow-and-grey level of the desert, where, however, a great number of dwarfed plants and creeping creatures contrive to exist; while the bleaching bones of camels now and again in some perilous spot serve to show the traveller that he has not missed his way. A journey across the Sahara is no doubt a toilsome and anxious business, but the air of the desert is so pure and light that it is a pleasure merely to breathe; and how delicious is the rest, after a weary day's march, when evening cools the air, and stars innumerable look down from the clear sky on the wanderer's tent! I, even I, have crossed wide tracts of desert, and I count the hours of undisturbed musing, of still possession of Nature unbroken by a

A GIPSY TENT.

sound, and of beneficent repose that I have enjoyed there, as among the happiest of my life!

I have often heard the great African traveller Heinrich Barth declare that he never felt better or lighter-hearted than in the desert. On no other spot on earth may a man attain to a more perfectly collected mind, or to greater concentration of all his energies and faculties; and it is not mere accident that represents the founders of most Oriental religions as having received their revelations in the desert.

The fearless and proud Arabs of the western Sahara, on their swift high-bred horses, are rarely to be met with in the Libyan desert; on the contrary, the tribes living near the Nile, who escort travellers with their camels, as drivers or as servants, are a very wretched and by no means wild people. However, a more manly bearing, and greater feeling for independence distinguish them very conspicuously from the fellaheen, on whom they look down with great pride, calling themselves Arabs, in memory of the cradle of their race whence their more glorious

ancestors came into Egypt, and accommodating themselves with great difficulty to the fixed agricultural life of the descendants of the old Egyptians, who earn their bread in the sweat of their brow.

We re-embark from the shore near Belianeh, and sail on past Farshoot; we allow our Re'ees to carry a present to a famous saint, who lives in the town of Ho. We stop to visit a few ancient tombs in the Libyan range near Hasr-es-Sayâd, gaze with delight at the magnificent palm-groves which increase in size and beauty

A SELLER OF POTTERY.

as we proceed southwards, and finally run into the harbour of Keneh, the Kenopolis of the Greeks. Huge stacks of earthen pots and jars of every size, and a number of smoking kilns, show at once what is the principal business of the town and neighbourhood. Many walls, roofs, and pigeon-houses, are actually built of jars; and a little way from Girgeh we saw the first of those rafts of jars, by means of which pottery is conveyed from Keneh to Cairo. Here we may watch the construction of such a raft. It is made of large pots, placed mouth downwards, tied together, and then strengthened by the addition of a square wooden framework, with a strong tiller; this is loaded with a quantity of vessels of all kinds. Most of the plain porous jars and water-jugs used throughout Egypt have been manufactured at Keneh from the very earliest times; they are skilfully turned and

LANDED PROPRIETOR RETURNING FROM A PILGRIMAGE.

ornamented by hand, and were known in the time of the Pharaohs by a name still retained—*seer*, though the Arabic word *ballas* is now often used instead. The town is at about a quarter of an hour's ride from the harbour, and is the largest and handsomest in Upper Egypt next to Sioot; it is said to have a population of more than 10,000. There is a fearful magnificence about the house of the great Koptic merchant, Bishara, who is both French and German consul, for it lacks nothing of the decoration and splendour which the ingenuity of modern Arabic tastelessness can devise. The façade is covered with a perfect menagerie of beasts in red, orange, and yellow; and if it could be transported to a European town it

FELLAH FERRY BETWEEN KENEH AND DENDERA.

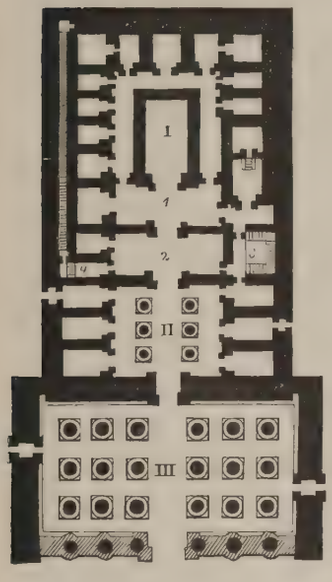
would be thought that some lucky schoolboy, with whole vats full of paint, had been turned loose to work his will upon it. Here it excites the most ardent admiration, and the Nile boatmen, and camel-drivers talk of it with rapture as they rest and gossip. In the reception room of this mansion M. Bishara not unfrequently invites guests to a "fantasia," as it is called—a performance of singing and dancing; and Keneh is particularly famous for its dancing and singing gipsy girls, known as Ghawazee, some of whom we have already seen at the fair at Tanta. They are collected out of the most wonderful caves, and tents, and open-air encampments. Many of the families whose daughters they are live in the vicinity of the cattle markets; their fathers frequently deal in horses, camels, and asses, and the demand for these beasts is considerable in Keneh, which has long since supplanted the ancient Koptos (now Kuft) as the starting-point of the caravans travelling from the Nile to the Red Sea and the harbour of Koseyr. In former times great quan-

tities of corn were exported from Egypt to Arabia by this route—of which I will give a fuller account when we make an expedition into the province of Ababdeh —but now the grain destined for Djiddah is more commonly sent round by Suez. The traffic between Keneh and Mecca is still very considerable at the season of the pilgrimage, for many pilgrims from Upper Egypt, Nubia, the Soodan, and the Mohammedan provinces of Central Africa, prefer the route by Keneh and Koseyr, and Djiddah is easily reached from that port by sailing or steam vessels. The pilgrims returning from their pious expedition are wont to abandon themselves in this gay city of pottery to an unbridled enjoyment of Oriental pleasures, and to discount very considerably the merit they have acquired by their dutiful visit to the Kaabah. Instead of wine a kind of mead is prepared here, and greatly relished ; it is a primitive means of intoxication made from honey. It is only the pilgrim accompanied by his harem who lives temperately, lingers no longer in Keneh than is absolutely necessary, and is welcomed home solemnly and affectionately by his relations and fellow-citizens.

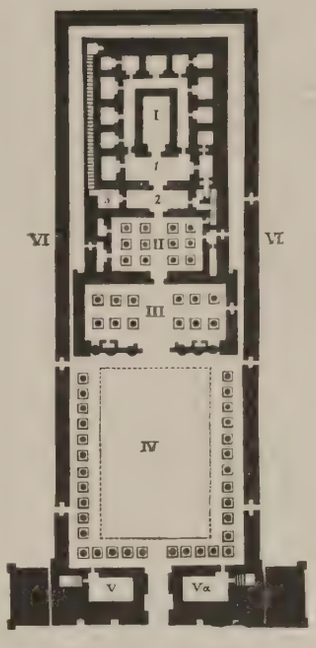
In the fair at Tanta we could trace a survival of the extravagant festivities of Bubastis ; and here at Keneh it is impossible not to refer the dissipated pleasures in which the pilgrims revel to the excesses practised in the worship of Hathor, whose temple at Dendera was just opposite to Keneh. That city—called Ta-en-tarer by the Egyptians, and Tentyris by the Greeks—has vanished from the earth, but the temple, where the "fair of face," the "golden" goddess was worshipped, is wonderfully well preserved—a fact which seems all the more extraordinary when we remember that it was close to Dendera that the first great communities of monks were formed, the sworn foes of all the works of the heathen.

A ferry barge will convey us and a few stragglers from a caravan across the river, asses and all, and after a brisk ride of rather more than an hour we alight in front of the beautiful and graceful Temple of Hathor, which enables us to become acquainted with the whole internal arrangement of an Egyptian temple in the minutest detail, and almost to be spectators of the worship of the goddess. The savants of the French expedition long ago described this wonderful and beautiful temple with admiration and delight. Its architects, it would seem, had inspiration from the genius of Greek art. We owe our full appreciation of its treasures in inscriptions, which cover every chamber, hall, and passage of this temple—nay, even the subterranean crypt—to the erudite Johannes Duemichen, who devoted himself repeatedly and for months at a time, to investigating them, and gave whole years of zealous and successful industry to studying this temple, and its twin brother, the Temple of Horus, at Edfoo. To him, too, we are indebted for a complete history of the building of this sanctuary, a comparatively late structure, though still of extreme antiquity, as derived from the inscriptions that cover its walls. The first plan for its erection was made, it would seem, under Cheops (Chufu), the builder of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, and not upon papyrus, but on the skin of an animal. The building was worked at during the second half of the old Empire, and down to the time of the XIIth Dynasty, which we have already heard much about at Beni Hasan ; and after the expulsion of the Hyksos Thothmes III. undertook its restoration. In the course of centuries it suffered so much dilapidation that it had to be rebuilt under the Ptolemies, and certainly earlier than Ptolemy X.

(Soter II.), whose name we find in a few of the series of hieroglyphics which cover the subterranean chambers. The later Ptolemies and the Roman emperors, down to Trajan, continued to add to its interior decoration and inscriptions. The latest of these is of the time of Trajan; and thus this temple, as we now see it, is in fact, a work of the later Greek and Roman rulers of Egypt. It may, nevertheless, be regarded as an example of an ancient Egyptian temple, for its ground-plan agrees exactly with that always adopted in the time of the Pharaohs; and a few architectural features which are wanting in the sanctuary of Hathor can be supplied by a reference to those of Edfoo and Thebes, of which the external portions are better preserved than those of Dendera. As regards the condition of its interior, no other temple is more perfect than this, and only that of Edfoo can at all compare with it.



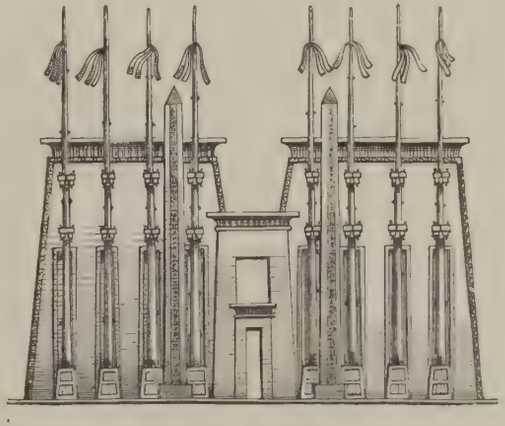
GROUND PLAN OF DENDERA.



GROUND PLAN OF EDFOO.

Here, as on every occasion of laying the foundation of a temple, the king, or his representative, had to perform certain prescribed ceremonies with particular implements. Duemichen, in his history of the Temple of Dendera, has given us an account of the most important. They are represented on the northern and southern walls of that temple in the same order in which they were performed. First of all, the boundaries of the site were marked off with a rope,[1] and then the kneading of the first brick out of the soil of the sacred enclosure was begun, the earth being mixed

PROPYLON AT DENDERA.


GATE WITH PROPYLON.

[1] This was called "stretching the rope" in the ancient inscriptions.

THE GREAT COURT OF HEAVEN, DENDERA.

with grains of incense and myrrh, and moistened with wine. The ceremony of strewing gravel, which then followed, seems to have been imitated by the Macedonian conqueror when he founded the city of Alexandria (Vol. I., p. 4). The fifth solemn office benefited the endowment of the Temple; it consisted in an offering made by the Pharaoh, of bricks made of precious metal and precious stones. At the sixth ceremony the Pharaoh laid the first stone, setting an upright block in its place with the help of a crowbar. The seventh was the purification of the Temple; the Pharaoh with his right hand strewed a handful of natron and grains of incense, prepared expressly for this purpose, between the statue of Hathor and the model of the temple. Finally came two ceremonies, which figured the offering or dedication of the temple to the Divinity. First (the eighth office), the king stretched out his right arm over the model which stood between him and the goddess; and then (the ninth and last of the ceremonies), he bent his right arm in protection over the model. This model has the form of a shrine crowned with a hollow cornice, and is the hieroglyphic sign for the general idea of a temple or sanctuary.

In all these ceremonies the king did not use the actual tools of the mason and labourer, but only elegant models of them, easy to handle, as our modern royalties use a silver trowel when they lay foundation-stones. Such miniature tools have been found, and are preserved in the museum at Leyden.[1] The structure was begun at the sanctuary, the Holy of Holies, the inmost core and centre of the whole building (I in the plan); then the crypts, and the passages and rooms adjoining the sanctuary were constructed. In front of the Holy of Holies came, first, two small halls (1 and 2) with side chambers, then a spacious hall (II) with a roof supported by six pillars; this opened into three rooms on each side, and, in front of all, the vast hypostyle (III), with twenty-four pillars, was erected the last. A straight flight of steps, and a winding stair both led to the roof, on which there were six rooms and an airy pavilion. It was usual to add to the hypostyle a paved court with a colonnade on two, three, or on all four sides—the peristyle—and this was done at Edfoo, of which also a plan is here laid before the reader (see the plan of Edfoo, IV). This extensive space was entered by the propyla (Edfoo, V and V*a*), huge door-posts, each consisting of a tower in the form of an oblong truncated pyramid. Between these was the gateway, and obelisks, and colossi were frequently erected near this great entrance, which was approached between two rows of sphinxes, that guarded the broad paved way along which processions passed, and this road was not unfrequently interrupted by large independent gateways, such as we call triumphal arches, built of stone.

At Dendera,[2] which was not finished till the time of the Roman emperors, who were far less liberal to the Egyptian priesthood than either the Pharaohs or the Ptolemies had been, the building had neither a peristyle nor propyla. However, Domitian and Trajan caused a propylon to be erected in front of the main entrance to the temple, and this remains well preserved to this day. It was decorated with tall wooden masts, of which the inscription states that they were tipped with

[1] Leeman's *Mon. Égypt. du Musée des Pays-Bas à Leide.* Models of those used by Thothmes III. on the occasion of erecting one of the pylons at Thebes, like those at Leyden, are in the British Museum. They are inscribed with the name of the monarch, and of the ceremony. Others are in the Museum of the Duke of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle.

[2] The temple of Dendera, plans, views, and inscriptions, have been published by Mariette.

copper[1] "to break the storms of heaven." Can it be, as Brugsch and Duemichen suppose, that these were in fact lightning conductors? The propylon, before which these remarkable poles were placed, interrupted a high enclosing wall of bricks of Nile mud, which formerly ran round the whole extent of the temple precincts, which were 300 mètres or about 900 feet square, and which was intended here, as in every other sanctuary of the Nile, to exclude the profane, not merely from setting foot on sacred ground, but from catching a glimpse of it. It is difficult to believe, but it is confirmed by many inscriptions, that the temples of Egypt, whose construction, maintenance, and endowment, made such vast claims on the powers and wealth of the people, were open only to a small number of the elect, but were absolutely impenetrable to the uninitiated and the common people. These last were only permitted to prostrate themselves on the temple highway before the great processions, when the god was carried abroad, and on certain festivals, after endless purifications, they were admitted to the forecourt of the temple, there to offer up gifts and prayers. The interior of the sanctuary, which more immediately interests us here, since, as I have said, the outer courts, as they exist at Edfoo, Thebes, and Philae, are wanting at Dendera, might never be entered but by the three orders of the initiated, and even these were forbidden to penetrate beyond the door which led from the great hypostyle (III.) into the smaller pillared hall (II.). In this last, which was called "the Hall of the Presence of her Majesty," the goddess, the statue of Hathor was revealed to the elect; not the head only, which was made of gold and precious stones, and preserved in the inmost sanctuary, but a full-length figure, from whose beautiful bosom the veil was raised on special occasions. The elect collected in crowds on great festivals at the door, leading into the second hall, to catch a glimpse of the "beauty of the goddess." The lay populace, who were admitted to the outer court, could only see into the hypostyle, called in the inscriptions the "Great Court of Heaven," and care was taken that even those who stood nearest to the great gate should not see over the whole extent of the enclosure of the temple precincts, for the columns of the outer row were connected together by a wall[2] reaching half-way up their height. Thus those who visited the temple had to guess much more than they saw. The layman could catch a glimpse of forms whose proportions greatly transcended those of the every-day world that surrounded him, but he could neither take in their magnitude nor discern in the dim distance where they ended; the initiated might glance round the vast extent of the hypostyle, but even to him the interior of the temple was closed, and his heart quailed with reverent dread when his eye ventured to turn towards the mystical and impenetrable gloom of the veiled Holy of Holies.[3] Looking round the great hall, where he was privileged to stand, his trembling soul seemed to expand before the mystery of the Divinity, so close to him, and yet so incomprehensible; for the place he stood in was lofty, spacious, harmonious, and grand, a fitting abode for the presence of Hathor, with whose attributes he, as a well-educated believer, was perfectly familiar.

[1] Or the metal *uasm*, supposed to be brass or bronze.

[2] These were of basalt, and ornamented with figures of Nectanebo in the temple of Rosetta, dedicated to Atum. Three of these slabs are in the British Museum.

[3] A description of the arrangements of a temple, and the appropriate decorations of each chamber, is given by Mariette, in his *Monuments of Upper Egypt*.

The goddess's name signifies "the abode of Horus," *i.e.*, the external world, the presentment of the divinity in which it dwells and is revealed. Hence, it has been said with justice, that she had a primæval cosmical significance, and her worship in Egypt is undoubtedly primæval, for sacrifices were offered to her by the builders of the first Pyramids and their contemporaries. She was worshipped not only as Neith, the local goddess of Sais, but throughout the valley of the Nile, as one of the immortals of the cycle of Osiris. She is Isis, and yet her essential attributes are not perfectly identical with those of that goddess, although Horus is

MAMISI, OR PLACE OF BIRTH OF DENDERA.

her son, as well as that of Isis, and she, too, is frequently represented with the head of a cow, which was the animal sacred to her. She, also, may be defined as the female element of the fundamental essence of all being; but Isis is the earth made fruitful by Osiris, the formative power that bestows growth, development, and quickening; Hathor is the æsthetic element, that makes her offspring fair to look upon. Isis is Nature purposive, fitting the means to the end; Hathor is Nature beautiful, inviting us to contemplation. Both the goddesses personify alike the course of development and decay, but Isis is matter in its universal sense; Hathor is the harmonious development of being. Both on the monuments are called "the mother" and "the nurse," for they receive into themselves the forms of things and cherish them as a nurse does a child: Isis by nursing them at her breast and in her arms, so that they are incessantly transmuted into ever new forms; Hathor, not

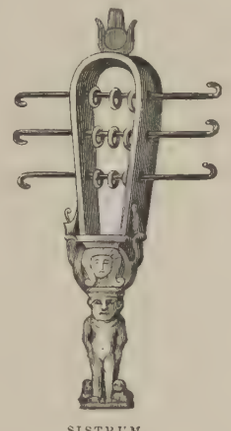
merely by fondling and cradling and feeding them, but by training them in truth, beauty, and goodness. We meet them in the under world as well as in the upper world; again as the cow, which as it gives birth every morning to the young Sun, the child Horus, also leads the soul of the deceased to a new life. The fate and history of the human soul are everywhere symbolised by the course of the Sun, and as the old sun must find its grave every day behind the western horizon, to rise anew next day, so the departed soul is laid in the lap of Hathor, to rise again to "a beautiful portion." Hence Hathor is called the mother of Horus; but she, who appears to have been originally a celestial divinity, is also the wife of the Sun god, for her son, who symbolises the ever-recurring cycle of re-creation, is his own father. It was this primæval Egyptian conception of the divinity of Nature which gave rise to the fact that in no temple on the Nile was only one divinity or pair of divinities worshipped. The celestial personages are always in groups of at least three—usually son, father, and mother-wife—and we constantly meet with such triads or trinities. At Dendera eleven divinities are united to form a cycle, besides many other objects of worship, among which we find personifications of the elements hold the highest place. This cycle consists of four forms of Hathor and five of Horus, and, besides these, of Ahi, the great son of Hathor—the beautiful child with the lotus-flower, who appears in the morning, and is the nearest representative of the Eros of the Greeks—Osiris, the "good spirit" (*Un-nefer*), called "the deceased," and Isis, the great mother of the gods. These were those principally worshipped, and their chief was Hathor, of Dendera, the sovereign of gods and goddesses, who existed from the beginning, who filled earth and heaven with her beneficence; the good, true, and beautiful; at whose appearing God and men rejoiced; the golden, the fair-faced goddess of love, the mistress of women, the aid of those in childbirth; who, when the feast ran high, stirred all hearts as queen of garlands, perfumes, song, and dancing. By her side stood the Horus of Edfoo, as her husband, and her son was another Horus called the "uniter of the two worlds" (*Sam taui*).

From the time of Thothmes III., on the occasion of a particular festival, the Horus of Edfoo received a visit from Hathor, whose statue was conveyed in a boat with a solemn procession up to that place. The temple there is no less rich in inscriptions referring to Hathor than that of Dendera, and if we consider them as a whole we are brought to the conclusion that although some Greek ideas have become incorporated with the conception they disclose of the essence and attributes of this goddess, every portion of the fundamental notions on which it rests had its roots in Egyptian soil. The ancient goddess of heaven and of love became at a later period, and by processes easy to trace, Aphrodite and the daughter of the Sun; the queen of song, dancing, and festivity, became the muse of each art; but long before there was any intercourse between the Egyptians and Hellenes she owned those attributes which still are hers on the latest inscriptions, even those of the seven Hathors, who stand like fairies by the cradle of the new-born infant, and foretell its fate through life.[1]

[1] In the different fairy tales or folk lore found in hieratic papyri, the "seven Athors," or "seven cows" of the goddess, appear at the birth, and prognosticate, like fairy godmothers or Fates, the future of the child. Probably Pharaoh dreamed of these seven cows before the years of plenty and famine, as prognosticated by Joseph. As the cow, she was "the great cow, the

In most of the Egyptian temples, where a triad of gods was worshipped, there was a particular structure (*bekt*, or *mamisi*) which was designated as the birthplace of the young god. Such a structure is to be found at Dendera, though, unfortunately, for the greatest part covered by sand. It was a small shrine by the side of the great temple, and it was here that the joyful moment was hailed with joy when it was said that Horus first saw the light, and flatteringly referred to the young prince, whose father, at the time, wielded the sceptre of Egypt as the vicar of the sun-god, Ra. It is worthy of mention that these side temples used formerly to be called Typhonian; but they have nothing whatever to do with Typhon. Champollion first detected their true significance, and we know now that the voracious deity, which was formerly supposed to represent the foe of Osiris, and of which a presentment is to be seen in most of the birth-places, was called Bes,[1] and is said to have been introduced into Egypt from the land of incense, and presided over the toilet of women.

If we now return to the great hall of Dendera, we can understand the profound impression it must have produced on believers. Wherever the eye turns it meets an image of the goddess; even the capitals of the columns were decorated with faces of Hathor, and the abacus had the form of a little temple. The ceiling, on which all the stars of the Egyptian night were carefully represented in relief, as travelling across the celestial ocean in barques, attracted the glance of the worshipper, and his senses were ravished by the incense, the songs of priests, the music of lutes and pipes, that reached him from the inner sanctuary.



SISTRUM.

In the tomb temple of Osiris, at Abydos, no sound but a soft murmur ever broke the stillness of the sacred spot; but at Dendera the gay goddess was worshipped gaily; and when, on great festivals, she emerged from her sanctuary, and was revealed to the initiated, and then, concealed in her barque, was borne among the people, every head was crowned with flowers, and every cup was filled with wine. We are shown these festivals in many of the inscriptions, and one of these says: "The gods of heaven rejoice; both banks of the Nile triumph. The heart of all that lives on earth is enlarged, the Hathors use the tambourine, and the Isis goddesses their drinking-flasks. The people of Dendera are drunk with wine, wreaths of flowers are on their heads."

The inner chambers of the temple itself, however, had no share in these wild festivities. They may be justly considered as a vast and highly elaborate sacristy surrounding the calm retirement of the holy of holies; in them the sacred vessels were kept, and the incense and the water of purification prepared which were required for the service of the gods' and in the processions. The lower storey alone of the temple of Hathor included twenty-seven rooms, and several corridors, which we may arrange in five groups:—1, the "Great Hall of Heaven" (III. in the plan); 2, the

mother of Ra, or the sun, her first-born." In the monuments she has generally cow's ears on account of this relationship, and sometimes the head of a cow. Her worship was as old as the IVth Dynasty or age of the Pyramids.

[1] *Bes*, or *Bessa*, came from Punt or Somali. The word *Bes* seems to mean "the hide of the lion," with which he was covered. Deprived of the leonine attributes, his type is that of a child, like Ptah—Socharis—Osiris.

smaller pillared hall of the presence of the goddess, and the two halls (prosekoi), behind it (II., 2 and 1); 3, the Sekos, or Holy of Holies (I.); 4, the twenty-two chambers surrounding this and its ante-chamber; 5, the steps leading to the roof (3 and 4). Each of these rooms was devoted to a special use, bearing some reference to the gods of the temple; and the inscriptions on their walls, as well as the history of the building, which were cleared from rubbish and interpreted by Duemichen with immense labour, inform us—new comers into their old world—what was the name borne by each room, what was kept or prepared in it, and how large it was in Egyptian measurements. Calendars inscribed in the temple inform us of all the festivals held there, and other records tell us who were the princes who finished each chamber of the sanctuary. Even the darkest corridors and hardly accessible crypts are covered from top to bottom with pictures and inscriptions in high relief, which prove

CLEOPATRA, FROM AN EGYPTIAN REPRESENTATION.

CLEOPATRA, FROM A GREEK COIN.

that the priesthood paid the same honours to the Ptolemies and to the Roman emperors as they had formerly done to the Pharaohs. Though the sculptures in this and the other temples of the same period are not to be compared for grandeur and simplicity of style with those we admired so much in the tombs of the First Empire and in the temple at Abydos, they are very carefully executed, and attract the eye by a variety in the written symbols which was unknown in earlier times. The crowd of new hieroglyphics indeed render them rather difficult to decipher; and this was done on purpose, for the priests endeavoured to express the mystical things, which at an earlier period they hesitated to write even on the temple walls, in such a way as to baffle the comprehension of the laity. Thus it happens that when once the great difficulties in the way of deciphering the inscriptions of the Ptolemaic period had been overcome, they yielded far more knowledge of the Egyptian mythology and

CLEOPATRA.

religion than those of an earlier date, and things that those do not reveal are explained by these in an intelligible language, though written in an obscure cypher.

How enchanting it is to wander from room to room, for any one who is able to learn from the records that surround him all that took place in each of them centuries ago; who seeks in the prosekos, behind the hall of the presence, the spot where stood the table of sacrifice, on which the offerings of the pious were laid; who finds the names of the next following chamber, the middle room, and of the sanctuary—the concealed and mysterious hiding-place of the sacred bark, Tes-nefru, in which the statue of Hathor was borne out into the air on the shoulders of priests, who reads that none but the king and the ministering priests might enter this, the very heart of the sanctuary. The sacred sistrum of the goddess was also preserved here.

Of the smaller rooms, that next to the centre hall was used for keeping the priests' raiment and scarves. In two rooms to the right of the sanctuary (I) the treasure of the temple was preserved, one of the three to the left of the hall of the presence was called the laboratory, and served for the preparation of incense and essences for the worship of the goddess. We could even imitate all the preparations here concocted by the priest-chemists, for the old recipes by which they worked still exist, chiselled in the stone walls of their laboratory. The holy water used in the services of the temple was kept in a special room; in another, costly vases and vessels; in a third, the sacred sistrum of Hathor; a fourth was the workshop, where the vessels of the priests were made or repaired; and, besides these, many chambers, like the side-chapels of a Roman Catholic cathedral, were dedicated to particular gods, and to services in their honour. Among these we find the throne-room of Ra, and outside the chambers of the other gods, the "birth-chamber of the wife of Osiris"—where the high festival was held on the day when Isis first saw the light, "to the joy of all the gods and goddesses." This, the greatest of all the festivals held in this temple, was celebrated on the fourth of the five intercalary days of the Egyptian year, and inaugurated the new year with a joyful "St. Silvester's night," so to speak. Then there were processions, of which we have as full particulars as of the other festivals held in the sanctuary of Hathor, all of which are set down in a special calendar of festivals. There was a New Year's Feast on the two first days of the first month—Thot; a feast of Horus, the "uniter of the two worlds," with which was connected a festival of the dead; a great feast of Osiris, which began in the evening and was carried on on the sacred lake, and which reminds us of the nocturnal feast of Osiris at Sais, of which Herodotus speaks. Other processions on various occasions were made to the "birth-chamber temple," of which mention has been made, to the city of Dendera and its southern portico, and to the city of Horus—Apollinopolis, Edfoo—whither Hathor was annually conveyed to visit her husband in the festal barque. Often the priests marched round the roof with the sacred images, barques, and emblems. Here there were two sets of three rooms each, all dedicated to Osiris. The northern row of chambers were frequented by the representatives of the districts of Lower Egypt, the southern set by those of Upper Egypt, who resorted here to testify their reverence for the grave of Osiris, which was the foremost uncovered room among those lying to the north.

It may be remembered that the god was divided into pieces, and each district named, including, of course, that of Dendera, long regarded itself as the possessor of a portion of a limb which had been buried within its territory. These inestimable relics seem to have been carried about from one tomb of Osiris to another in costly reliquaries or caskets, and thus to have been brought here.[1] A small and airy pavilion on the roof of this temple, which appears, like another and still more beautiful one in the island of Philae, to have been built after a Greek model adapted to Egyptian requirements, was the scene of the solemn services of the great New Year's festival, which was dedicated to Hathor.[2]

It is true there is nothing purely Greek in this temple; still it exhibits throughout such a subtle relation and proportion of parts and such a harmonious co-ordination of the whole structure, that we cannot but feel that influence which was undoubtedly exerted by Greek architecture over the Egyptian under the later Ptolemies; though no doubt, setting aside a few Greek inscriptions, which occur among the hieroglyphics, no part of the rich ornament lavished in every portion of the temple is other than Egyptian, and the decoration of the great sanctuary of Hathor must have been of truly Oriental magnificence. It was in no respect second to that of Edfoo, and of that, the hieroglyphic records of its building give a wonderful description. The walls were decorated with gold, and the inner chambers with gorgeous colours, the doors were of brass, and the door-posts and bolts overlaid with gold, and all the sacred vessels were of precious metals and stones. The light of the innumerable lamps which burned in its chambers was softened by the clouds of odorous vapour that rose from censers and vases of perfume; and the libations of grape-juice and wine which were offered there were so lavish that it is said they loosened the slabs of the pavement. And everywhere what an abundance of flowers and wreaths, jubilation, singing, and music, are heard on all sides in the worship of the Goddess of Beauty!

LION OF DENDERA.

Following the procession in fancy down from the roof, and marching with it round the temple precincts, we first admire the industry of the stonemasons who covered even the outer walls with inscriptions from top to bottom. From among these Duemichen disinterred records of the building, of the highest importance; those, however, relating to the famous Cleopatra and her son by Cæsar, Cæsarion, have

[1] On the ceiling of one of the southern rooms the famous Zodiac of Dendera, the age and value of which were at first greatly overrated, was discovered; it is now preserved in Paris. It is of the age of Nero.

[2] The inscriptions and plans of this temple have been fully published by Mariette in his "Denderah," 4 vols. fc., Paris, 1870—1873; and Duemichen, "Bauurkunde der Tempelanlagen von Dendera," 8vo, Leipzig, 1865, gives an abstract of some of the principal results.

the greatest interest for the general public. The reader sees here the portrait of this famous woman as rendered by an Egyptian sculptor, and may compare it with that on a Greek silver coin, and with Hans Makart's imaginary picture of the celebrated and gifted princess.

On the external wall of most of the temples of the Ptolemaic period, as in those of the temple at Dendera, we see lions with the fore-part projecting from the wall, which seem to have been intended as supports for carrying the gutters. They were certainly first devised in Lower Egypt, where heavy storms are more frequent, and introduced from thence into the almost rainless provinces of the south, to which Dendera belongs. These also refer, as Brugsch was the first to detect from the inscriptions by which they are surrounded, to the zodiacal sign of the Lion as the bringer of the inundation.

To those unaccustomed to such matters it must seem hardly possible for even the student to find a clue through the hundreds and thousands of inscriptions and of pictures which cover this building inside and out like a web thrown over every single stone; but this is, in fact, far less difficult than it would seem at the first glance, because in every Egyptian temple the same subjects are treated of in the pictures and inscriptions which occur in analogous places. Just as the architect was compelled to subordinate the building to a certain plan, so was the sculptor bound by certain ancient and sacred regulations. Any one familiar with one of these structures, can easily find the clue in the others, and it is for this reason, and to avoid repetitions, that I have described the temple of Dendera with so much detail, and adopted it as a type and example.

FIGURES FROM AN EGYPTIAN LIST OF DISTRICTS OR NOMES.

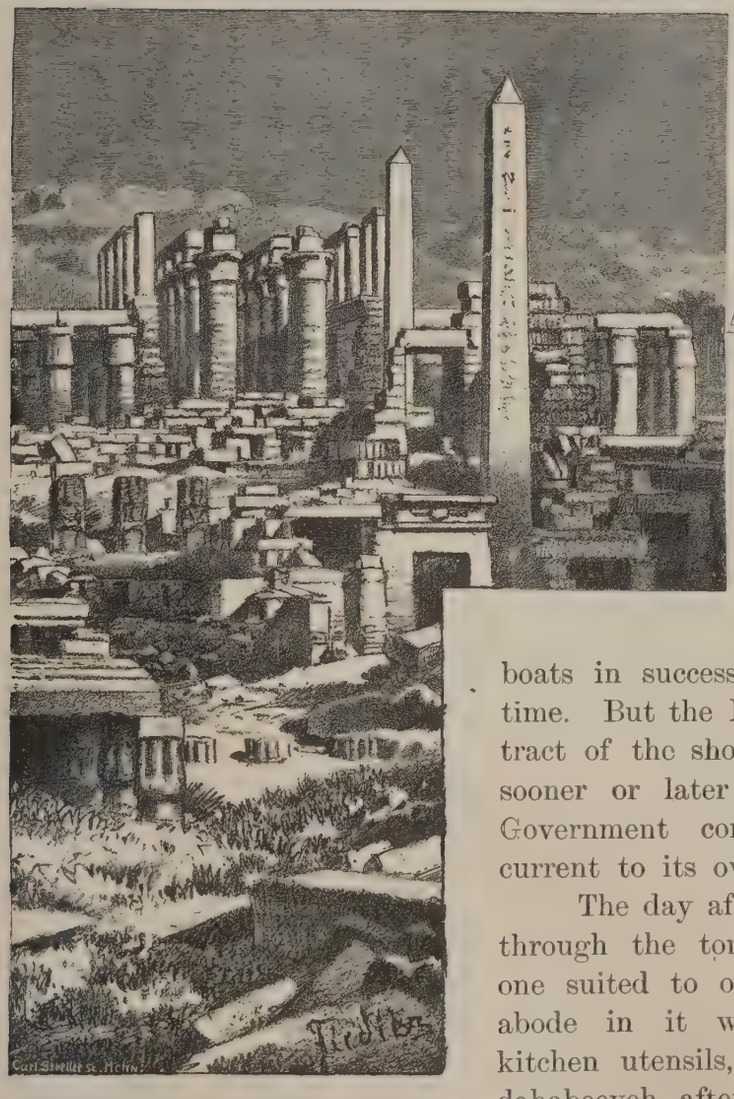
The propyla are, unfortunately, absent. It was usual to cover their broad sloping sides and external walls with pictures and inscriptions, illustrating the victories of the Pharaohs over foreign enemies in such a way that they were visible and intelligible even to the people to whom an entrance into the temple precincts was denied. The great temple at Thebes will afford a favourable opportunity for the contemplation of these warlike scenes, while, on the other hand, the temples built under the Ptolemies—like this at Dendera—exhibit another class of paintings and inscriptions, which, being displayed at a level where they are easily seen, both on the outer walls and within the different chambers, can be more thoroughly investigated here than elsewhere. Their object and purpose is to exhibit in a special manner the religious and political distribution of the land under the Pharaohs, and they consist of a long series of female or of hermaphrodite figures, at the head of which marches the king, often accompanied by his wife, offering gifts to the image of the chief divinity of the temple, who looks down upon him. Each of these figures represents a Nomos, or district, and they are identified by the structure borne on their heads, which in each consists of the symbol of a tract of land intersected by canals, of a sort of pedestal ornamented with a riband, and, above this, an animal or an object, which

serves as a badge to distinguish the district each represents. By the side is given a more or less detailed description of the sub-divisions of the provinces, of their chief towns, canals, fields, and the back-land, as it was called, with its pools and tanks. Besides this, we learn the names of the chief divinities of their temples, of the graves of Osiris they possess, and what portions of the god were buried there; of the snakes, trees, and barks sacred to the gods of the Nomos, with those of their high-priests and priestesses. Finally, they enumerate the great feasts of the gods, and the persons, animals, and objects held reprobate in the chief temple of each province. The number of the districts varied at different times—there are generally twenty-two of Upper, and twenty-two of Lower Egypt. The former are easily and certainly determined, for they follow each other in an unbroken series by the side of the Nile, the natural meridian of the country; but the limitation of the districts of the Delta presents great difficulties, from their situation beside each other. The exactitude with which the nomes were measured is proved by the first exact measurement of the earth, which was accomplished by Eratosthenes[1] in Alexandria, and to which I shall have further occasion to allude. We have learned from the temple of Hathor at Dendera all that can be derived of most importance to the general visitor, and must now quit it. Ere leaving Keneh we must buy some of the finely-formed jars for the friends we have left at home. But then who would linger when Thebes is his next destination?—Thebes, and the monuments preserved there from the period of Egypt's greatest glory.

[1] Principal Librarian of the Museum of Alexandria in the time of the Ptolemies, in the time of Philadelphus. about B.C. 300.

WATER-WHEEL.

KOORNAH.



THEBES.

DAYS and weeks fly fast, and the heat is now very great, for months have slipped by since we arrived in Thebes. The dahabeeyeh lies at anchor not far from the Temple of Amon at Luxor, and our Re'eis and sailors have had a good time of it, for their vessel lay close to the bank, where other Nile boats in succession take up their moorings for a time. But the Nile every year carries away a new tract of the shore; even the ruins of Luxor must sooner or later fall a prey to the river if the Government continues to leave the destructive current to its own will and way.

The day after our arrival in Thebes we hunted through the tombs in the Libyan range to find one suited to our purpose, and then took up our abode in it with our trunks and book-boxes, kitchen utensils, beds, tables, and chairs, from the dahabeeyeh, after one of the sailors had cleared our cave-dwelling of the accumulated dust of centuries. The Kopt Todrus—the German consular-agent—and his son Moharreb—a remarkably efficient man, who speaks a variety of languages, and who during our long

residence among the tombs did not fail to forward our letters, whether coming or going—assisted us with their advice during the move. The consul's brother, a highly-accomplished and charming man, who lives not far from our tomb, and with whom we soon were friends, lent us the necessary camels for the removal of our baggage, and we soon felt quite at home in our new and not inconvenient quarters. My bed stood in the innermost chamber over the ruined sarcophagus or mummy-case, and the niche which formerly contained the statue of my predecessor—a prominent official who, after his death, took possession of this, his "everlasting abode"—was arranged to receive my washing apparatus. The friend who accompanied me slept in a side chamber, and our sitting and dining room could at any time be closed by drawing a curtain, brought hither from the saloon cabin of the dahabeeyeh. The large ante-chamber was the scene of Ismael's and Saleh's achievements at the improvised fireplace, and there our men lived. These were two sailors, and a man from Abd-el-Kurnah, a good-tempered, handy, and capital fellow, called Alee, who had formerly been servant to my colleague Duemichen, and who had learnt from him the art of taking off incised inscriptions and pictures with blotting paper and a sponge and brushes. He was, of all the fellaheen I ever saw, the biggest and tallest, and his long arms reached up to a height which no other mortal could have touched without the aid of a ladder. Then we had three asses and their drivers; two of the beasts served us to ride on, and the third was employed in fetching water. To this staff in our legitimate employ a considerable contingent of volunteers was added ere long; fellah lads, who held the lights for our work in the tombs, and who grew wonderfully clever in following the direction of our eyes or our fingers as we copied and wrote; little girls who, for a few pieces of copper, brought us drinking-water in graceful pitchers; Abd-el-Rasool, the hunter, who knew the haunts and the tracks of the jackals; and all sorts of people from the village of Abd-el-Kurnah, the village to which our cave-dwelling belonged. These men collected every evening in large numbers outside the tomb, and, sitting round the fire, chatted and told each other stories. They were invariably civil and friendly, took advantage of our medical advice and store of remedies, and in return obliged us whenever it was in their power. They almost all lived in tombs closed with wooden doors, in front of which their naked children, their asses and goats, sheep and fowls, scrambled through life on a little enclosed plot of ground. Each of these people either owned or farmed a piece of ground, which he

DONKEY-BOY AT THEBES.

THE STREET-DOOR KEY OF THE FELLAHEEN.

tilled, and the produce—peas, perhaps, or lentils—was preserved for use in huge cylinders of dried Nile mud, of which a goodly array may be occasionally seen in the little forecourt, and which the hasty traveller might take to be anything rather than store-tubs. And it is expressly for the protection of their contents that the numbers of dogs are kept, which guard every fellah's domain, and which at the beginning of our sojourn at Abd-el-Kurnah were wont to display much hostility to us as new neighbours when we came home after sun-down.

The homes of these people which I visited were dusty, but not dirty, and we found in them many touching scenes of family happiness, and many traits of neigh-

VILLAGE DOGS.

bourly kindness. There are even some very well to do among these simple folks, who all content themselves with a single wife. Most of them make a secondary business of the search for antiquities, of which the best specimens are sold to the dealers in Luxor. Many hire out their asses to visitors during the winter, and allow their children to run after them with water-jars to beg of them, and to offer for sale the sham antiquities which they themselves make very cleverly, or procure through agents from Cairo and Europe; and these little rascals will continue to find a sale for their wares so long as Egypt is visited by hasty tourists, who rush through the whole of Thebes in two or three days, and desire to carry away with them "souvenirs of the times of the Pharaohs." It is these tourists that the children of Abd-el-Kurnah follow with such persistent and urgent cries for "baksheesh" as might exhaust the patience of the most long-suffering; but this same saucy crew, whose aptness

and intelligence far surpass those of our peasant children, built up, with the help of the sailors, a stone seat close to the entrance of our tomb, which we had decorated with our flag; and although several of the little fellows kept their bright black eyes incessantly fixed on us so long as we were at work, so as to miss no opportunity of earning a possible reward, none of them would ever disturb us while we sat on our seat, looking out over the wide plain, where once stood that city of Thebes, known in the Bible as the city of Amon, and which Homer calls "the city of the hundred gates." Even now grand ruins of temples, and numerous magnificently-decorated tombs, testify to its ancient splendour; but of the dwellings of its citizens, and the castles of its princes, no vestige remains, and when we ask an inhabitant where Thebes is, he has no answer ready, for he only knows of Abd-el-Kurnah, Medinet-Haboo, Karnak, Luxor, and the other fellaheen names of the villages which have grown up near or among the larger groups of ruins. From the door of our tomb—one of the finest points of view of all the range west of the city of Amon, rich in views as it is—we can look over the whole plain of Thebes, and command both the left shore on which we stand, and the country on the opposite side of the river. The low ground of the long valley smiles with verdure as far as the inundation has reached; palm-trees, singly or in groves, stand up among the thriving fields which are neatly laid out in beds, and various other trees flourish to perfection. Like a tempting dish in a deep-rimmed bowl, like an oyster served between its shells, the fertile land lies between the dry and barren desert-ranges which hem it in to the east and west. Here and there the yellow desert-sand

MOHAMMED, A BOY OF ABD-EL-KURNAH.

TOURISTS.

stands out as sharply from the green fields as a marble floor from the coloured carpet lying in the middle. On the eastern side of the valley, and reaching to the very foot of the Arabian range, with its fine outline as a background, stood once a living city, with streets, roads, and squares, royal palaces and temples. Of all these nothing remains but the ruins of the temples; somewhat to the south, those known as Luxor, from the name of the village that has been built among them, and, farther to the north, those of the great national sanctuary, which now bear the name of the wretched village close by—Karnak—where more than half of the enormous mass of buildings is hidden by palm-groves.

On the left or western shore of the Nile stood the Necropolis, the city of the dead. The Libyan chain lying behind it has been compared to a piece of cork, a pumice-stone, a sponge, and a honeycomb; and certainly its eastern declivity, and every cross valley that intersects it, is pierced by openings in endless rows. Each of these leads into a tomb, and, besides these, thousands of graves, covered with dust and rubbish, are crowded together in the plain at the foot of the mountains. The principal groups of this vast cemetery are now named after the villages that have grown up among them (going from south to north)—Kurnet-Murrai, Abd-el-Kurnah,[1] and el Assasseef. The famous valley of the Tombs of the Kings lies on the farther side of el Assasseef, in a transverse gorge of the range.

Looking downwards we see huge relics of the buildings of a former time on this shore of the Nile. Farthest to the south there are the splendid temple of Medinet Haboo, the colossi of Memnon, the beautiful Ramesseum, and the House of Seti, which now is known as the temple of Kurnah.[2] On a rocky amphitheatre of the Libyan range, and to the west of Kurnah, stands the terraced temple of Queen Hatasu.[3] All these edifices on the western shore were dedicated to the services of the dead, and with them were connected schools and libraries. Their situation here was probably determined by the quiet of the surroundings; and, besides these, there were the stables and store-houses of the temples, the embalming houses, the dwellings of the Kolchytes employed in preparing the bodies of the dead, the bazaars and markets for the sale of sacrifices in flesh and bread, of libations, essences, flowers, and amulets; the manufactories of coffins and of sacred vessels; inns, too, for visitors to the Necropolis, where indeed there can have been no lack of life. Each of the temples on the western bank of the Nile was the centre of a group of smaller buildings, which gathered round it in connection with the services of the dead, as children gather round their mother; and thus it came to pass that Greek travellers gained an impression that Thebes consisted of a number of separate villages.

Here, on the Libyan shore of the stream, we find the oldest traces of the city, which, though it was called in a sacred legend the birth-place of Osiris, is but little older than the tombs of Beni Hasan. The kings of the XIth[4] Dynasty were buried here; and at Karnak, on the other side of the Nile, a few portions of an ancient structure have been preserved, not far from the great temple, which prove that the building

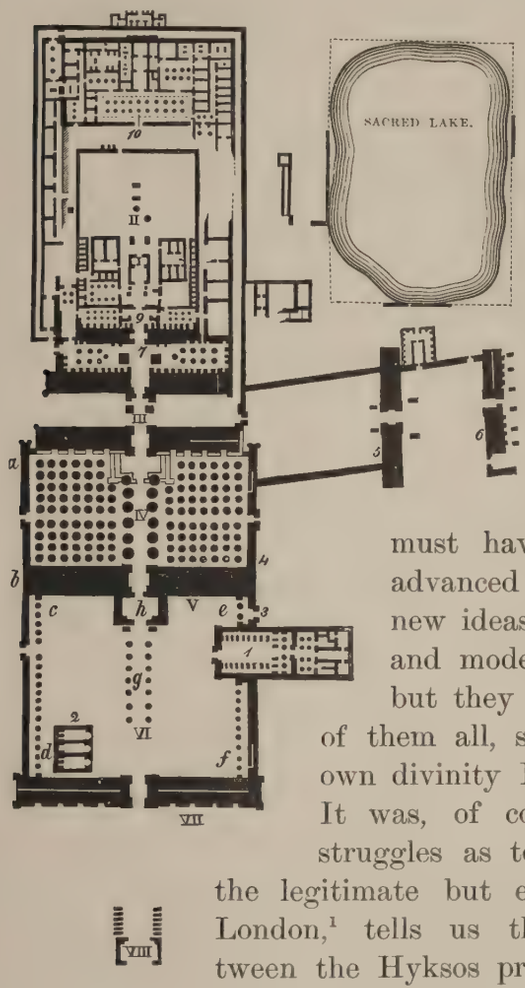
[1] Known also as Gournah or Goornah.

[2] Given in Mariette Bey's "Kurnah," fo., 1875.

[3] At the Deir-el-Bahari, also published by Mariette, fo., 1877.

[4] Lord Dufferin found monuments of the XIth Dynasty in an excavation he made at Medinet Haboo.

of that great national sanctuary must have been begun before the incursion of the Hyksos. Terribly as this has suffered from dilapidation and wilful injury, it must always be studied as a vast and valuable record in stone by every one whose aim and object it is to learn the history of Egypt's glory from the monuments it has bequeathed to us. Every event of any importance in influencing the national life of Egypt since the expulsion of the Hyksos has left indelible traces on this structure, and the inscriptions and pictures on its walls record and depict many events, and give us much information as to the New Empire, as it were in a mirror. We will transport ourselves in fancy into the heart of this huge edifice, and I will attempt—as I did at Cairo—to set Thebes before the reader's mind while relating the history of her native princes.



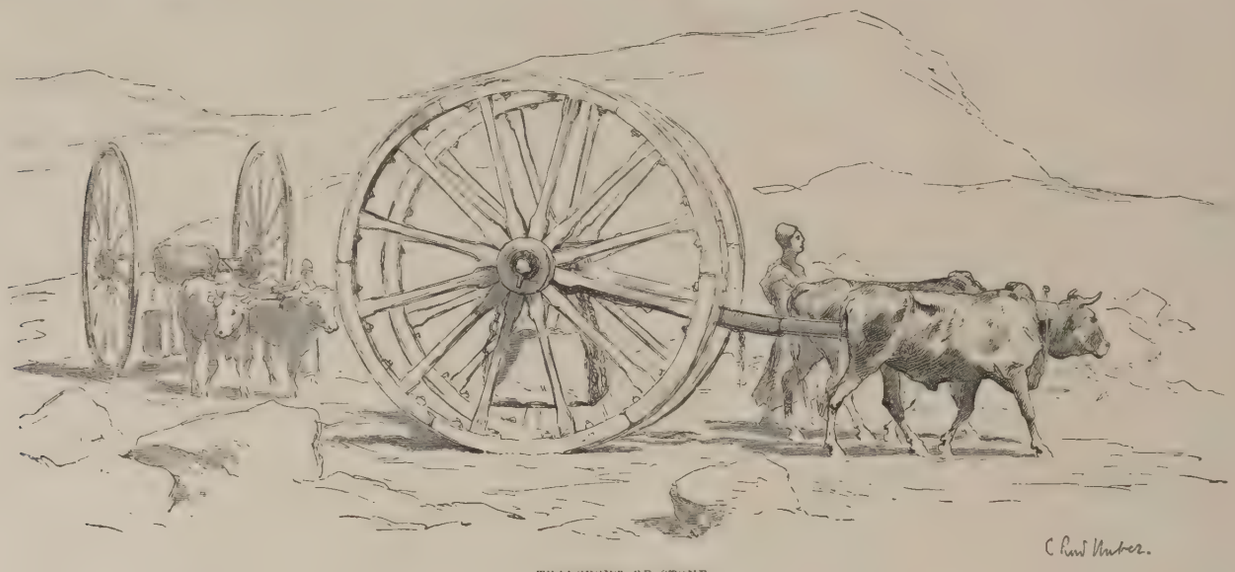
GROUND-PLAN OF THE PRINCIPAL GROUP OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF KARNAK.

The Hyksos drove the race of the Pharaohs out of Lower Egypt. The exiled kings, bereft of glory, ruled during four centuries and a half, in dull inaction, over the southern provinces of the country, and there cherished the ancient religion, culture, and arts of their people. The two last, indeed—the culture and art—nay, even the science of the Egyptians, must have been adopted and assimilated by the less-advanced intruders, and there can be no doubt that many new ideas and methods of execution, many new instruments and models, were introduced by them into the Nile valley; but they were invariably hostile to the gods of Egypt, and, of them all, selected only Set, who bore some affinity to their own divinity Baal, and served him with sacrifices and prayers. It was, of course, inevitable, at the same time, that many struggles as to the frontier line should arise between them and the legitimate but expelled Pharaohs. A papyrus, now preserved in London,[1] tells us that some discussion gave rise to hostilities between the Hyksos prince Apophis and the Egyptian king Ra-se-kenen-Taa, which led to a contest that terminated, as it would appear, favourably to the Egyptians; and an inscription in the tomb of Aahmes, a "chief of ships," or admiral, at el-Kab, south of Thebes, completes the records of the release of Egypt from the yoke of the Hyksos, which remain to us in the work of Manetho.

Amon was at an early period the chief god of Thebes, as Ptah was at Memphis, and Ra at Heliopolis, and it was under his ægis that the princes of the south country took the field against the strangers in the north. A Nile fleet was formed; Kames, the successor of Ra-se-kenen, continued the war of liberation. Aahmes, his son, succeeded, after a tedious siege by land and water, in reducing Abaris, the fortress of

[1] Called the Sallier Papyrus from its possessor, published in the "Select Papyri," Pl. 1 to 3. A translation is given in the "Records of the Past," Vol. VIII., pp. 1—4.

the Hyksos on the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, and in forcing the intruders to retreat to the south of Syria, whither he pursued them. He subdued the petty kings ruling in Lower Egypt, and reduced to obedience the disaffected provinces south of the first



TRANSPORT OF STONE.

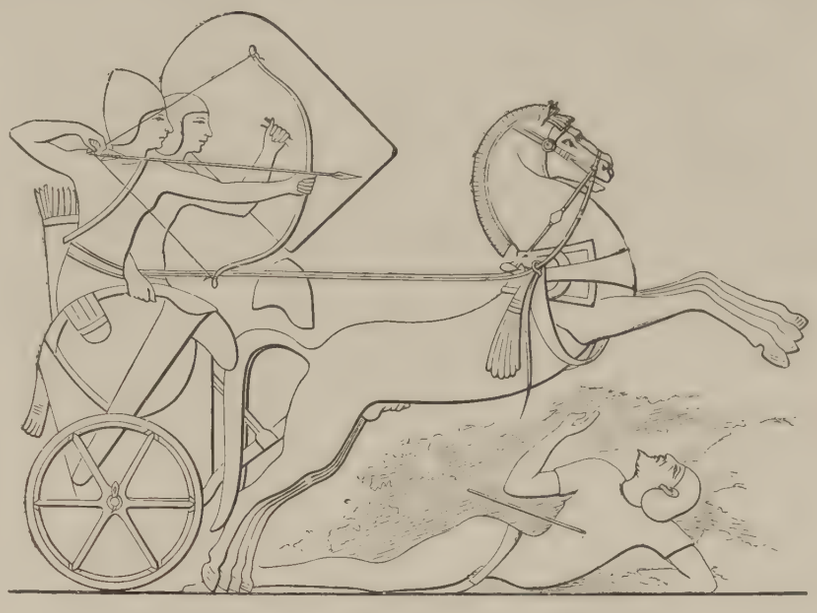
cataract. The "chief of ships," whom we mentioned already, Aahmes, took part in many of these campaigns, and it is extremely interesting to read the account given by the old general of the struggle for freedom, as delivered to us by his grandson Paher, who had the inscription engraved; how when young he entered the army, then, after he had risen to command, had established a household, had bravely led many ships of war against the enemy, and whenever he distinguished himself by any great achievement by land or water, had been decorated by the Pharaoh with the order of the golden necklace, and rewarded with other gifts.

SANCTUARY IN THE GREAT TEMPLE OF KARNAK.

How rich the booty was which King Aahmes[1] was able to share with his conquering warriors is proved by the magnificent *parure* of his mother, Aah-hotep, which we saw in the museum at Boulak. It was the king's first duty and care to render due

[1] The mummy of Aahmes I. (B.C. 1700) has been recently found at the Deir-el-Bahari, along with that of Sekenra. It has been engraved from a photograph in the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, of Berlin, 17th September, 1881, p. 236.

honour to the god to whose aid he owed his glorious successes; he, therefore, in gratitude, called his son and successor Amen-hotep (Amenophis), *i.e.*, the peace of Amon, and opened a quarry—as an inscription on the spot informs us—at Turrah, south of Cairo (which we have already visited), for the supplying materials for that great national sanctuary at Thebes, which seems not to have been dedicated to its uses till the time of his successor.



THE HORSE IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE.

The mode in which blocks of stone are now carried to the Nile, drawn by a pair of oxen, seems simple enough, but in ancient times they seem to have been invariably conveyed on carts or sledges.

Nefert-ari, the wife of Aahmes, received divine honours long after her death, as having been the consort of the liberator of the land, and as ancestress of one of the most famous and victorious families that ever wielded the sceptre of Egypt.[1] Under Amenophis I.,[2] who was her son, Amon assumed the high position which he ever

FOUR-HORSE CHARIOT OF A PRIVATE PERSON FROM ABD-EL-KURNAH.

afterwards held among the gods of the Nile. He became one with Ra of Memphis, and was called Amon Ra, and his essential attributes were gradually sublimed, till at length, in the later centuries, he represented the omnipotent divine Intelligence—a

[1] The mummy of this queen has also been found at the Deir-el-Bahari.

[2] Also his mummy at the Deir-el-Bahari. He reigned about B.C. 1666.

transcendental aspect that was, no doubt, in part derived from the influence of the Asiatic races that had settled by the Nile. The poets who composed the hymns to Amon sing his praises as the one and indivisible, by himself alone; and when it is said of him that he is sole king among gods, whose names are legion, what is meant is that the attributes and functions of every other celestial being are subordinate to him. The other great gods of Egypt—Tum, Harmachis, and their fellows, were regarded merely as emanations or manifestations of his all-comprehending majesty. He it is who stirred the concealed and productive energy of the primæval waters to pregnancy and life, and through him they brought forth all things. His word gave the world its manifold forms, and as he named them, each part of it separated itself from the rest. As the "living Osiris," he breathed the breath of life into things created, which thus by him rose to the higher orders of being. He was benevolent and beautiful, and the enemy and destroyer of evil, and he was gratefully worshipped as the personification of the mysterious power which preserves that which is good and annihilates that which is evil, under which the Egyptians included hostile and foreign nations. Mut (the maternal Isis) and the youthful form of Chunsu[1]—who was first worshipped as the moon-god—were his associates (as Isis and Horus were those of Osiris). Amon, Mut, and Chunsu, form the triad, or trinity, of Thebes, which, at Karnak, stood at the head of all the divinities worshipped there.

THE OBELISKS IN THE OLDEST PART OF KARNAK.

SEAL OF THOTHMES II.

The ancient "Holy of Holies" of Amon, which at Karnak, as elsewhere, was the first portion of the temple to be built, has long lain in ruins; but close to it, and

[1] Called by the Greeks Chons.

more to the west, another sanctuary was erected at a much later date. This was a double chamber of granite, which, at the present day, may be regarded as the nucleus of the whole structure, which has been built round it at very various periods. (See plan I.)

Amenophis I., the son, as has been said, of Amasis I. (Aahmes, and of his wife Nefert-ari), undertook no great wars of conquest, but he secured and fortified the southern and western frontiers of his kingdom, and began those additions to the great national temple which were zealously carried on by his son Thothmes I.,[1] who decorated it with subsidiary pillared halls, with pylons and obelisks (III). This was after Amon had vouchsafed him victory, not only against the nations of the Soudan, but also against the Semitic inhabitants—a kindred race, therefore, to the Hyksos of Western Asia—against whom he desired to "wash his heart—*i.e.*, to satisfy his vengeance. He led his armies as far as Mesopotamia; and his troops no longer consisted, as under the old empire, of foot soldiers only, but of a great number of warriors who went forth to battle in war chariots drawn by two horses. The horse had been introduced into Egypt by the Hyksos, and was known by its Semitic name, *soos*. It throve there admirably, and the sacerdotal artists soon learned to represent its noble form, not merely in positions of rest, but in all the energetic movement of onset and attack. The making of carriages is also indigenous to Asia; but the Syrian and Phœnician wheelwrights and smiths, who constructed the two-wheeled chariots, and inlaid them with precious metals and stones, found in the Egyptians apt pupils, who soon not only equalled, but excelled their teachers.

CHRISTIAN TOWER AT THE DEYR-EL-BAHREE.

Thothmes I. left three children—a daughter, Hatasu (or Hatshepsu, as it may be read), and two sons, of whom the younger was still a boy at his father's death. The elder mounted the throne under the name of Thothmes II.; but though he boasts of victories, though he caused buildings and statues to be raised at Karnak, and

[1] The name Thothmes is Greek, the Egyptian form being Thahutimes. His mummy and coffin were found in the pit near the Deir-el-Bahari.

though his seal—a beautifully-engraved signet, now preserved at Paris—shows him as a warrior shooting a bow from a chariot, and as over-mastering a lion, while he adopts the epithet of *kent*, or "the brave," we learn from the monuments that he was completely governed by the bold and enterprising spirit of his sister, and was compelled to share his throne with her, against his will as it would seem; for after his death Hatasu caused his name to be defaced or cut out on many of the buildings he had erected.[1] While she herself was acknowledged as queen—nay, actually as *king*—of Upper and Lower Egypt, she exiled her younger brother, afterwards Thothmes III.,

OLD EGYPTIAN REPRESENTATION OF A PARTY.

keeping him at Buto, a spot in the marsh district of the Delta. She caused herself to be represented with the head-dress of the Pharaohs, and even with a beard, and her officials were ordered to speak of her as a man. And as though she were in truth a man, she would not merely project grand undertakings, but would control and conduct them, and bring them to a successful issue. The glories of the battle-field had no temptations for her, but in building she strove to leave behind her all that was newest and most vast, and as she required enormous funds, she sought and invented new means of procuring them. She erected two obelisks in the midst of that part of the temple of Karnak which had been built by her father, a part which is now

[1] His coffin was also found at the Deir-el-Bahari, but the mummy had disappeared, and was replaced by that of Pinotem I., whose reign is placed 1033 B.C. by Brugsch; but this is possibly too high, as the seal of Pinotem I. or II. was found at Kouyunjik.

THE LAST HONOURS.

more utterly ruined than many others, and one of these is the tallest monolith of any now standing upright (VII. in the plan). The perfection with which the hieroglyphics have been chiselled in the polished granite of this monument has never been surpassed; but the inscription beyond a doubt states the exact truth in saying that only seven months were required to hew it out of the "red mountain" at Assouan, and to erect it complete and perfect. While her brother, Thothmes II., was still living, she began another great work on the further side of the Nile, and subsequently carried it out, single-handed, with perseverance and assiduity. This was a structure destined to receive her mortal remains and those of her family, and to be, at the same time, a temple where her deeds might be remembered, and sacrifices offered to her manes, and where Hathor might be worshipped as her favourite divinity, and as being the goddess who, above all others, must be invoked whenever prayers were to be offered for the resurrection and new birth of the dead.

Deyr el Bahree,[1] or the Northern Monastery, is now the name of the mausoleum of Hatasu, so called from an ancient monastery built by monks that settled there, of which nothing remains but a brick tower. At the time of the Greeks it formed part of those Memnonia which called forth the admiration of travellers, standing on the western shore by Thebes, and all devoted to the same purposes. The whole declivity of the

[1] The Deir el Bahari of Mariette Bey. It is here that in a concealed pit have been found the mummies and coffins of distinguished princes of the XVIIIth Dynasty, including those of Thothmes III. and other personages of the period.

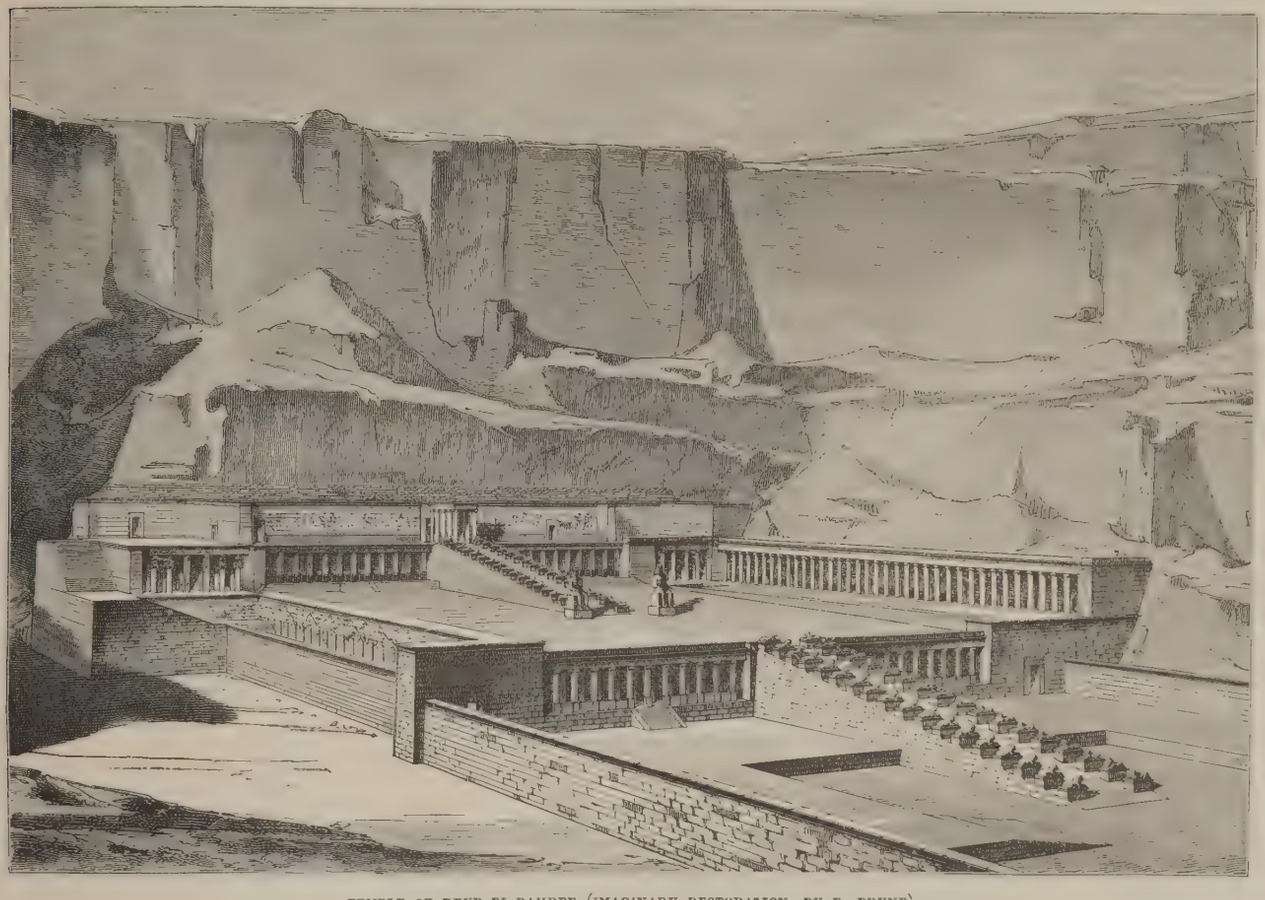
ANCIENT EGYPTIAN DANCING GIRL.

Libyan range west of the Necropolis, called by the ancient inhabitants "the coffin mountain," is, as the reader knows, full of sepulchres, most of which were made under the sovereigns of the XVIIIth Dynasty—to which Hatasu belonged—for the interment of different noble families of Thebes. Though these tombs differ greatly as regards their size and the richness of their mural decorations, they resemble each other perfectly as to plan and distribution, and the arrangement of the pictures and inscriptions they contain is identical. The first and largest chamber was always the tomb chapel, in which the survivors assembled to keep green the memory of the dead, with prayer and sacrifices. In this ante-chamber, and in the smaller rooms next to it, as in the tombs of the older empire, only the life on earth was recorded and

DEPENDENTS BRINGING IN THE PRODUCE OF THE LAND.

depicted. All the possessions of the deceased, his favourite occupations, his household, and the offerings to be brought to his manes, as represented in the pictures with which we have become familiar in the Necropolis, both of Memphis and of Beni-Hasan, we again meet with here; but the pictures of the funeral ceremonies take up more room than formerly. We come upon new titles, the paintings, which bring before us the festal family meetings, exhibit a certain refinement of form. We see the men and women taking their pleasure together; flowers are handed to all, with dishes and drinks of various kinds; music and singing charm the hearers, and female dancers delight the eye; vessels of new forms stand on the drinking-tables, and many of them seem Asiatic in type; and we see from many pictures, which exhibit in the most *naïf* manner the unpleasant consequences of excess, that the temperance and moderation of the earlier times are no longer prevalent in these days of political triumph. We find horses and carriages among the possessions of private persons,

and the inscriptions tell us that the greater part of the nobility of Thebes serves in the army, and has accompanied the Pharaoh in his expedition into Asia. The great officials are enriched by the divisions of the spoil and the exaction of tribute, and the foreign peoples governed by the king's deputies are often represented in a highly characteristic manner. Distinguished families kept their own household minstrels, whose duty it was to play the harp on all solemn occasions, and praise the destiny of the deceased, both in this life and in the next. The funeral processions are

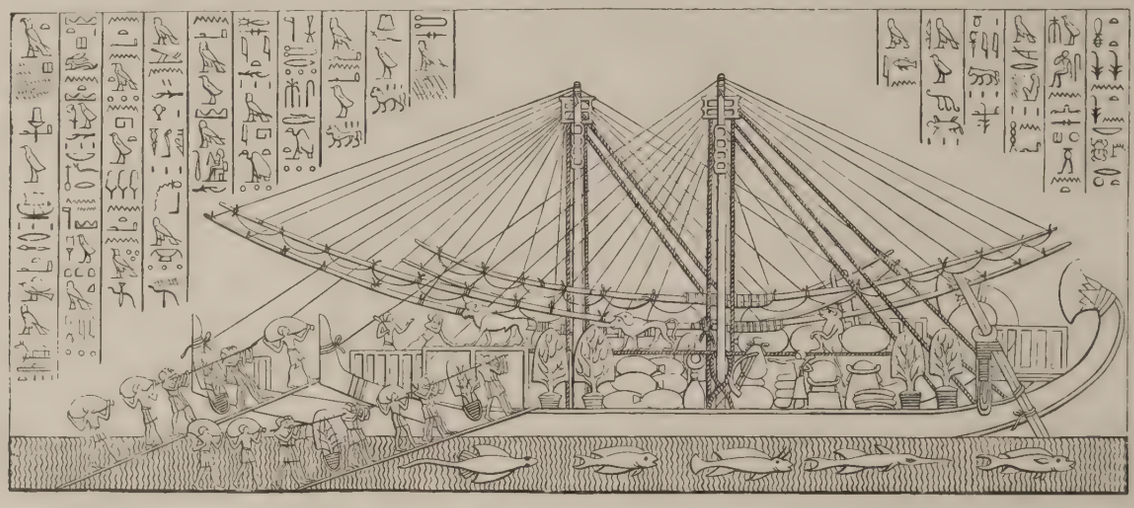


TEMPLE OF DEYR-EL-BAHREE (IMAGINARY RESTORATION, BY E. BRUNE).

splendidly arranged; the coffin of the deceased is conveyed across the Nile in a magnificent barque to the Necropolis. Waiting-women stand on the deck of the vessel, priests, relatives, servants, and serfs accompany the sarcophagus through the cemetery to the entrance of the tomb, and the serfs form a long train, bringing every kind of produce to lay on the altar before their departed lord.[1] The arts of the embalmer were improved by the use of the numerous resins and essences which poured into Egypt from the countries now opened up; new forms and rituals, which have been preserved in the "Book of the Dead," were introduced, and the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was developed in detail with an astonishing power and

[1] Given in Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs," New Series, Vol. III., Pls. 83—88. Maspéro, "Étude sur quelques Peintures et sur quelques Textes relatifs aux Funerales." 8vo, Paris, 1881.

play of imagination. The nether world, which under the old empire had been little thought about,[1] was now peopled with gods and daimons, and the pictures and texts on the coffins, on the papyri placed in them, and on the walls of the sepulchral chambers, refer only to the life beyond the grave. The sepulchre was always placed at the extreme end of a shaft, leading inwards and downwards, which was carefully arranged so as to be most difficult for intruders to find and explore, and in the tomb itself no mention is ever made of the earthly life of the deceased, as in the chambers where the survivors met. Thus it is in quite distinct and separate chambers, though in the same tomb—the "everlasting mansion" of the Egyptian citizen—that his earthly and his heavenly life are brought to mind. The tombs of the kings of the new empire are also quite differently arranged. Before the incursion of the Hyksos they constructed, even in Thebes, pyramids of moderate dimensions, of which time has spared nothing but the merest traces. At a later time they also hewed deep shafts



SHIP OF HATASU LADEN WITH PRODUCE FROM PUN-T.

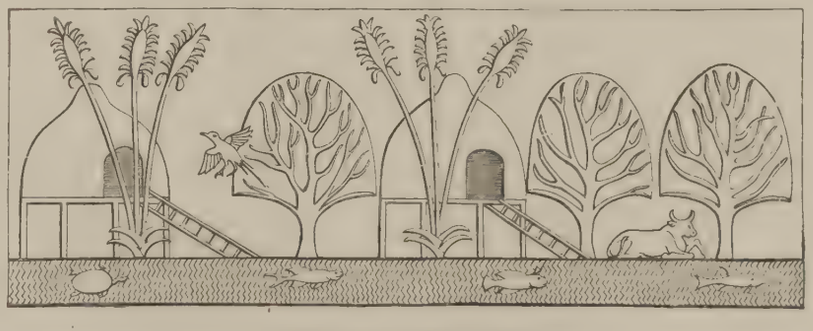
in the mountain, to make a secure receptacle for their mummies at the inmost end. We shall make acquaintance with these cave mausoleums, and we shall find that every picture and inscription they contain refers, with scarcely an exception, to the other world. They were to the kings what the ordinary sepulchre was to the private individual. The tomb-chapel of the Pharaoh could not be an adjunct to his tomb, where his survivors might assemble to celebrate his memory, for the king's mourners were the whole Egyptian nation. The princes, therefore, built splendid temple-like structures for the services to their manes in the Necropolis itself, between the Nile and the "coffin mountain," and these were called in the Egyptian tongue *mennu*—that is to say, permanent structures, monuments or memorials. The Greeks gave them the name of *memnonia*, thinking that the word mennu was the same as the name of Memnon, the Homeric hero; and they supposed the musical statue, of which I shall speak

[1] The recent discoveries at the pyramids of Sakharah, already cited, have proved that the nether world was thought about, as also the Elysium; but that the future state was more allied with sidereal elements and the course of the constellations. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the identification of the deceased with Osiris is also distinctly affirmed in these early texts, but not the terrors of the Egyptian hell.

presently, to be a statue of him. In such a Memnonium the life of the Pharaoh on earth was kept fresh in men's memories, though the principal events of his life were, of course, different to those celebrated in the case of a private individual. All that these had to record for their descendants related to their household, estates, family and personal duties, to their recreations, and the relations of the subject to his sovereign; while in that of a king historical events were perpetuated, and in his Memnonium we shall find nothing but records of his expeditions into foreign countries, of the battles he won, of the siege and capture of fortresses, of the spoil he conquered, and of the thank-offerings of the king to the celestial powers. Here we see a picture of the king's coronation, of the ancestors and children of the sovereign who is consecrated, and of the gods to whom he sacrifices, from whom he receives gifts, and who will for ever uphold his name; this, however, will also be preserved from oblivion by the schools and library of his Memnonium. The oldest of these "places of perpetual memory," and certainly the most singular Memnonium we know of, was

FISH OF THE RED SEA, FROM THE DEYR-EL BAHREE.

the terraced temple of Deyr-el Bahree, built by the great Hatasu, against a finely curved amphitheatre in the yellow and gleaming limestone rocks to the north-west of the Necropolis. The rock-tomb, in which her mummy, and those of her father and brothers were formerly preserved, has not as yet been discovered, though the chapel, hewn out of the living rock, which must be regarded as the most ancient and sacred portion of the whole edifice, stands open to the visitor. This sanctum, where the parents of Hatasu were kept in memory, was the end and goal of the procession which came from Karnak to the Memnonium of the great queen. They must have embarked in the decorated boats at the southern end of the great temple, for the rapidity of the current necessitated an oblique course in crossing it. On reaching the shore the prince and his accompanying priests quitted the boats, and marched in procession along the broad road leading in a straight line up to the propyla, which have now disappeared from the face of the earth; on each side of the road stood a row of sphinxes with ram's heads.



HUTS BUILT ON PILES IN PUN-T.

M. Mariette[1] disinterred the ruins of this structure, and Brune Pasha, the

[1] Given in the work of Mariette on the Deir-el-Bahari, already cited.

French architect, has attempted to restore it, on paper, as it must have appeared shortly after its completion; this he has done with great skill and success, but though this drawing is welcome as an aid to the imagination, we who have in our "mind's eye" a vivid picture of the stupendous ruins of Deyr-el Bahree, can well afford to dispense with it. These much-injured remains, even at the present day, are full of character and impressiveness, from whichever side we approach them; but the finest effect certainly is that obtained as we go up from the Nile, or that again which they afford to the foot-passenger, who looks down upon them from the bridle-path that leads high above them and over the mountain, into the valley of the king's tombs. Much, indeed, is ruined and destroyed; but the four terraces remain, and the gentle slope, which formerly, perhaps, was mounted by steps, is still recognisable. This divided the building into two wings. The processions which passed along it went up from terrace to terrace, and each of these platforms had eight colonnades to the right and left. At the top of the fourth terrace the train of priests had to pass through a granite archway, which led into the quiet temple chambers, and behind this again through a vault built of porphyry, at the back of which was the opening into the ancient rock-tomb of which we have spoken. In

FELLAH WOMAN OF KARNAK.

this, the most holy spot of the Memnonium of Hatasu, the walls were adorned with various masterpieces of sculpture, among which the cow of Hathor, from whose udders Hatasu herself drinks the milk of life, deserves especial mention. The halls on the platforms, and at their ends, will particularly attract the lover of Egyptian architecture, and the student of its development; for he will here meet again with the same polygonal columns as we lately saw in the tombs at Beni-Hasan. This style of column having survived the rule of the Hyksos, was transferred from the rock-tombs to independent buildings; they were adopted even at the oldest portion of the temple of Karnak, and it was not till the end of the XVIIIth Dynasty that they gave way to a different type. The pillars that support the roof are also worth notice, being ornamented with masks of Hathor, which were not used again till the time of the Ptolemies. I must earnestly direct the attention of any one who is interested in the growth of culture in the Egyptian nation to the numerous pictures and reliefs which Hatasu[1] caused to be executed on the inner walls of the halls and colonnades, particularly those on the top of the third terrace; for these, which were first appreciated and published by Duemichen,[2] narrate, for the information of posterity, how the great queen, anxious for the extension of commerce and the increase of the country's wealth, fitted out large fleets, and sent them to Pun-t—that is to say, South Arabia and the coast of Somali, as far as Cape Gardafui. These pictures prove

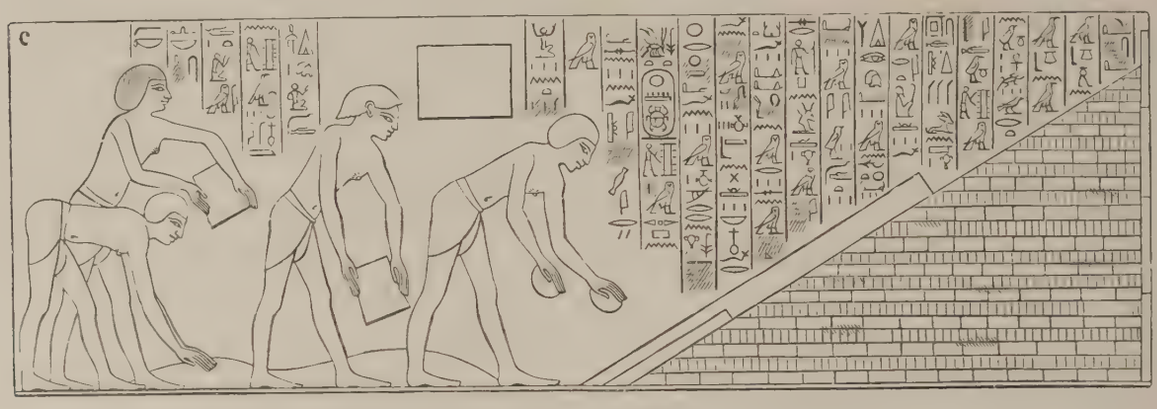
INVERTED CALIX CAPITAL

[1] Her name has been also read Ha-sheps.

[2] "The Fleet of an Egyptian Queen." Leipsig, 1868.

THE SOUTH PYLON AND SACRED LAKE OF KARNAK.

how much Hatasu had at heart the desire of perpetuating the memory of the success of the enterprise down to the smallest details, for they show us the ships which must have been built in the Red Sea, and the various treasures and produce they brought from Pun-t to Egypt; and the inscriptions give the names of all the objects represented by the artist, and tell us how large a portion of all this wealth the queen dedicated to Amon of Thebes, and had meted out for that purpose. We see growing incense-trees carried by the sailors, with their roots in earth, and these were to be naturalised, if possible, on the soil of Egypt;[1] heavy bags full of odorous resins are borne into the vessels, which are already laden with bales, jars, elephants' tusks, bars of metal, and the other "marvels of Pun-t." All sorts of valuable woods from those regions are mentioned as contributing to compose the freight of the queen's fleet, with various resins already known by the name *Kami* (gummi or gum), ebony, ivory, pure gold



PRISONERS OF WAR ENGAGED ON THE BUILDINGS OF THOTHMES III.

from Asia, *Theas* wood (?), *Chesit* (perhaps cassia), *Ahem*, and sacred incense (*neter senter*), antimony for the eyes, *Anau*, apes, and *Kefu*, monkeys, apes, greyhounds, panther skins, and the natives (of Pun-t), with their children. Under no former ruler—says the inscription—was the like brought into Egypt, but the construction and rigging of the ships prove nevertheless that they were the work of no apprentice hands. Solomon's fleet sent to Ophir eight hundred years later irresistibly occurs to the mind as we look at these pictures; and, looking attentively at all the figures here represented, we see at once that even in the time of Hatasu[2] the artist could observe all he saw in a foreign country, and endeavoured to represent it for the information of his fellow-countrymen. The invasions and voyages of the XVIIIth Dynasty unlocked the treasures of the East to the Egyptians, just as the Crusades in later times opened up its wonders to marvelling Europe, and their outcome was a certain scientific zeal, which, however, became extinct in a very few centuries, and did not revive till the Ptolemies re-illumined the flame in Alexandria. There are at Deyr-el-Bahree representations of the fishes of the Red Sea, so characteristic in outline that modern zoologists can easily recognise their species; and in one picture we even see a village built on piles by the natives

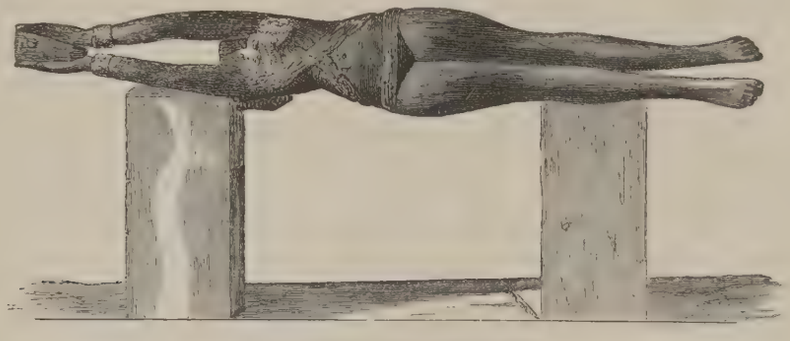
[1] Probably in the courts of the Temples, as appears from the great papyrus of Rameses III.

[2] About 1500 or 1600 B.C.

of Pun-t. The conical dwellings are raised on beams, and the doors are reached by ladders; birds unknown in Egypt are depicted, and other paintings show us the sharply-cut features of the men of Pun-t, and the disgusting obesity of the wife of a prince of that country. In the "Book of the Dead," allusion is made to a certain description of Pun-t written at this time.[1] Hatasu's brother, Thothmes III., had representations executed at Karnak of the strange plants he had met with in his Oriental expeditions; in a

FINGER RING.

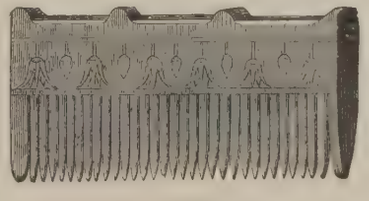
EAR-RINGS.



AN ORNAMENTAL TRAY FOR RINGS.

medical papyrus,[2] written in the time of this king, some receipts are given from an Asiatic physician at Byblos; and the writing of various foreign names and words proves that the Egyptians understood the language of their Semitic neighbours. Could it be a mere accident that led to the erection of the great terraced temple of Deyr-el-Bahree within a short time of the first expedition from Egypt having visited the land of Mesopotamia, where more than one terraced building ornamented the great cities? Why should the Egyptians, who so constantly and faithfully repeated their own old types that they even lost the capacity for inventing new ones, never have reproduced this magnificent and effective style of temple? unless it was that it reminded them

MIRROR.



COMB.

PIECE OF A CORSELET WITH SCALE ARMOUR.

The coffin of this king was found at the Deir-el-Bahari. It had been usurped by Pinotem II. Lepsius, "Todtenbuch," iv. chap. 15, line 10. Mention is also made of the Lake of Pun-t; perhaps one of the Central African Lakes. Lepsius, "Todt." x. c. 17, l. 66.

[2] Known as the Ebers' papyrus.

of foreign ones, and so was abominable in their eyes. The productions of art at this period of Egyptian history bore the same relation to those of the old Empire that we saw in the tombs as the works of a young, independent, and vigorous lad might bear to those of an industrious youth that had never been out of his father's house. Powers that had lain in fetters for centuries now broke loose, political landmarks were overthrown, seas and rivers whose very names men had formerly been afraid to mention, were crossed and navigated, and the mind of man sought untrodden roads. The tallest obelisk and the most remarkable building in Thebes have rendered Hatasu's name famous to a late posterity; but the glory of her peaceful enterprises was soon thrown into the shade by the achievements of her younger brother, Thothmes III., whom we do not hesitate to pronounce to be the greatest of all the warrior kings of Egypt. He has been called the Alexander of the Pharaohs, and with justice, for in the thirteen campaigns that he undertook he succeeded in subjugating the nations of Western Asia, on whom his forefathers had vowed vengeance for the degradation of the Hyksos supremacy ; he made them tributary to his own sovereignty, and raised Egypt to the position of the greatest power of his time. He wore the crown of the Pharaohs for nearly fifty-four years, and the monuments of Thebes tell us of all his deeds of valour, and of his achievements with his troops of war-chariots, his heavily-armed infantry, and his corps of archers.

In the inscriptions which cover the walls of the much-injured chambers that surround the sanctuary at Karnak, in those on the southern pylon (V. and VI.), and in those in the eastern temple buildings (behind X.), his name is constantly repeated. His predecessors had added one hall after another to the great temple, always on the side towards the Nile ; he extended it in the opposite direction, adding to it a magnificent hall (at X.), where thirty-two pillars at the sides, and two rows each of ten columns in the middle, supported the roof. In the capitals of these columns we can detect efforts to introduce new forms ; but we cannot regard the architects of Thothmes as happy in their attempt, for the inverted caliciform capital is not beautiful, and never found any imitators. There were a number of smaller halls and chambers adjoining this great hall, and in them records of the highest importance have been met with in the inscriptions. The hall itself was called *chu mennu*, "the splendid memorial." The sacred lake was also surrounded by buildings, now utterly ruined, but the tank still has water in it, and in ancient times the statue of Amon in a magnificent barque was rowed here on certain great feast-days. To the west of this sacred tank was the great causeway along which processions marched up from the south, and at a later date than that of Thothmes this was decorated on each side by a long row of sphinxes, and interrupted by four immense propyla. Two of these mighty gates were built by Thothmes III.: one, indeed, was begun by his father. The two colossi of Thothmes I. and of Amenophis, his father and grandfather, which Thothmes II., his elder brother, caused to be executed in different materials and on a grand scale, still keep guard in front of the walls, which crumble year by year. The inscriptions discovered by Mariette on the fourth pylon, and on a doorway on the western side of the temple, have proved of the greatest historical importance. They contain long lists of the tribes of the south reduced to subjection by Thothmes, and of those he conquered in Syria. Of these last alone we find no less than 119, and

as they are three times enumerated there is no difficulty in completing the lists; among them we find names familiar to us in the Bible, as Megiddo, Joppa,[1] Damascus, Mamre, and others. All these were fortified cities, and each was governed by a prince; but these sovereigns formed a confederation, subordinate, as it would seem, to the most powerful of their number. Thothmes permitted most of these petty kings to retain the crown so long as they paid their tribute punctually, but some lost both crown and life, and others were forced to send their sons to Egypt as hostages. A detachment of Egyptian troops kept watch over the tributary sovereigns from Aradus, at the foot of the Lebanon; and as a further means of securing peace, the able-bodied men were

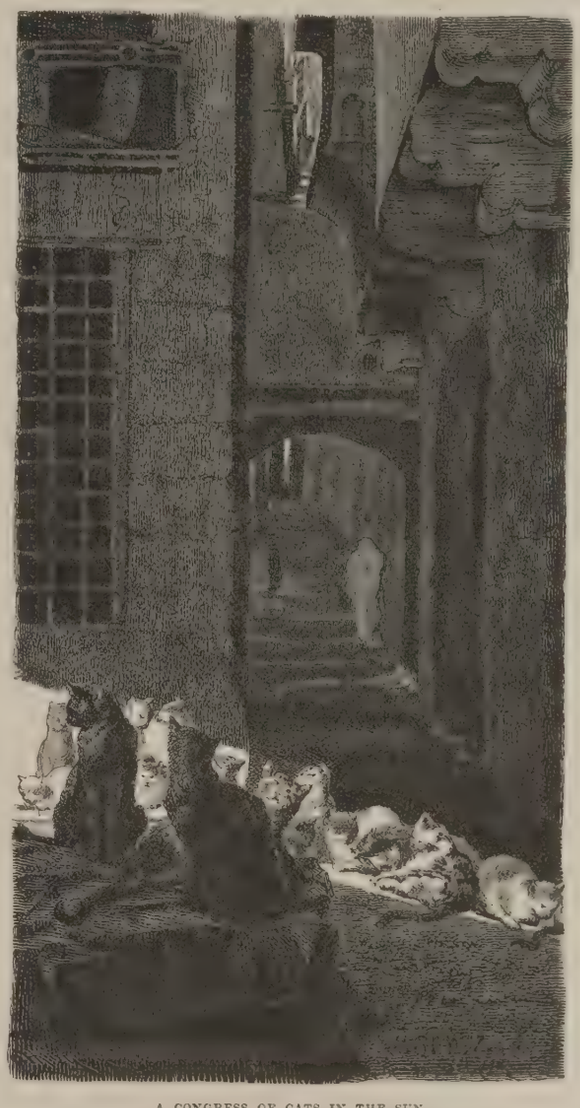
RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF AMADA IN NUBIA.

carried into captivity, and had to work in the fields and at building instead of the sons of Egypt, who now went forth to fight in the wars undertaken by their kings. The list of southern nations informs us that Thothmes sent troops to the Indian Ocean, where they penetrated as far as Cape Gardafui; and other inscriptions relate how he attacked Phœnicia, and Tyre, its capital, Babylonia, and Assyria, conquered them, and compelled them to pay him tribute. The form and amount of this tribute is given in detail in the "statistical tablet of Karnak," as it is called, an inscription engraved by the stone-workers of Thothmes on the wall of a room adjoining the holy place. This important record has suffered greatly from dilapidations, and from large portions

[1] The romantic account of the taking of Joppa by placing soldiers with cords in jars is told in a hieratic papyrus in the British Museum, a translation of which will be found in the "Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology," iii. pp. 340—348, by C. W. Goodwin, and M. Maspéro's "Études Égyptiennes," p. 39.

DEALER IN ANTIQUITIES ON THE ROAD FROM LUXOR TO KARNAK.

having been transported to Europe; but its most important portions have been completed by careful research, and the most superficial observer cannot fail to perceive what important revelations it must have afforded us with regard to the status and culture of the different countries whose produce it describes.[1] I cannot here enumerate in detail how many slaves, male and female, and domestic animals, what produce of the soil, what metals and stones, ornaments and vessels, were to be surrendered to the Egyptian collectors of tribute; but it is worthy of mention that even at that early period Phœnicia produced artistically-wrought metal vessels, and Syria richly-decorated chariots, armour, and weapons, besides various articles of furniture, finely inlaid and carved, such as the Egyptians were glad to possess, and use for the decoration of their tents and houses. Even in Mesopotamia chariots were built, weapons forged, and elegant vessels manufactured; and if the word *Ashmara*[2] (Hashmal, and in Assyrian Ishmaru) is correctly rendered, they understood the art of enamelling. It may be seen that the nations of Western Asia were not far behind the Egyptians themselves in the arts of life, but the happy natural conditions of the valley of the Nile have preserved from destruction much which must have perished under the influences of a damp or inclement climate. It is due entirely to Egyptian records that we know that many arts flourished in Mesopotamia and Phœnicia, even as early as the XVIIth century B.C., and that an advanced civilisation prevailed there, while in the dry atmosphere of Egypt thousands of tangible evidences survive to prove what its condition was—as finger-rings, earrings, necklaces, and bracelets, toilet vessels, mirrors, and combs, weapons, and portions of armour, among these a fragment of a scale-plate breast-plate. Even a whole chariot of the time of the Pharaohs has escaped destruction, and is preserved in the Egyptian collection at Florence. Thebes is even still an inexhaustible mine of these relics of an advanced civilisation; and as the traveller approaches Karnak he will be implored by the antiquity-mongers of



A CONGRESS OF CATS IN THE SUN.

[1] A translation of this will be found in "Records of the Past," ii. p. 17, and pp. following.

[2] Other interpretations, however, have been given of this word. The Egyptians did not enamel metals, but inlaid them with colour.

[3] Bearing the name of Sheshang or Shishak, of the XXIInd dynasty.

Luksor to buy a great variety, some of which are genuine, though many more, no doubt, are spurious imitations.

Amon of Thebes, his temple — which Thothmes strove to beautify by every means—and his priests, naturally profited largely by the rich booty spoken of on the tablet of tribute. The inscriptions tell us that the king was very liberal in his gifts of land, gardens, corn, cattle, fowls, gold, silver, precious stones, costly vessels, and

THE FRENCH QUARTER IN THE TEMPLE OF LUKSOR.

instruments, among which a harp set with jewels is particularly mentioned. He also endowed the temple with the revenue from three towns in Syria. Three new festivals of victory were instituted, and added to the former holidays, which were not few in Thebes. And Thothmes was open-handed to his subordinates in the field as well as to the gods, and individual deeds of valour are recorded of them during this, the age of Egyptian chivalry. One of the bravest of his warriors was the noble Amen-em-heb, whose tomb, with its inscription, it was my own good fortune to discover. This hero held a command in every expedition; he distinguished himself by his per-

sonal courage before the enemy and in the hunting-field, and after every glorious achievement he was rewarded with orders of merit and with gifts.[1] The account of his life supplements that of Thothmes III. in an unexpected way, and supplies us with correct information as to the length of his reign, during which the great warrior-prince found leisure for the completion of numerous splendid works of peace. Thothmes built the oldest portion of the Temple of Medinet Haboo, on the western side of Thebes. We meet with his name at Dendera, at Memphis, and Heliopolis, at Erment, el-Kab, Edfoo, Esneh, and Kom Omboo. His workmen were actively employed on the island of

THE CHRISTIAN PLACE OF WORSHIP IN THE TEMPLE OF LUKSOR.

Elephantine, and in various other spots, even in Nubia, particularly at Amada, between the first and second cataracts, where he restored the temple already existing, and decorated it with wall pictures, among which we find his portrait and hieroglyphic inscriptions, which to this day retain the freshness of their colours, and are remarkable for their grandeur of style and beauty of execution. He also erected many obelisks; the most famous of them have been transported to Europe—Cleopatra's Needle to London, one to the Lateran in Rome, and a very noble one to Constantinople.

It cannot be wondered at that such a king as this should, long after his death, still have divine honours paid him, and that many Egyptians should have chosen his

[1] He destroyed an elephant at Nii, probably in Northern India. See "Records of the Past," ii. p. 62.

[2] The other obelisk, formerly at Alexandria, has been removed and set up in New York, in the United States of America.

first name, Ra-men-cheper, as a motto or device to engrave on their seals and scarabæus amulets, as being of good omen.

His son, Amenophis, mounted the throne the day after his death, as we learn from the tomb of Amen-em-heb. His part was to preserve what his father had won. An attempt at revolt in the conquered cities of Syria called him into Asia, and an inscription at Amada tells us how terrible was the punishment he inflicted on the insurgents.

NURSERY FOR CHICKENS AND CHILDREN IN THE RUINS OF LUKSOR.

The tablet found between the fore-legs of the great Sphinx at Ghizeh informs us, as the reader may remember, that Thothmes IV., who succeeded Amenophis II., freed that monument from sand after he was visited in a dream, while resting from the chase, by the god Ra-Harmachis, who commanded him to do so. We know little of any great exploits of this prince, and they are quite thrown into the shade by those of his powerful successor, Amenophis III., who, though he was anticipated by his predecessor, Thothmes III., so far as the opening out of new roads was concerned, did

[1] The body of this monarch, broken probably by Arab rapacity, has been recently found in a pit at the Deir-el-Bahari, or Devr-el-Bahree.

his utmost to equal him as a warrior, and to excel him as a founder of new buildings. The landmarks of his empire, as they are given in the records, prove that he maintained, if he did not extend, the frontiers of Egypt. Four qualities in particular distinguish this prince as the most chivalrous figure of that heroic period, at once its crown and its close—"a strong arm, a brave temper, a heart faithful to its love, and a delight in works that should survive his own span of life." Such a description sounds as if it were that of a Christian hero of mediæval chivalry, but many a monument gives proof of its justice as applied to this king. The great-grandfather of Amenophis had had himself represented as holding up by the tail a living lion that he had vanquished, in imitation, perhaps, of a picture he had seen somewhere in Asia. The reader has already seen a seal of Thothmes II., which shows him mastering a lion, and Thothmes IV. is famous as a hunter; but Amenophis III. surpassed them all, for on large scarabæi—and many such have been preserved—he boasts that during the first ten years of his reign he had killed no less than one hundred and two lions. Similar objects record the facts that he took to wife Tii, the daughter of Iuaa and of Tuaa.[1] The monuments represent this lady, who was probably of Asiatic origin, as fair-complexioned and blue-eyed, the most beautiful of all the women depicted on them; and how tenderly this wife—though not of a royal family—must have been beloved by her husband is sufficiently proved by the monuments of this king, for she is represented much more frequently than is usually the case, and always named and placed next to himself. If we wish to study the works of this chivalrous and devoted knight among the Egyptian kings, we must once more visit the great national temple. The row of stately pylons south of Karnak show us that the king's palace and the city of Thebes proper lay to the south of the great Temple of Amon, for they themselves indicate the route taken by the king when he had occasion to visit the temple in solemn procession. Amenophis took upon himself the task of adorning this highway, and he selected the goddess Mut[2] from the great triad of Karnak, and built a temple to her especially, which had the form of a horse-shoe bent round a tank of the same form. Next to this goddess, the cat-headed or lion-headed Sekhet seems to have enjoyed the highest honours in this sanctuary, which has fallen a prey to time and violence, so that only a few remains are left. Mariette, who had the foundations excavated, has proved that no less than 572 statues of the feline wife of Ptah must have stood in its two fore-courts and along the eastern and western outside walls. These were all of black granite; and even to this day a number of these grotesque monsters stand among the ruins and rubbish of the ancient sacred tank, and have a most weird appearance, particularly in the moonlight, when they look like a troop of witches or spell-bound queens sitting on their thrones, and they have an ominous aspect of malignant magic as they stand up above this ruined and deserted scene. The swarms of living cats which are constantly to be met with in the cities of the Nile may indeed be forgotten, but no one can ever forget this silent company of cat-faced women.[3]

[1] Some later scarabæi record the offering of the Chief of Mesopotamia, named Kirikarba (Kirgep), who sent his daughter Sath-arna and 327 women to Egypt. "Records of the Past," xii. p. 40.

[2] The mother goddess, wife of Amen Ra, and mother of Khonsu or Chôns.

[3] Many of these statues are now in the British Museum, which contains also a gigantic head of Amenophis III., and a colossal statue of the same monarch. The monarch Shishak, who flourished about 500 years later, placed his name upon some of them.

THE STATUE OF MEMNON AND ITS COMPANION AT THE TIME OF HIGH NILE.

SEKHET STATUES NEAR THE TEMPLE OF MUT, KARNAK.

Amenophis was not content with building this temple, and another which was erected to the extreme north of the great sanctuary: he also undertook the construction of a new great temple close to the shore of the Nile. This, too, was begun by building the holy place, which is removed by a full hour's walk to the south of that of Karnak.

Apiu, or the seat of the gods, was the ancient name of the great Temple of Amon, and from this word, with the feminine prefix *t-ape*, came the Greek name Θῆ βαι,[1] or Thebes.

The new temple founded by Amenophis was called the "Apiu of the south."[2] It is known to many of my readers as the Temple of Luksor; but the name "Luksor" is merely a corruption of an Arabic word, *al-kusoor*, meaning castles, and it served to designate this village, which was first built up in the very midst of the courts, halls, and colonnades of this ancient temple, and then extended gradually to the north and east. The temple of Luksor is seen to most advantage from the Nile, but it is exceedingly difficult while wandering among the ruins of the interior — all jumbled up as they are with dwelling-houses, huts, and even a church — to form any idea whatever of their original plan and design. The old holy place was destroyed long ages since, and restored in the name of Alexander II., son of the Macedonian conqueror. Dwelling-houses have sprung up on the roofs of the halls and chambers which stand round this sanctum, and one of these, known as the French fort (*Kasr fransawee*), was inhabited by the engineer who superintended the removal of the obelisk of Luksor to Paris.

The original pronaos, which lay between the holy of holies and the grand hypostyle, with its thirty-two columns (four rows of eight), served at a very early date —certainly before the VIIth century—as a church for a Christian congregation; the altar was erected in the closed chamber at the further end, between new columns of a bastard Corinthian order, and its walls were plastered with stucco, partly to conceal the works of the heathen, and partly to afford a surface for new paintings. Of these a few heads still remain, so well painted and so fine in expression, that they, with a few fragments of Greek inscription which have been found near them, must be regarded as the work of some capital artist of the time of the Byzantine emperors. The figures to the right of the altar have black velvet shoes, and to the left a picture with horses and riders can be made out. Where the plaster has fallen the effect is singular enough, for we have a mixture of Christian figures and Egyptian gods. Stranger still has been the fate of the Christian paintings at Wady Sebooah, in Nubia, where a break in the plaster has left Rameses II. offering a sacrifice to an evangelist. Adjoining this hall of the thirty-two pillars was a still more extensive fore-court, enclosed on the west and east by a double row of pillars, and on the north by a single row, with a pylon. The papyrus-stems which compose the shafts of these columns are well sculptured, but there is no spot from which we can obtain a complete view of this grandly-planned peristyle. The colonnade that leads from it northwards, with seven pairs of stately campanulate columns, and the great court farther north still, with the grand pylon that terminates it, are all of a later date, and I shall refer to them again presently. The later portion of the building lies at an obtuse angle

[1] This word, according to Mariette, was applied to Luksor.

[2] "The Southern Cattle-stalls."

with the older part, perhaps in order to obtain a direct line of sight for the rows of sphinxes connecting the main entrance with that of the temple at Karnak; or perhaps merely to avoid injuring other buildings which may at that time have occupied the site.

The traveller who wishes to form some idea of the size and beauty of this temple —which in ancient times must have presented a magnificent appearance, as it was approached from the river—should take a boat at sunset, and, crossing to the farther shore, look eastward. The columns, walls, and gateways of the Temple of Luksor are veiled in hues of indescribable tenderness and delicacy; the dewy breath of evening and the filmy twilight float over the huge outline of this noble structure, and cast a glamour even over the rags and tatters, the rubbish and patch-work, with which it is desecrated and defaced by a miserable race.

STATUE OF AMENOPHIS IV., KHUENATEN.

Still there is a certain charm in spying-out the cuckoo's brood in the eagle's abandoned nest, and we find here, among columns and pilasters, lofty gateways, and sculptured walls, all the characteristic details of a small Egyptian town. I have passed many pleasant hours in the handsome house of Mustafa Agha, in the very heart of the temple at Luksor. I saw the old heathen gods looking down from their walls and pillars into the very books of the reciters of the Koran; I saw the little boys making sham antiquities under the very eyes of the goddess of Truth; I saw goats and sheep, dogs and fowls, desolating the holy of holies; and children—which absolutely swarm at Luksor —playing in the most secret chambers of the divinity, from which even the initiated were excluded. Mud and dust everywhere defile the "pure" dwelling of the god, whose image looks down with disgust on the hatching oven which a Kopt keeps here on the same primitive plan as that described by Aristotle. In the hot climate of Egypt the hens readily abandon their eggs, and so it is generally thought preferable to hatch out the chickens by artificial heat. As for the children, they grow up as best they may, shirtless and untaught.

We will now take the one step from the mean to the sublime, from the squalor of modern Luksor to the gigantic edifice which Amenophis erected in the Nekropolis on the western shore of the Nile, as the Memnonium of himself, his mother, and his wife. The vast halls of this temple are totally destroyed, but their remains compose so huge a mass that we are justified in supposing that this Memnonium must have exceeded all others in size and extent. On the site where it stood numerous fragments of building and statues are strewn on the soil, and on the spot, which perhaps was the

sanctuary, lies an enormous stone engraved with hieroglyphics, which tell us how rich and splendid the interior of this building must have been. In front of its main entrance stood those two gigantic statues, which were reckoned among the wonders of the world, and which still fill their original places, the northernmost being the celebrated "vocal statue of Memnon." What a magnificent sight this building must have been, with these colossal statues, its sempiternal and immovable guardians, seated on their cubical thrones, on whose sides we may still see the figures of the mother and wife of the king. Each of them is fifteen metres fifty-nine centimetres[1] high, and was still higher before the tall crown of the Pharaohs fell from their heads. The breadth of shoulder is six metres seventeen centimetres, the length of their feet is three metres twenty

SPHINX AT KARNAK.

centimetres, and it has been calculated that each statue must weigh about 1,280 tons 7 cwt. The northern statue is the most famous, being the vocal colossus of Memnon, which, in the time of the Cæsars, was thought as well worthy of a visit by the Roman or Greek traveller in Egypt as the great Sphinx or the Pyramids. In the year 27 B.C. part of this statue was broken away by an earthquake, and from that time till the reign of Septimius Severus[2] it is said that every morning shortly after sunrise it emitted certain sounds, of the nature of which we are ignorant, since cautious travellers, like Strabo, call it merely a noise, others a musical tone, while the more enthusiastic even dignify it as a song.[3] Connecting the statue with the Egyptian word *mennu*, the Greeks designated the colossus as the statue of Memnon, the Homeric hero, the son of Tithonus and Eos (the dawn), the confederate of the Trojans, who, after killing Antilochus, the son of Nestor, stayed the avenging arm of Achilleus. As soon as

[1] More than fifty feet.

[2] A.D. 194.

[3] It has been heard in recent times. See Hay's Diary in the British Museum, Manuscript Department.

the rosy-fingered morn appeared over Thebes, said the Greek legend, she shed her tears —the morning dew—on the statue of her son, who gratefully greeted his mother with a soft song. The throne, the plinth, and the legs of the colossus, which are wetted by the Nile at the time of the inundation, are covered with Greek inscriptions in prose and verse, commemorating the names of those who have visited the statue, the feelings with which it has inspired them, and whether and when its tones were heard by them. The most ancient dates from the eleventh year of Nero;[1] the longest is a poem, composed by the court poetess Balbilla on the occasion of her accompanying Hadrian and his wife, Sabina, on a visit to Thebes;[2] and the best verses are those of the imperial procurator, Asklepiodotus. These may be rendered as follows :—

"Know, O sea-born Thetis, that Memnon could not die. When the hot rays shed by his mother (Eos) fall brightly upon him, his clear song rings out from where the spreading Nile parts the Libyan hills from hundred-gated Thebes, while thy son Achilles, who longed for endless fighting, speaks not in Troy's plain, nor in Thessaly."

The portion of the colossus that had been thrown down in the earthquake was restored under Septimius Severus by building it up with blocks of stone, and this caused the sounds to cease. It would seem that the vocal phenomenon was genuine and natural, and not a trick of deluding priests. It appears to have resulted from the action of the rays of the sun, which, even at its first rising, are very powerful in these latitudes; these striking on the broad inclined surface of the broken part of the statue while it was wet with the dews of night, the siliceous particles of the stone—which is a quartzose sandstone conglomerate—having shrunk by cooling in the night, then suddenly expanded with a ringing noise. If this is the correct explanation, the sound would naturally cease as soon as a new upper part was cemented on to the broken surface. There seems to be no doubt whatever that the material of which these statues are made was quarried in the Red Mountain, near Cairo (Vol. I., p. 141), and we learn from inscriptions that the chief official personage under Amenophis III.—Amenophis, the son of Hapu, who seems to have been the greatest architect, the greatest statesman, and at the same time the greatest general of his time—had it transported across the Nile on eight boats, and erected, as it would seem, at the time of the highest Nile flood in front of his king's Memnonium. This same dignitary also founded the small temple behind Medinet Haboo, which was rebuilt by the Ptolemies, and which is now known by the name of Deyr-el-Medeenet. His sovereign, Amenophis III., made many demands on his energy and genius, for he caused temples to be erected to the gods of his native land in many remote places, even on Mount Barkal, in the far south of Nubia.[3]

It is difficult to understand how it was that this pious king's son and successor should have displayed such violent hostility to the gods of Thebes, and particularly to the god most venerated by his father, the great Amon himself. He renounced his name of Amenophis, "the peace of Amon," and had the word Amon chiselled out of many inscriptions in stone; took the name of *Khu-en-Aten*, "the light of the sun's disk," quitted Thebes, and built a new residence for himself south of Beni Hasan, at the place now known as Tell-el-Amarna, and there erected a splendid temple to the sun *Aten*, whom he worshipped to the exclusion of all other gods. Can it have been the influence of

[1] A.D. 65. [2] A.D. 130. See "The Emperor," a romance by Georg Ebers. [3] Amenophis flourished about B.C. 1500.

THE GREAT HALL OF PILLARS AT KARNAK.

his mother Tii, who, as we know, was of foreign origin, which led to his apostacy? or was it his aversion to the increasing tendency, in Thebes especially, towards spiritualising the conception of the divinity, which made him return to the simple and primitive sun-worship? In the numerous wall pictures in the tombs of Tel-el-Amarna, we see him repeatedly in adoration before the sun-disk, which has arms given to it, and his unhealthy development, as well as the type of his features, show us at once that he was a fanatic. His subordinates had to render him a deeper and baser homage than they had ever done to his forefathers; but in return he loaded them with gifts and honours. He wisely invited the best artists—we find one named Bek, and another Puta—to live in his capital, and the pictures are quite delightful in which they perpetuated the memory of this prince—who was not unwarlike, in spite of his religious peculiarities—and of his seven daughters, who could drive their own chariots with two horses on expeditions. He died leaving no male issue; and the priests of Amon took revenge for his sins against their god by destroying his name wherever they found it. Of the remaining kings of the XVIIIth Dynasty, only one is worthy of mention—Horus, known from the monuments as Hor-em-heb. He completed the south pylon at Karnak, and had the eastern row of sphinxes placed, which led from the temple there, past that of Amenophis, with the statues of Sekhet, to Luksor.[1] An inscription with a picture extant at Gebel Silsileh informs us that this Hor-em-heb was victorious in an expedition against the people of the south; but in the last decade of the XVIIIth Dynasty, of which the details have not yet been thoroughly investigated, the tributary races of Western Asia took advantage of the religious differences occasioned by the heresies of Khu-en-Aten, and of the disputes for the throne and other internal dissensions in Egypt, which could not fail to arise on the death of a king leaving no male successor, to form a new confederation, and to resuscitate their broken spirit of resistance. At the head of these revolted nations stood the Khita; at the time of Thothmes III. these had been already a powerful race,[2] and they were now ruled by valiant kings, who led mighty troops of war-chariots and foot-soldiers into the field. These Khita seem first to have revolted under their prince Saplel,[3] and very probably

QUEEN TUAA.

[1] The obscurities and difficulties of the reign of Horus are well known; his queen Notemmut is the only one represented as a female sphinx on a monument at Tursis, and with a peculiar head attire.

[2] The great race of the time of Thothmes III. were the Rutennu, who brought an elephant, possibly a white one, to Egypt; but no elephants existed in Asia beyond the confines of Northern India, and this animal was brought as tribute to Mesopotamia in the days of Shalmaneser, B.C. 850, so that the elephant hunt of Thothmes III. must have been on the borders of India. The Rutennu also bring the light bear (*Ursus Syriacus*).

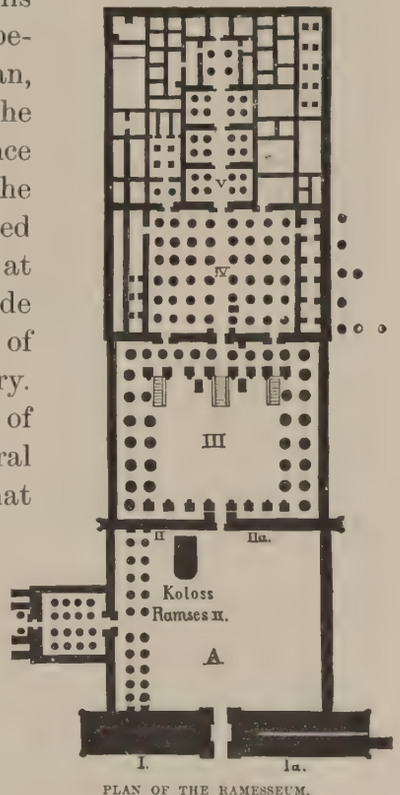
[3] Or Sapruru, Sapor.

Rameses I., who was the founder in his own person of a new royal family, may have earned his claim to the throne by his successful generalship of the Egyptian army. He was the ancestor of a great family of warriors, not apparently of pure Egyptian origin; on the contrary, there are strong reasons for believing that Semitic blood flowed in the veins of Rameses I., and that he came from Tanis, in the Delta. Little is told us of his own achievements, but a great deal of those of his son, Seti I., and his grandson, Rameses II.; and when the Greek historians speak of the time of Sesostris, they mean the period of these two kings, who both kept the same ends in view, and who for some years reigned together. Rameses I. was a usurper, and not even related to the old family of Pharaohs; but his son Seti gained a right to the throne by marrying Tuaa, a princess descended in a direct line from Thothmes and Amenophis; and as soon as a son was born to him he was appointed co-regent with his father, as is recorded in a great inscription in the fore-court of the temple at Abydos. In this way he satisfied the requirements of the priesthood; but he also succeeded in winning for himself their affections and suffrages — first, by his victories in battle, and then by the unheard-of magnificence of the gifts and temples with which he honoured Amon of Thebes. The princes of the XVIIIth Dynasty had already, indeed, decorated the great national temple with works of great size and extent, but these sink into nothingness when compared to the immense hypostyle (IV.) begun by Rameses I., carried on by Seti, and finished by his son Rameses II.[1] This far exceeds in grandeur any other portion of the temple, either earlier or later, and there is not in the whole world a hall which can be put into the remotest comparison with it. It is a banqueting-hall for gods or giants, and not for petty mortals. No less than a hundred and thirty-four columns, of huge height and thickness, supported the architraves and the immense stone slabs with which it was roofed over. Six pairs of columns, with fine caliciform capitals, formed the colonnade, by which processions passed from the fore-court, through the old buildings, to the sanctuary; while the other one hundred and twenty-two columns were somewhat lower than these twelve central ones, and were crowned with foliated capitals. The internal rows of columns to the right and left supported windows of stone trellis-work, which reached as high as the top of the abacus of the twelve large pillars, and, with them, supported the roof-slabs of the centre portion of the hall, which thus received some of the daylight it needed. In this hall the worshippers must have felt as though they were standing in a forest of gigantic flowers left from the wreck of some huge primæval world. The sunlight shone through the windows at the side, but the roof over their heads—supported on leaves and flowers—glittered with the stars of the midnight sky strewed on a blue ground. Wherever the eye turned it fell on pictures of the king offering to the gods, and receiving gifts at their hands. Many of the columns are now overthrown, and others tottering to a fall; but perhaps this marvel of architecture may have been less impressive at the time of its newness and use than it is now, when we are able to see it as a whole, and in connection with the half-ruined chambers and obelisks in the background. While the hymns in praise of Amon were yet sung in this hall, and perfumed resin burnt before him, at Thebes—as at Dendera—none

About B.C. 1320.

FORECOURT AND ENTRANCE OF THE HOUSE OF SETI (TEMPLE OF KURNAH).

but the initiated were admitted to the hypostyle, and here, as there, the outer walls were used for the display of historical pictures and inscriptions. On that lying towards the north (IV. *a b* in the Plan), six pictures have been preserved, with their inscriptions, relating to Seti's victories in the East; they show us the Pharaoh passing the fortified frontier of Egypt (*Khetem, i.e., Etham*), overthrowing the robber tribe of the Shasu, and penetrating across Palestine to Syria; the inscriptions tell us how he took the cities of the conquered nations, built new fortresses to enable him to control them, drove away the flocks and herds, with their pastors, took possession of Kadesh, the capital and stronghold of the Kheta, had cedars felled on Lebanon for importation into his own timberless land, and returned to Egypt loaded with spoil and with the heads of his enemies. I have already spoken of his enterprise in beginning to make a Suez Canal. He re-conquered Canaan, Syria, Phœnicia (with Tyre), Mesopotamia, and even the island of Cyprus, concluded a treaty with Mautanar, prince of the Kheta, and carried home such vast treasure that he could indulge his love of building to any extent. He erected a fine Memnonium in the Nekropolis of Thebes, as he did at Abydos; it was exactly opposite the temple to which he made such magnificent additions, and in it his names and those of his father, Rameses I., were to be held in reverent memory. The inscriptions call this the House of Seti—in the plans of Thebes it is known as the Temple of Koornah; the central portion is well preserved, but most of the sphinxes that marked out the roads for the processions have perished, with the pylons, under the hand of time.



PLAN OF THE RAMESSEUM.

The temple proper was approached by a hall like that of Abydos, but this was not supported on square pillars, but on ten deeply-fluted columns of the plant-like type, of which only eight now remain. On the back wall we see twelve pairs of gods, eight of which are, beyond a doubt, personifications of the branches of the Nile that intersect the Delta, and correspond to other figures on the left, representing the Nile of Upper Egypt. Of these figures the inscription says:—"As they approach the king, their arms are filled with choice produce and stores, and all the good things that the earth brings forth are gathered by them to add to the joy on the great feast-day of Amon, the father."

These words refer to the great "feast of the Valley," *heb en-ant*, when, on the 29th day of the second month of the inundation, the statue of Amon was brought forth from the sanctuary with much magnificence and solemnity, and conveyed across the Nile to the Nekropolis, that the god might there offer sacrifices to his ancestors in the other world. The priests of the house of Seti received the procession with the splendid bark Sam, the most sacred of all the vessels that were preserved in the temple of Karnak; in this the statue of the god was placed, and borne first to the Memnonium of Seti, and then round and about the Nekropolis, preceded by a

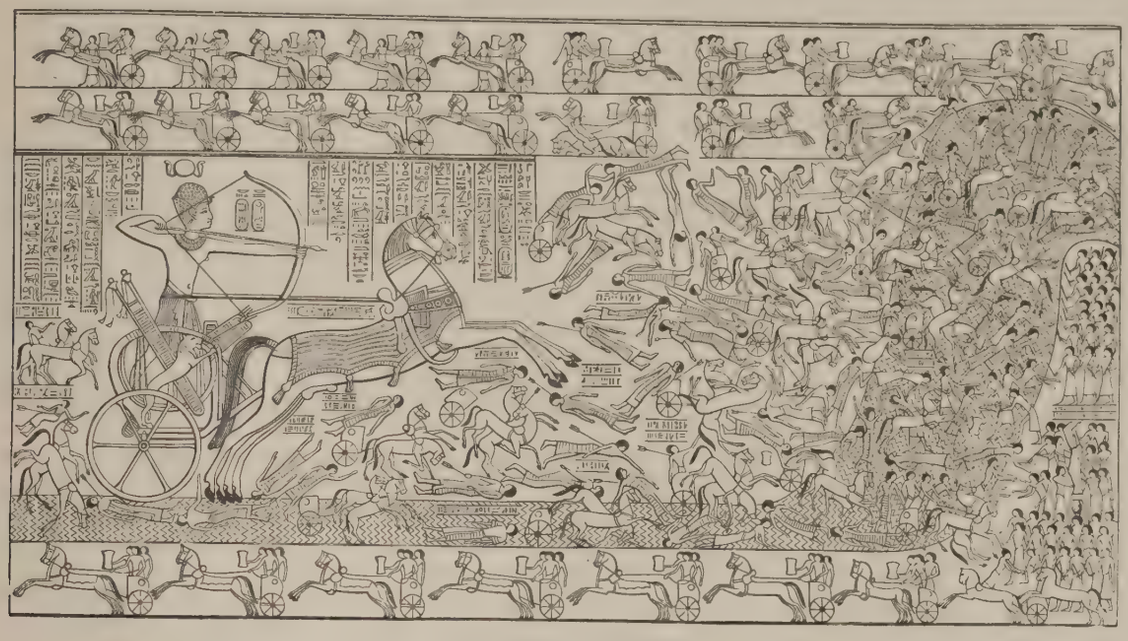
crowd of temple servants, who strewed the way with sand. The solemnities ended with a grand nocturnal spectacle, on the great sacred lake of which traces may still be seen to the extreme south of the Nekropolis.

The Egyptian religion prescribed to all its followers that they should visit the tombs of their dead and bring offerings, in grateful remembrance of their parents and forefathers; and as, day after day, millions of suns had gone to rest—as men do—behind the realm of tombs in the Libyan hills, the god himself was brought to do honour to his departed ancestry, and to sacrifice to them. The young sun might not forget its departed predecessor, and the god's visit to the Nekropolis set

RUINS OF THE RAMESSEUM.

men the example of a pious remembrance of their forefathers. Three groups of halls and chambers formed the nucleus of this Memnonium, and the most ancient of its pictures and inscriptions appear to be executed by the same artists whose masterpieces we admired at Abydos, and whose work we shall again meet with in the tomb of Seti. The work done under Rameses II., in completion of this Memnonium, which was unfinished at the time when its founder died, are far behind those of his father's time in finish and style. Extensive school buildings were attached to the house of Seti, but they were constructed only of brick, and have totally disappeared. If we are to believe the statement of Diodorus, that the father of Rameses II. (Sesostris) had him brought up with all the boys born in the country on the same day, and exercised in all the most arduous mental and physical labour, we may assume that the house of Seti was the scene of this wise prince's training; nay, if the Exodus of the Jews under Moses is rightly placed in

the time of Rameses' successor, and if the lawgiver was in fact brought up with the Pharaoh's children, this must have been the school where he passed his youth.[1]



A BATTLE, FROM THE RAMESSEUM.

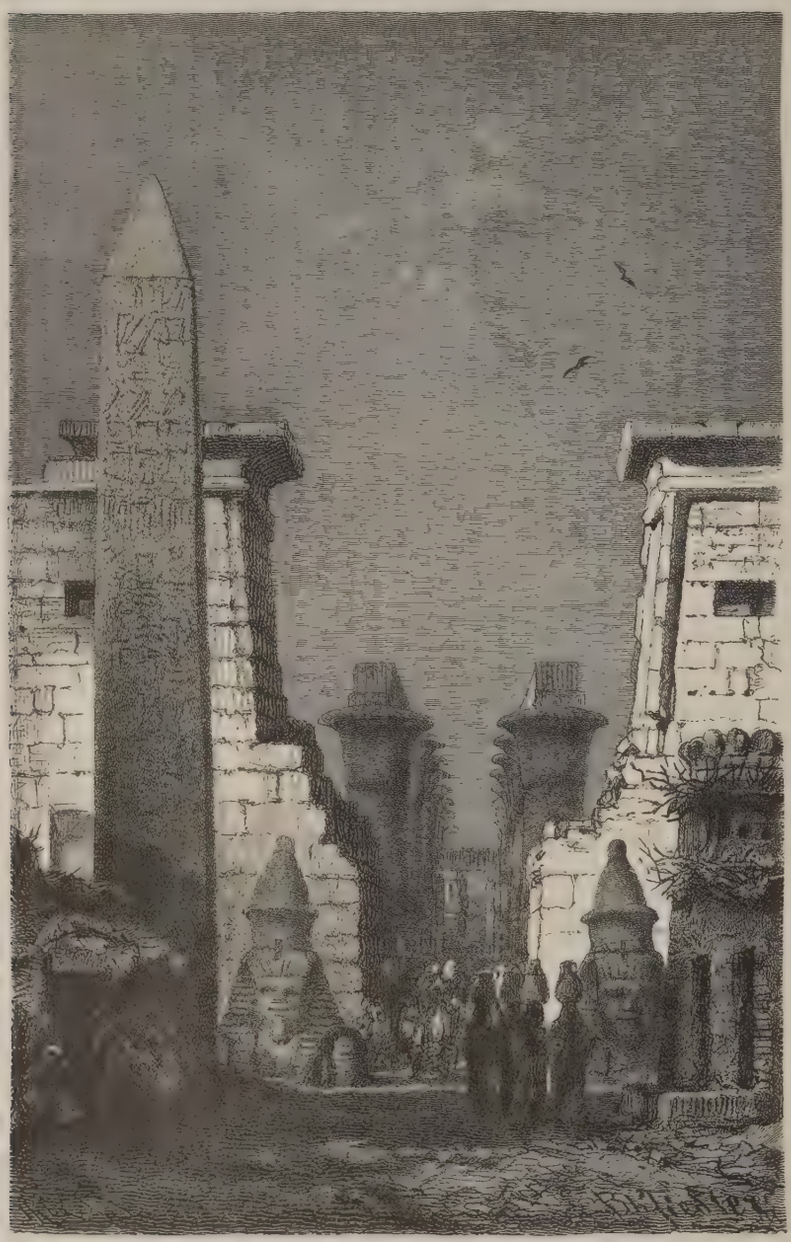
We know from inscriptions that Rameses enjoyed royal honours from the day of his birth, that he was called a "captain of armies" when he was only ten years old, and that he proved his valour as a warrior in very early youth. We need not here follow his career in his expeditions to the countries of the north and south, or relate in detail how, treading in his father's footsteps, after his father's death when he ruled alone, he endeavoured to work the gold mines between the Nile and the Red Sea, and to supply the road across the desert with new wells.[2] At Memphis and Heliopolis, at Tanis—his usual residence—at Thebes and Abydos, in the hot regions of Nubia beyond the cataract, and wherever a city was founded in obedience to his commands, he built temples and chapels to the gods; his image was carved in rocks far in

BUST, FROM THE RAMESSEUM.

[1] The details and inscriptions on this building are all given in Mariette's "Karnak."

[2] The inscriptions relating to the wells are given by Prisse in his "Monuments Égyptiens," pl. 21, and Lepsius, "Denkmaeler," III., pl. 139—141. They have often been translated: "Records of the Past," Vol. VIII., p. 67; Brugsch Bey's "History of Egypt."

the interior of Asia, and his name was perpetuated on all those buildings founded by his father, which he, like a dutiful son, completed. One of his own works, however, must be here particularly mentioned, for it is one of the noblest creations of Egyptian architecture and the founding of it was connected with the most highly praised of his achievements. This is the Ramesseum, as it is called, of which the remains are a conspicuous ornament of Western Thebes. In a furious battle near Kadesh, the capital of the Kheta, he was cut off from his army, and by the might of his own "right arm," he defended himself against a considerable number, forced his way through the enemy who surrounded him, and then setting himself again at the head of his troops, he defeated the Kheta army, and forced them backwards into the river. Pentaur, the chief poet of his time, sang of this great deed of arms in an epic, which was inscribed on temple walls and in papyrus rolls[1]—the Iliad of the Egyptians. "I was alone, and none was with me," is the cry that the poet puts into the mouth of the king; but Amon stood by the distressed Pharaoh and fought for him, and so the rescued king built a magnificent temple in the Nekropolis as a thank-offering, and to keep his own glorious deed in remembrance. On the principal architecture of this votive building the often-repeated burden of Pentaur's epos may still be read: "I was alone, and none was with

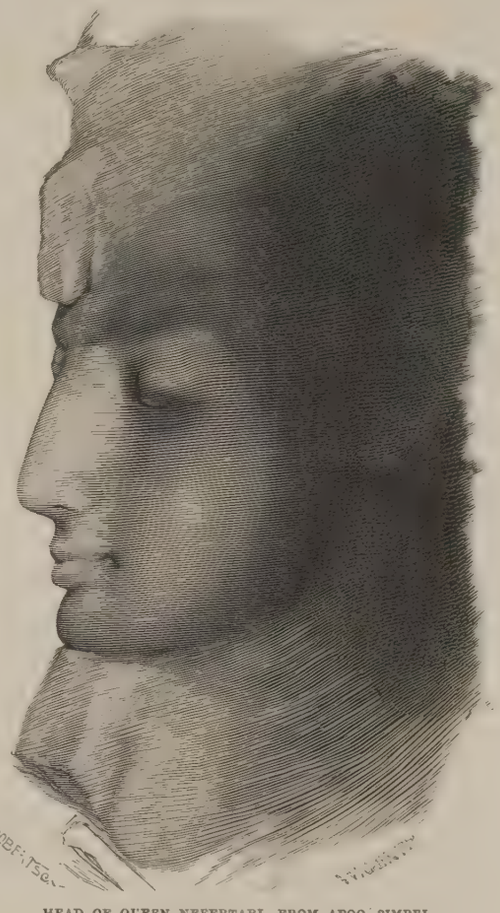


PYLONS AND OBELISK OF RAMESES II. AT LUKSOR.

[1] The principal one is the third Sallier papyrus, in the British Museum. It has been translated by several Egyptologists, and the translations will be found in the "Records of the Past," II., p. 65, and following, and Brugsch Bey's "History of Egypt." The war is supposed to have happened about B.C. 1380. The papyrus is in the Hieratic character, but the texts in hieroglyphics appear on the walls of Karnak.

me." His artists have carved rich and vivid battle-scenes on the broad surfaces of the walls of the pylons, representing the fight at Kadesh, the camp of the Egyptians, the flight of the Kheta and their allies, and the king himself as of colossal stature, towering above his foes. The turmoil of the battle, the fiery onset of the horses, the heroic stature of Rameses, by whose side two lions are raging and fighting, the terror of the vanquished, and the hurry of the fugitives, are vividly depicted.

In the first court (A in the plan), the king had a statue erected, which now lies in fragments on the earth, but which once exceeded even the statue of Memnon in size, and this one, too, was made, not of sandstone, but of granite. The whole was seventeen mètres and a half (about forty-six feet) in height; one ear, which is well preserved, is three feet three inches long. Diodorus speaks of the Ramesseum as the tomb of Osymandyas, and describes it very accurately on the whole.



HEAD OF QUEEN NEFERTARI, FROM ABOO SIMBEL.

The second court (III.) is distinguished by its colonnade, which encloses it on all the four sides, the roof being supported by columns on the east and west; but on the north and south sides by pillars, which are crowned by mummy-shaped statues of Osiris, with their faces towards the court. I may here take occasion to observe that figures are never employed in Egyptian architecture as Caryatides, but are always supported against the pillars or pilasters which serve to carry the superstructure. On the upper portion of the eastern side of the pylon, which closes this court is another wonderfully animated representation of the conquest of the Kheta, and topmost of all, there is a picture of the ceremonies at the coronation of the king; but we find this repeated, and in much better preservation, at Medinet Haboo.

The great hypostyle (IV.), "the Hall of the Presence," is unique in its way. Diodorus called it the *Odeum*, or concert-hall, and it is led up to by a few steps. It is on the same general plan as the great hall of Karnak, having taller columns, with floral capitals in the middle, and lower columns with bud-formed capitals on each side, and the same arrangement for equalising the height of the columns and obtaining light; but while Seti's vast hall takes the senses and imagination by storm, filling the beholder with astonishment and awe, this hall, with its more modest dimensions and wonderfully pleasing *ensemble* delights the most fastidious taste. Probably it was under its astronomically decorated roof that thirty judges of the tribunal of Thebes met under their president, for the administration of justice. Nothing, however, remains of the statues of the judges which are said to have stood here; these are said to have been figures without

VILLAGE OF KARNAK.

hands,[1] to show that they were incorruptible, and their president was represented with closed eyes, as being inexorable even to entreaty. The Egyptians were the first to understand that Justice should be blind, for they hung round the neck of their chief judge an image of their Themis with her eyes closed. A few plinths for statues still remain in this hall, and in the fore-court which opens out of it some heads in grey granite have been preserved, of very fine workmanship, and with a charm of expression in the eyes and mouth which it is difficult to describe.

While in general it is only on the outer walls of temples that battle-scenes occur, we find one of remarkable beauty in this hall. How bravely the horses prance onwards—how furious is the fighting on the walls, which are being scaled with ladders, while the vanquished foes are flung down from the battlements. Many of the king's sons take part in the battle, and all his sons are depicted on the farther wall of the hall, with their names, titles, and dignities, in long array. It was the thirteenth of his many children whose fate it was to succeed his father on the throne at a ripe age. Among his daughters, who are also represented, Bent-anat was the most beloved and respected; to her even the cartouche of the queens is granted.[2] Many very interesting pictures are to be found in the smaller chambers of this building. One of these, on which the name of the great Pharaoh is being inscribed on the fruit of the Persea-tree by the god of learning and the goddess of history and books, has already been given to the reader. The small pillared hall in which this picture in relief occurs was probably the library of the temple, of which Diodorus tells us that it was inscribed with the words "the sanctum of the soul!"

Extensive ruins and rubbish-heaps are all that remain of the great structures in brick which adjoined the Ramesseum—lecture-halls and houses for teachers and disciples, and residences for the priests; the tombs of some of the librarians have also been found, and numerous rolls of papyrus, of various contents, show us that the college attached to this votive temple may be regarded as a great centre of all the intellectual life of the time. The most famous of the writers engaged here were Pentaur, Kagabu, Anana, Hora, Mer'apu, Bek-en-ptah, and others.[3] In the romance of "Uarda"[4] I have attempted to reproduce, from the data on the monuments, as faithful a picture as possible of such a nursery of Egyptian learning, and I selected for my purpose the House of Seti, which grew up and flourished before the Ramesseum; this was not founded till after the battle of Kadesh.

On the eastern bank of the Nile Rameses not only finished the buildings begun by Seti, but decorated with statues of himself the great gate which led up to the immense hypostyle constructed by his father—see the plan of Karnak (V.); he also surrounded the oldest part of the temple with a wall, and extended it by

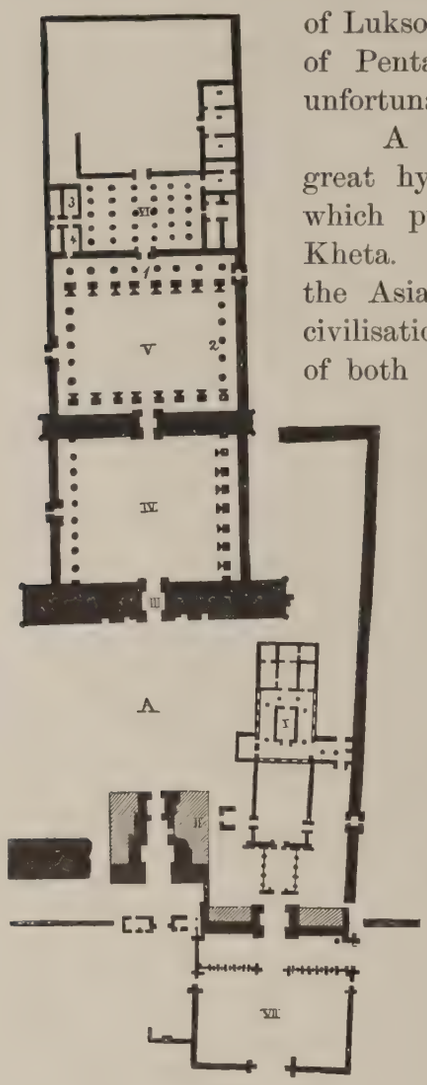
[1] No perfect ancient statues of this description, except such as are seated on the ground, and entirely enveloped in drapery, have been found.

[2] There is some mystery about Bent-anat, or, as her name means, "daughter of Anaitis," the daughter of Rameses II. Her mother was probably an Asiatic, but it is uncertain if of Khita or Hittite origin.

[3] The compositions of these authors are found in Hieratic in the different museums of Europe. The most important are in the British Museum and Turin, and have been published in fac-simile, as the "Select Papyri of the British Museum" and the "Papyrus de Turin," by M. Pleyte.

[4] "Uarda: a Romance of Ancient Egypt."

adding some fine buildings to the north. Then he finished the great temple founded at Luksor by Amenophis III., adding, as an approach to it, a large court and an immense pylon, in front of which he erected a colossal statue of himself and two obelisks; one of these has become famous by having been carried to Paris, where it stands in the centre of the Place de la Concorde. Rameses here commemorated his victories over the Kheta, covering the walls of the propylon of Luksor with pictures of camps and battles, and the epic poem of Pentaur was also inscribed here in a place which is now unfortunately inaccessible.



PLAN OF THE TEMPLE OF MEDINET HABOO.

A stela was discovered in the wall to the south of the great hypostyle at Karnak, on which was a copy of the treaty which put an end to the war between Rameses II. and the Kheta. This document[1] excites our respect and admiration for the Asiatic nation, which must have reached a high pitch of civilisation, and it raises our opinion of the high political status of both the nations who were parties to such a treaty. The Kheta king secured the alliance thus effected with the Egyptian sovereign by giving him his daughter in marriage, and this greatest of all the Pharaohs was thus enabled to enjoy the results of his successes in the field, and to spend the last decades of his reign—which lasted sixty-seven years—almost without interruption in the exercise of the arts of peace.

I have spoken of all that Rameses did in beautifying Thebes, but one more of his works is worthy of special mention; this is the rock temple of Aboo Simbel, on the western shore of the Nile, by the second cataract. This sanctuary is hewn out of the ferruginous reddish-brown sandstone of a cliff in the Nubian hills. The attempt was here made to produce the same effect by hewing and carving out the stone, as was attained at Karnak by free construction, and with perfect success; no one who has once seen the façade of the temple of Aboo Simbel—which shall presently be put before the reader—can ever forget it; no one, as he stands in front of it, can find in his fancy or his memory any image to compare with it, and the traveller, even in Egypt where he has been satiated with all that is most huge, is filled with fresh and frank admiration as he stands in the rock-hewn halls of this temple. In front of it, where with a fortress-like slope it faces the Nile, stand colossal statues exceeding that of Memnon in size. They are worked in the living rock, and represent Rameses II. and his wife Nefert-ari; and between his feet, on a smaller scale, are his children. The art and skill with which these gigantic statues are executed, both as to their general effect and their finish in

[1] The original is stated to have been engraved on a plate of silver, and was probably in Egyptian and Khitan, or Hittite hieroglyphs, but no duplicate out of Egypt has been identified.

INTERIOR OF THE SO-CALLED PAVILION IN THE TEMPLE OF MEDINET HABOO.

details, are quite marvellous; magnanimity and dignity joined to gracious sweetness mark the features of both king and queen, and when we tear ourselves from contemplating them, and enter the temple, our admiration rises at every step; three halls—in the first of which large statues of Osiris enthroned sit in state—and ten smaller chambers open one out of another, and the torches carried by our guide light up an endless gallery of pictures and inscriptions sculptured in the rock and covered over with a thin coating of plaster and paint; these refer to the same scenes and events as are recorded on the walls of the Ramesseum. We see the king with his lions rushing on the Kheta; and in the sanctuary at the innermost end of the cavern we see the Pharaoh worshipped with divine honours by the side of Harmachis (Hor-em-Khuti), Amon of Thebes, and Ra of Memphis.[1]

Following the example of his father, Menephtah, the son of Rameses II., often went from Thebes to Tanis in the Delta, and finally made it his capital. In his reign the scholars of the house of Rameses worked with zeal, and greatly developed the resources of their institution, which may be regarded as the precursor of the museum of Alexandria. We have already seen that at Tanis, in the midst of a half Semitic population, the Hebrews in particular were driven to many kinds of forced labour, of which we also have an account in the Bible. I have said that Menephtah was the Pharaoh of the Exodus, and it is not difficult to assign a reason for the severity he displayed towards the Semitic population of those eastern provinces of his dominions which bordered on the lands of other Semitic nations, for we know that at this time the Libyan tribes to the west of the Nile had allied themselves with the inhabitants of the islands of the Mediterranean to attack Egypt. An inscription in the great temple of Karnak tells us that he defeated these enemies in a great battle near Prosopis;[2] but we learn from other documents, of the years following the reign of Menephtah, that the event known to us as the Exodus of the Israelites had had a decisive effect on the history of Egypt, for soon after it had taken place, revolts and usurpations of the princes of the Delta districts disturbed the empire to the utmost. The Delta was for some time subject to a Syrian named Aarsu, and ambitious pretenders from time to time snatched the crown from the legitimate sovereign. At last the vigorous hand of Set-nekht restored peace to Egypt. His son, Rameses III., was the founder of a new dynasty, which was destined to an end as gloomy as its beginning was happy and hopeful.

Among all the temples on the western shore of the Nile, that of Medinet Haboo is distinguished by the grandeur and originality of its plan and the excellent preservation of its most important parts. It was Rameses III. who erected this noble structure close to a small temple built by Thothmes III. (1. in the plan) in the south of the Nekropolis. Under the Ptolemies and the Romans this was enlarged

[1] The mummy of Seti I., whose alabaster sarcophagus, removed from his tomb in the Biban-el-Melook, is in the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, was found in the pit of the Deir-el-Bahari, whither it had been hastily removed in the reign of Herhor, of the XXIst Dynasty. The mummy of Thothmes III. was also found in the same place; but another mummy, supposed to be that of Rameses II., has been attributed to Rameses XII.

[2] This inscription has been published by Duemichen, "Historische Inschriften," 1867, and translated by De Rougé in his "Mémoire sur les Attaques dirigées contre Egypte vers le XIV. Siècle avant notre ère" in the *Revue Archeologique*, Paris, 1867. Brugsch, "Egypt under the Pharaohs," II., p. 123, asserts that they were races of the Caucasus allied with Libyans, an opinion not to be universally accepted.

COURT WITH REMAINS OF A CHRISTIAN CHURCH AT MEDINET HABOO.

with much magnificence; and after the doctrines of Christianity had dethroned the old gods of Egypt, a Christian congregation established itself in its halls, and built a church in its courts. Mariette's forced labourers uncovered much that had been overthrown at that time, and to this day the villagers of Medinet Haboo bring away the nitrogeneous rubbish from the interior and use it as manure for the fields. The pictures and inscriptions which cover all the walls supplement the knowledge derived from Harris's great papyrus,[1] and make the inquirer perfectly acquainted with the deeds of Rameses III., of whom Herodotus relates many stories, calling him "Rhampsinitus the wealthy." A curious structure opens into the temple of Medinet Haboo, which has often been supposed to be a king's palace (II. in the plan), and which the French called the "Pavilion." The king, however, no more lived in this than in any other Memnonium or temple. The whole building, such as we see its remains, with its numerous pylons, courts, and halls, was dedicated to the memory of its founder and of his achievements, and served as the scene of various festivals, more particularly of the great coronation festival, or Feast of Steps. The *Pavilion*, in front of which are two little watch towers and a wall with battlements, consisted of two high wings in the form of truncated pyramids, and a building connecting them with a roadway through it. The interior of this very interesting structure is divided into two floors or storeys, with steps leading to the upper one, and is divided into several rooms with many remarkable pictures in relief on the walls. Among these there are some pictures of the private life of the king; one, for instance, showing him as engaged in playing at draughts with young ladies. But these pictures do not in the least prove that the rooms in which they occur were inhabited by the king; they were analogous to the pictures we have before met with in the tomb chapels of private families, and it would appear that this so-called Pavilion was used as a place of meeting for the descendants of the Pharaoh when they visited his Memnonium.

If we stand in the road-way that passes through this structure and look westward, we obtain a grand picture; through a gate in a massive pylon we look across one great court to another beyond it, and then over broken pillars, fragments, and ruins to the very foot of the Libyan range, which shuts in this stupendous scene.

Going through the gateway we find ourselves standing in front of the second largest pylon in Egypt (III.). Not pausing there, we enter a spacious enclosed court (IV.) with a colonnade on each side, that on the left formed by a row of floral columns, and that on the right by a series of pillars with figures of Osiris. The next court has a colonnade all round. Here we find the columns of the Christian church before mentioned, most of them on the ground; and beyond this again are the broken columns of a hypostyle (VI.), out of which open some well-preserved chambers, while behind them lie other ruined halls and rooms. This temple cannot fail to impress deeply any lover and connoisseur of architecture as a noble and grandiose production of the art. In its second court—if anywhere—with its

[1] Translated in the "Records of the Past," Vol. VI., p. 21, and following. This document, dated in the thirty-second year of Rameses III., describes the antecedent political state of Egypt, and the gifts the king made to Heliopolis, Memphis, and Thebes.

A SNAKE-CHARMER IN THE SECOND COURT OF MEDINET HABOO.

colonnades, its pillars, and its statues, he must feel how admirably skilful the old masters were in producing novel and happy results by varying the forms of the supports in their buildings. The hollow cornice, bending over and closing in the space, which has no roof but the blue sky, has a fine effect, and gives the spot a particular effect of calm retirement. To many visitors, no doubt the pictures and inscriptions with which the whole of the rooms and every wall and pillar are covered will be still more attractive than its architectural beauties, if he understands their meaning and can interpret their language; for in the Pavilion, on the pylon, and on the north wall of this Memnonium, all the triumphs achieved by Rameses III. in the fifth, eighth, and eleventh years of his reign, are recorded for posterity, graphically and in long inscriptions. Fierce fights, and not on land only—as at Karnak, Luksor, and the Ramesseum—but by water also, are here represented in relief in stone, and heightened by brilliant colouring. The peoples against which the Egyptians defend themselves are of very various races; some of them they attack in their own dominions, and their dress, armour, and type of features are depicted in the most characteristic manner. New foes, whom we met for the first time under Menephtah, call the Egyptians into the field. Their old adversaries the Kheta and Shasu are still to be seen among the Pharaoh's enemies; but they sink into insignificance by the side of the great confederation of nations who gather under the standard of the Libyan princes. The tribes of the east seem to have been driven to the west and south before a great migration of the hordes of Western Asia; and the nations to the west of Egypt joined hands with them to reduce the supremacy of that powerful kingdom. But the arm of Rameses was mighty by the grace of Amon; the Libyans were defeated, and their dismembered limbs counted before the king. Hardly three years later a combination of many tribes poured down upon the mouths of the Nile, arriving by land from Asia Minor through Syria, and by ship from the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean; but they were signally defeated by sea and land. Egypt, however, was again attacked by the Libyan tribe called the Maxyes (Mashuasha); she had to defend herself against the attempts of the Tyrrhenes (Tuirsha of the Sea) and other islanders; and from the names that have been preserved of races conquered by Rameses, it would seem that his armies penetrated as far as Cilicia, and that his fleets subjugated Cyprus and other islands. Among the nations mentioned as hostile to Egypt are some whose names and position we know from the Greeks, while others cannot be positively determined as corresponding to any nations of antiquity.[1]

In the pavilion we see portraits of the princes of these people; on the north wall is a picture of the sea-fight in which they fell or were taken captive, and we also see Rameses III. represented—perhaps allegorically—as conquering a lion.

[1] Brugsch thinks that most of them are races of Colchio-Caucasian origin, but, as I believe, wrongly. This is not the place for a discussion of our different opinions, but I must here explain that I maintain that the "Tuirsha of the Sea" are Tyrrhenes or Tyrsenes, the Schardana Sardinians (who always boasted of their Libyan origin, and who remained there till a late period under the name of Chartanoi), the Shakalsha Sicilians, the Akaiuasha Achæans, and the Danaau Danaoi (Greeks). The Pulasatha have been supposed to be Philistines or Pelasgoi, or a Libyan race, the Prosoditæ. These last may be perhaps merely a colony of the original Pulasatha left to settle in Africa after the destruction of their fleet, and who designated themselves, in contrast to the Egyptians, as Pelagioi, or men of the coast. It is quite open to us to suppose that they may be the same as that famous nation of the Pelasgoi who are so often mentioned, and whose origin is not yet established.

Nor is there any lack of peaceful scenes among the pictures in the Temple of Medinet Haboo, which amply repays the most careful research. Among these I must especially mention the series of paintings which represent the coronation of the Pharaoh at the Feast of Steps. These cover the wall at the back of the court in which we find the columns of the Christian Church (V.). In order to prevent the congregation of the faithful from being distracted at their devotions by the works of the heathen, they were daubed over with Nile mud, and we owe the preservation of their colours to this protecting coating.

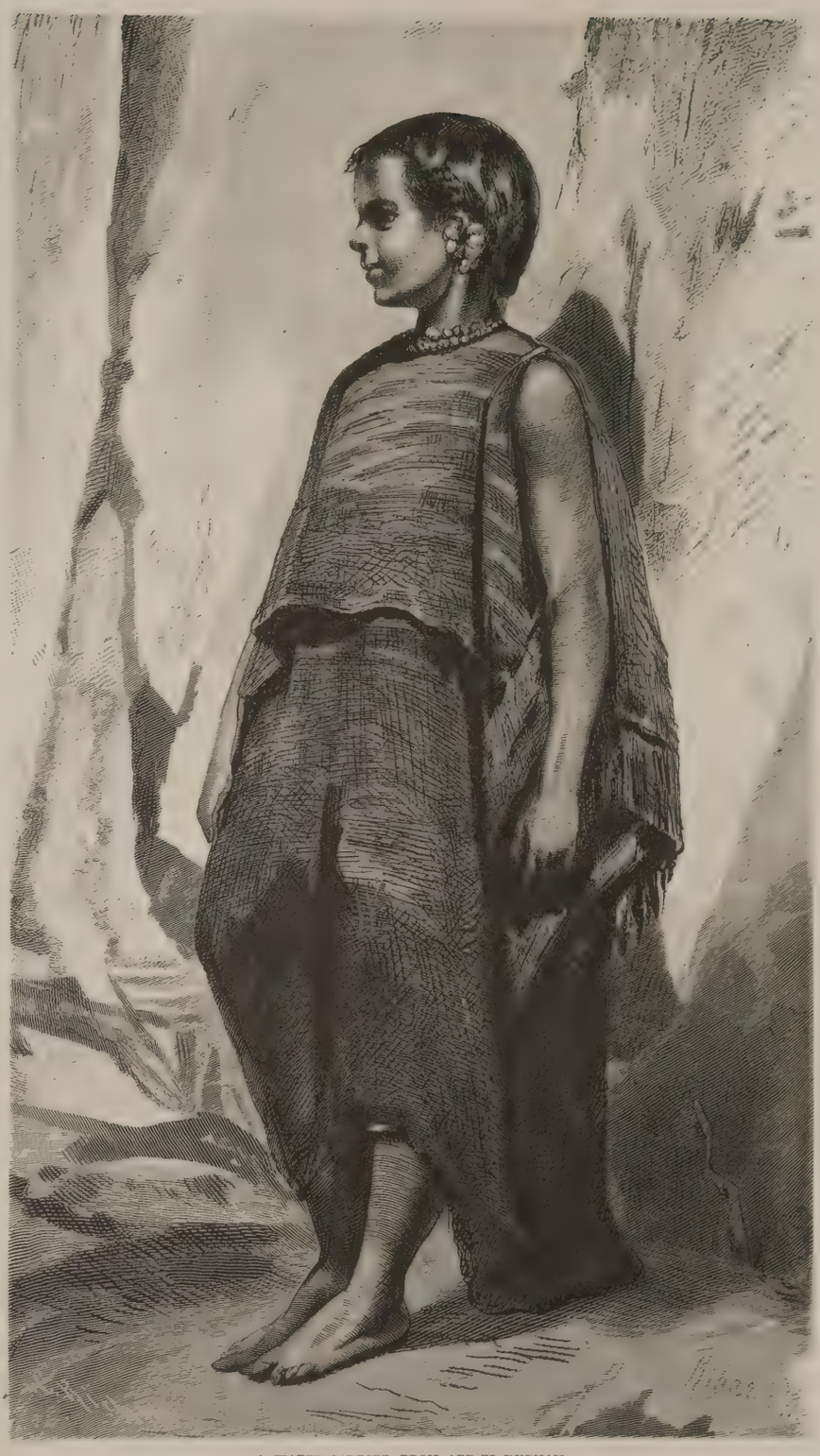
A BEGGING DERVISH

This great feast was held at the new moon of the first month of harvest (Pashons), in honour of the god Khem,[1] the creative form of Amon. The king, sitting in a litter, is borne out of his palace into the open air, accompanied by his body-guard, his fan-bearers, and the princes of his family. Musicians swell the pomp and festivity with the sound of trumpets and drums, bald-headed priests burn incense, and the preacher or reciter leads the singing with his book of hymns in his hand. The continuation of the picture shows the statue of the god Khem as the end and object of the procession. Once he is shown under a canopy, but afterwards he is concealed under hangings on a sort of platform or scaffold, decorated with garlands, and borne by priests and fan-bearers, while other priests follow with ornamental plants and a sail, the emblem of

EGYPTIAN BATS.

[1] The name of this divinity has been read as Min, or Amsi. He was also a form of Amon and Horus united.

the breeze of freshness and delight. The king brings incense and drink-offerings to the god, and over his head soars the vulture of victory, which we almost invariably find when the Pharaoh is depicted as showing himself to his people or as going forth to battle. Then comes the white bull of Khem, with the king's favourite wife and the festival reciter. A long train of Pastophoroi precede the sacred bull, bearing various emblems —images of the gods, vessels of sacrifice, and the statues of the king's ancestors. This solemn procession goes out to meet the sovereign, before whose eyes one of the ceremonies of coronation is now performed. Four geese,[1] called by the names of the children of Horus,[2] are let fly, in order that they may carry to the north, south, east, and west, the news that Rameses has set the crown upon his brow. More to the right there is a picture of the second ceremony, in which the king cuts with a sickle a sheaf of corn offered him by a priest. The queen looks on at this proceeding, which, as we see from a picture in the Ramesseum, had been



A WATER-CARRIER FROM ABD-EL-KURNAH.

[1] Or pigeons. [2] Amset, Hapi, Tuautmetef, and Kabhsenuf, the so-called genii of the Karneter, or Hades. One of the names of a bird was *Ari-en-pe*, "guardian of the Heaven."

ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

in use by earlier Pharaohs; a second picture of the white bull and another train of the king's ancestors, complete this part of the paintings.

Farther on we see Rameses III. with all his children—eighteen sons and fourteen daughters—bound to their father by a long sash or tie. Inscriptions explain the pictures in every instance, and these have a very splendid effect, although, of course, only a small number of soldiers stand for a vast army, and a whole choir of singers and musicians can only be represented by a small number, since the wall, though of considerable extent, is limited. Kallixenos, a Greek writer, has described a similar procession which was got up by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and from the accounts given by him, who was an eye-witness, we are fully justified in assuming that each man here represented stands for a hundred men in the king's train. It is very remarkable that to this day the inhabitants of the Nekropolis select this temple to assemble in, when any sight is to be seen, in preference to any other spot.

ENTRANCE OF A KING'S TOMB IN BIBAN. EL-MULOOK.

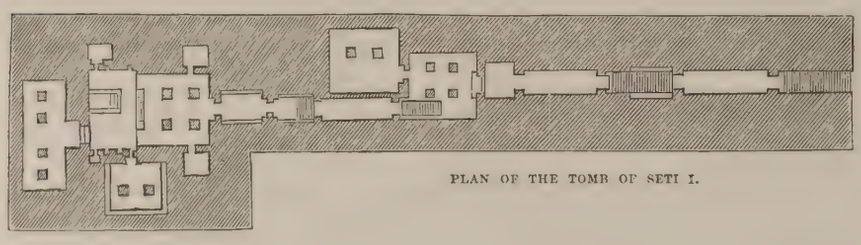
Rameses was certainly the most splendid, and apparently the wealthiest, of the Pharaohs. Who does not know the delightful story of the treasure-house of Rhampsinitus and the architect's son?

Duemichen has lately discovered on the left side of the broken columns of the hypostyle of Medinet Haboo (VI.) four connected chambers (3 and 4), in which, as the inscriptions tell us, the more than royal gifts were stored which this generous king dedicated to Amón in his Memnonium. And the endowments enumerated in Harris's papyrus are no less enormous with which he enriched the temples of Memphis and Heliopolis and the great sanctuary of Karnak.[1] At Karnak he added to the buildings a small temple (I.) to the west of the great hypostyle, and a larger one dedicated to the god Khunsu,[2] which, if it were not overshadowed by the gigantic edifices around it, would be admired and praised as a wonderful effort of architecture.

[1] Translated in the "Records of the Past," Vol. VIII., p. 5.

[2] Or Chons, the Moon god, son of Amon and Mut.

Rameses III. won most of the treasure that he applied to these immense works from the enemies he conquered; part he derived from mines, quarries, and commercial enterprises: for his fleets, like those of Hatasu, brought spices and rarities from the rich shores of the Indian Ocean. For thirty-two years he filled the throne of the Pharaohs, and during the last part of his life, which was undisturbed by any great war, he devoted himself to the domestic welfare of the Valley of the Nile, which he caused to be planted with umbrageous trees—a deed which won him perpetual gratitude. The fame of his wealth has outlasted that of his achievements, and it was the superabundance of riches which alienated him and his children from the severe simplicity of an earlier time. He lived surrounded by a harem, in whose pestilent soil conspiracies[1] were constantly fostered, to which he was near falling a sacrifice, and he ended his days as the mere tool of the priests, enervated and enfeebled, and scorned by his contemporaries, after sharing his sovereignty with his son. Even during his lifetime the greater part of his treasure was transferred to the temples; the sacerdotal power struggled for the mastery with the royal authority; and his successors, who, like him, all bore the name of Rameses, were at last reduced to surrender the crown of Egypt to the high priest of Amon. The great man's descendants were but an ignominious race,[2] of which few memorials survive beyond a few additions to the temple of Khunsu and their tombs.[3]



PLAN OF THE TOMB OF SETI I.

The famous Biban-el-Mulook, or Valley of the Kings' Tombs, is at some distance from Medinet Haboo; we ride northwards, coasting the "coffin mountain," and passing by many tombs and the hovels of the fellaheen. Before reaching that part of the Nekropolis known as el-Assasseef, we come upon an old dervish with his banner, asking alms of the fellaheen for his order. We saw this same man again on a pretty little horse, and accompanied by a servant, but still pursuing his calling as a beggar.

El-Assasseef is full of tombs, one of which is the largest of all the tombs of private personages. A millionaire of the time of the Saïte kings[4]—Pet-Amen-hotep by name—had it hewn out in the beautiful white limestone hill of this part of the Nekropolis. The chambers are numerous, and the corridors are interrupted by deep niches; but at the present day the inscriptions which cover the walls, and which all refer to death and the future life in the nether world, are quite blackened, and myriads of bats inhabit this and the neighbouring tombs. At sundown they fly to the Nile to drink in dense masses, like a dark cloud driven before the wind, but by day they hang head downwards from the roofs of the tombs, and make it both difficult and unpleasant to visit them, for they exhale a disagreeable sour smell, and it is not easy to copy and work where

[1] Described in a papyrus at Turin, also translated—"Records of the Past," Vol. VIII., p. 53.

[2] The Ramessids of the XXth Dynasty.

[3] These, however, present great interest, from their astronomical representations, and the scenes they represent of the Egyptian Hell, or Hades.

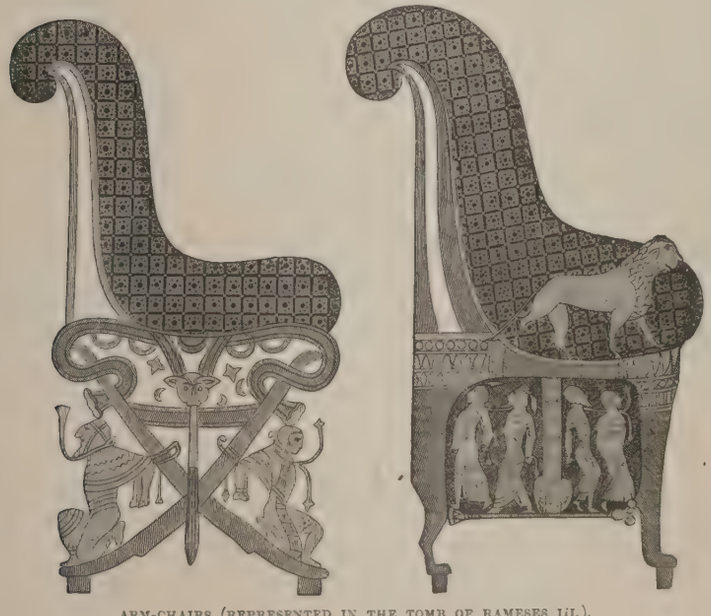
[4] About B.C. 600.

these creatures, startled by the torches, flutter uneasily round the light, and often beat it out; not unfrequently I have known them end by hanging themselves on to my beard. However, they do no farther harm, and a light blow with the hand is sufficient to disengage them.

Adjoining el-Assasseef lies the hilly soil of Drah aboo'l Neggah, which has been turned over in every direction by Mariette's labourers. It contains the most ancient of all the Thebain tombs, and it was here that the coffins of the kings called Antef (XIth Dynasty), now at Paris and London, and the richly ornamented mummy of Queen Aah-hotep, were disinterred. At that time more importance seems to have been attached to the adornment and preparation of the corpse itself than to the tomb, which before the XVIIIth Dynasty here often bore the form of a pyramid, supported on a cubical base.

MENEPHTAH.

We may reach the Valley of the Kings either by the somewhat difficult path over the cliff separating el-Assasseef from Biban-el-Molook, or by following the road of the Pharaohs, which still exists in the plain, and starting north of the house of Seti, leads up a steep slope into the famous gorge. By choosing the steep mountain path, we obtain a magnificent view opening into the rocky amphitheatre and ruins of Dayr-el-Bahree, as well as a wide and beautiful prospect over the Nekropolis, the Nile, and Eastern Thebes; but riding round by the lower road, we see the narrow pass through which, in past ages, the mourning train followed the bier of the Pharaoh by a well-kept road into the valley of death.[1]



ARM-CHAIRS (REPRESENTED IN THE TOMB OF RAMESES III.).

The gorge into which this pass opens is indeed a valley of

[1] It is at the narrowest point of this mountain pass that I have laid the scene of the overthrow of Paaker's chariot in the romance of "Uarda," when Uarda herself is run over by the Princess Bent-Anat.

death. It is closed in on both sides by bare walls of yellowish limestone, streaked with dark stains, which are as black, particularly at the edges of the rocks, as if the sun had scorched them; and these cliffs, which sometimes approach and sometimes recede, are never at any great distance apart. Not the smallest herb or blade can strike root in the rocky cliffs or on the soil of the valley; all the creative activity of nature seems paralysed in this realm of death. Still, it is not devoid of inhabitants; here and there a snake wriggles across the sand, a scorpion lurks under blocks of stone by the path, long rows of vultures perch on the topmost ridge, and in the early morning, or after sundown, jackals sneak out of the tombs and caves where they lurk during the day. But no pleasing object meets our gaze, and the black nodules of flint that lie embedded in the yellow limestone look down on the wanderer like sinister Argus-eyes. The intense heat of the midday sun pours down into the narrow and dismal gorge, and its rays, falling on the rocks, heat them like the walls of a gigantic oven. Presently, however, the gorge opens out on to a small plain, from which a cross valley runs up into the mountain in a westerly direction, and it is there that we find the most ancient of the kings' tombs. Leaving this to our right, we soon perceive, at a few feet above the soil of the valley, the opening of a tomb in the rock, and there another, and yet more; these doorways are all higher than those of the graves of wealthy citizens which we saw at Abd-el-Kurnah. The Greeks called these rock-tombs Syringoi, for they compared the walls of Biban-el-Mulook to the reed of a Pan pipe, in which the holes are in a row side by side.

SARCOPHAGUS IN THE TOMB OF RAMESES VI.

But now we jump from our saddles—from afar we see the number 17, and we know that the seventeenth tomb, which was hewn out by order of Seti I. to

contain his mummy,[1] exceeds all the others in size and magnificence, though that of Rameses III. is indeed hardly second to it.[2] That is No. 11. It was Wilkinson, the historian of antiquity, who numbered the rock-tombs of Biban-el-Mulook.

I devoted many weeks to the study of these tombs, but years would hardly suffice for copying the endless series of inscriptions that cover their walls. The tomb of Seti I. is the oldest in this part of the valley; that of his great son, Rameses II., has not as yet been discovered,[3] but those of his successors, down to the last Rameses of his family, have long since been found and opened. They are all constructed on the same general plan, but differ in the number and size of the chambers hewn in the rock, and in the number and finish of the inscriptions and pictures which cover the walls. They are, in fact, as we may say, pyramids dug out instead of built up; and just as the real Pyramids testify by their magnitude to the length of the reign of their builders, so we may infer from the depth and completeness of these rock-chambers what wealth and means were at the disposal of the king in whose time they were hewn out. The simplest consist of a passage, a hall for the sarcophagus, and an inner chamber; the largest have a long range of corridors, halls, and chambers, which we go down into by steps or sloping planes, while the fellah boys precede us with lights. The sculptures and paintings on plaster only seldom refer to the earthly career of the deceased, while, on the other hand, *Tuat,* or "the abyss"—the nether world and all the busy life that fills it—are fully represented. The principal personage in this "divine comedy" is the glorified king, "the flesh of Ra."[4] It is not till he reaches his destination, after his journey through the nether world, that he is filled with the very spirit of the Most High, and becomes wholly divine. The boat in which he crosses the abyss, under the guardianship of a serpent, is guided by the gods of the nether world, prayed over by their worshippers, and imperilled by the evil demons of the abyss. Anubis, the guide of the soul, the Hathor of the under world, Isis and

SHESHANK (SHISHAK) HOLDING HIS ENEMIES BY THE HAIR. (*From the Hall of the Bubastides.*)

[1] His mummy has been recently discovered in the pit of the Deir-el-Bahari with others already mentioned. His alabaster sarcophagus, the finest of the class yet discovered, is in the Soane Museum, its inscriptions referring to the sun's passage through Hades during the hours of the night, have been published by Sharpe and Boncmi, and translated by Lefebure, "Records of the Past," XII., p. 5 and following. The mummy of Seti I. was found in a single wooden coffin, wrapped up in an inscribed shroud, at the Deir-el-Bahari.

[2] The rose granite sarcophagus of this king has been removed. The cover is in the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge; the chest is in the Louvre, at Paris. The fate of his mummy is unknown.

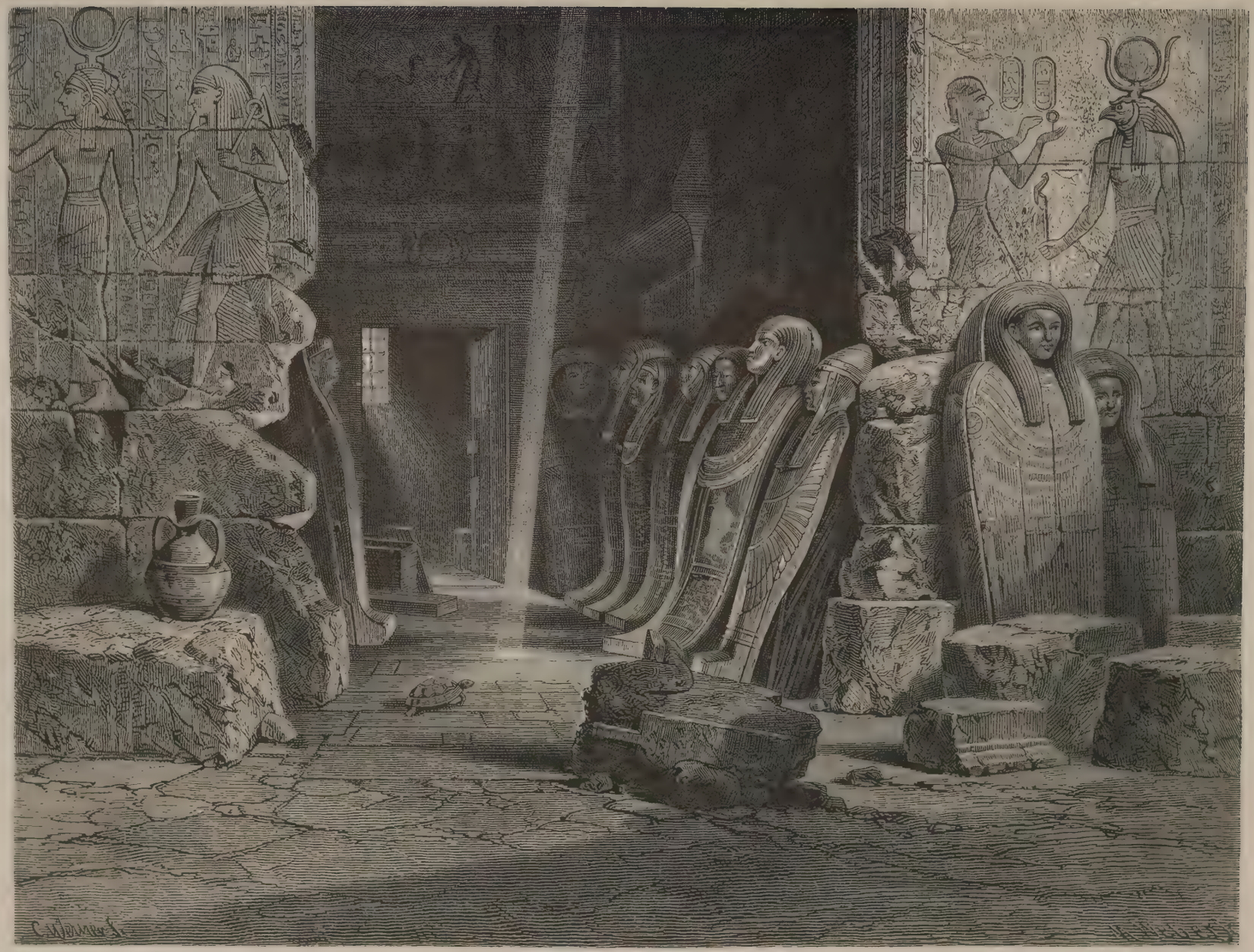
[3] It has probably been long rifled, as vases of gilded wood, part of the sepulchral furniture, are in the British Museum. It is doubtful whether the mummy and coffin with his name found at the Deir-el-Bahari belong to Rameses II.

[4] *Af en Ra,* or Af. He is represented with the head of a goat.

Nephthys conduct him, and after he has submitted to his trial and justification, and gazed at the torments of the reprobate, he is permitted to enter the Empyrean, the heaven of fire and abode of the blest. Here his apotheosis is accomplished, and he becomes a radiant spirit, whose name is the name of God, who is one with the gods of heaven, differing from them in nothing. There the pious rejoice over him, and all the nations of the earth do homage to him—Egyptian

COLUMN IN THE GREAT COURT OF KARNAK.

and Semitic, Negroes, and the light-hued Libyan races; hymns resound in his praise, even the gods bow down to him, the stars rise and set in his presence, and years and days pass by him. The inscriptions and pictures in the tombs of Biban el-Mulook are the "Book of the Dead" of the kings. Certain texts and symbols recur in the same parts of them just as they do in the temples. The texts, of course, differ from those in the tombs of private persons as the nature of "Ra made flesh," the God incarnate and seated on the throne of Egypt, differs from that of the ordinary mortal. Among these texts the long hymn which is usually inscribed on the walls of the corridor beyond the antechamber is particularly worthy of notice. It is called "The praises of Ra in Amentis" (the nether-world), and



INTERIOR OF THE SO-CALLED APE-T TEMPLE AT KARNAK.

has been admirably deciphered and interpreted by Naville[1] from four different texts; it contains seventy-five adjurations, composing a sort of Litany addressed to seventy-five personifications of Ra. This, which constitutes a book or chapter by itself, is introductory to all the others, and served to remind the initiated—for only the most privileged even of these were permitted to enter the tombs of the Kings—in pictorial language, of the pantheistic and fundamental views of their mystic doctrine, according to which Ra is the all-embracing, the "Pan" who includes all things and all the gods in himself. Out of him nothing exists, and whatever is is a manifestation of his manifold forms. These forms, as we here learn—but on what grounds we know not—were supposed to be seventy-five in number. To each of them a small statue was dedicated, and the departed soul must know their names by heart and the appropriate invocation in order to attain to a perfect union with Ra. If he accomplished this he would live for ever; he was permitted to assume any form he pleased, and appear as the god animating the universe, as the sun or a star, as a man, animal, or plant. His mummy was carefully preserved, and his statue erected, so that he might when he desired it mingle in the common life of men in the same form as he had borne while alive; this was called *Ka*, and regarded as something independent and self-subsistent.

The splendid tomb of Seti I. is often called Belzoni's tomb, after its discoverer. That numbered 14 exceeds it in size—it is, however, nearly two hundred feet in length—but in no other tomb are the sculptures so fine in style or so admirably executed. A steep flight of steps leads down into it, and the plan laid before the reader (*ante*, p. 294) will afford an idea of the enormous labour which Seti required of the workmen who hewed these chambers and galleries out of the rock, and covered every portion of them with pictures and inscriptions. The "Golden Hall" was the name given to the cubical room in which Belzoni found the empty alabaster sarcophagus of the great king, now preserved in Sir John Soane's Museum, London. The walls of a side chamber, where there is the picture of a cow, are covered with mythological texts of value and great importance,[2] and a rough-hewn corridor at the end of the tomb proves that the deceased king proposed to extend it still farther; a few of the pictures even remain unfinished; they are lightly outlined with red, and the boldness and decision with which they are sketched excite our admiration to this day.

The tomb of Menephtah (No. 8), the Pharaoh of the Exodus and the grandson of Seti I., is rich in inscriptions of great interest; but it was never finished, and is unfortunately much injured by travellers, who are in the habit of making pic-nics there.

The tomb of Rameses III. (No. 11), the builder of Medinet Haboo, is commonly known as the tomb of the harp-player, from a picture preserved in it. Its pictorial decorations are uncommonly rich, but cannot be compared as to style and finish with those of the tomb of Seti. A peculiarity of this sepulchre is the arrangement

[1] "La Litanie du Soleil." 4to. 1875.

[2] Referring to the destruction of mankind by the gods, and the subsequent creation of the human race by Hero. The hieroglyphic texts and their translation have been published by M. Naville in *The Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology*, Vol. IV., p. 1.

of eight chambers adjoining a large hall. One of these was dedicated by this the wealthiest of the Pharaohs to the gods of the harvest, of blessing, and of the inundation; another, in which the king's weapons are represented, is like an armoury, and a third is of particular interest in the history of civilisation and the industrial arts, for in it are representations of the furniture and domestic utensils of Rameses III., such as vessels and baskets, metal and cabinet work, among which we see elegant and costly seats. These pictures of objects relating to the earthly life of the deceased sovereign are quite unique in Biban el-Mulook, which was dedicated so exclusively to the dead; and they show us how hard the wealthy Rhampsinitus found it to part from his worldly possessions.

A SHEPHERD AT KARNAK.

There is a very famous tomb which was constructed for Rameses VI., of the XXth dynasty, and which the English, for no reason but that they follow the example of the Romans, designate as the grave of Memnon. A multitude of mystical pictures cover its walls, and even the ceiling in the "golden hall" is covered with astronomical signs.[1] Names and mottoes, scribbled in both Koptic and Greek, make us acquainted with many admirers of this tomb who visited it even in the first century of the Christian era. Among the pictures —which are, however, much debased in style—the most interesting are those which refer to the punishment of the wicked. The picture of a boat out of which an ape is dragging a pig has given rise to the name, bestowed by the French, of the "Tomb of metempsychosis"; and it does in fact offer a picture of the condemned soul which, metamorphosed into the unclean swine, is driven out of the company of the blessed by the dog-headed ape, the animal sacred to Thoth, whose duty it is to supervise the weighing of hearts.

We must leave the tombs of the XXth dynasty, and even those of the XVIIIth

[1] The rising of the stars during the hours of the night, described by Lepsius in his "Einleitung," s. 203. The heaven was supposed to be in shape of a female, and the stars to rise on the places corresponding to the eyes, ears, and other parts of her body.

dynasty, in the western branch of the Biban-el-Mulook, unvisited, I regret to say, as well as the smaller tombs of the queens, and those lately discovered of the high-priests of Amon, who expelled the Ramesside sovereigns from the throne and governed Egypt as an independent dynasty, the XXIst.[1] Their names are to be met with at Karnak, and particularly in the temple of Khunsu, begun by Rameses IV. and finished by his sons and grandsons. History is silent as to any famous deeds they may have done, but Herr Brugsch discovered at Abydos an important monument, from which we learn that the kingdom, weakened and impoverished under their rule, fell a prey to an Assyrian king called Nimrod.[2] Very possibly this event put an end to the sacerdotal rule, and it may have been the exiled kings of the Ramesside family who invited the assistance of the Asiatic foe. At any rate, the crown fell into the hands of the Assyrians, for the founder of the XXIInd dynasty, which made its residence at Bubastis in the Delta, was a son of Nimrod, who died in Egypt. This prince, Sheshenk, who accustomed himself and his followers to Egyptian manners, and who appears to have governed it quite independently of his Asiatic fatherland, is the Shishak of the Bible, who assisted Jeroboam against Rehoboam the son of Solomon, invading the kingdom of Judah and besieging and capturing Jerusalem. The names of the petty kingdoms overthrown by Shishak—among which we find that of Judah—were engraved by command of Shishak on the south wall of a building (3) adjoining the pylon opening westward from the great hypostyle of the Temple of Karnak. Amon gives his enemies into his hand, and he holds them by the hair of their heads, that he has collected into a bunch in his grasp. This building contains other pictures and inscriptions of the same date, and Sheshenk also built the two colonnades (*c d* and *e f*) to the south and north of the first great fore-court (VI.) at Karnak. His house reigned over Egypt for 174 years.

Internal dissensions would seem at last to have wrought the ruin of the Bubastide dynasty, and it was only a few decades after their fall when the enfeebled kingdom of the Pharaohs—in whose northern provinces Semitic princes still continue to rule—fell a prey to the Ethiopians, who had for a long time appropriated to themselves much of the culture of Egypt in their southern home and in Napata their capital. They also added to the splendour of the national sanctuary at Thebes.

The tall caliciform pillars in the first court (VI.*g*), which border the great causeway leading from the western pylon (VI.) to the great hypostyle—and many of which are fallen—bear the name of Taharka, the last of the Ethiopian kings of the XXVth dynasty, but they were probably erected before his time.[3]

[1] The discovery of the mummies and coffins of the kings of the XXIst Dynasty at the Deyr el Bahree, or Deir el Bahari, is quite recent. Amongst those discovered were the Queen Netem-mut, wife of Herhor, in a gilded coffin; the coffins and mummy of Pinotem, high priest of Amen Ra; the coffins and mummies of Makara and her baby; the mummy of Pinotem II.; the mummy and coffins of Pinotem III., grandson of Herhor; coffins and mummy of Masharuta, son of Pinotem II., the same of a Queen Hathorhantaui, and those of the Queen Hes-em-hib — all living from about 1100 to 1000 B.C.

[2] Very doubtful, no Assyrian king named Nimrod having been identified either in the Assyrian or Babylonian lists.

[3] The vicissitudes of Tirhakah, and his conflicts with the Assyrians, are found in the annals of Esarhaddon and Assur banipal or Sardanapalus. Absolute chronology begins with Tirhaka, B.C. 738.

The growing power of Assyria soon absorbed the vassal kingdom, which was thus lost to the Ethiopians, and they kept possession of it until Psammeticus I. formed a league with twelve other governors of provinces, and, with the aid of Greek and Karian mercenaries, succeeded in throwing off the Asiatic yoke; he then governed liberated Egypt as Pharaoh in Saïs, his native town and capital. I have already made my readers acquainted with the revival of the arts which took place under him and his successors. We find evidence of this in the small temple to the north of the great sanctuary of Karnak. Under Psammeticus III., the son of the great and wise Amasis, Egypt fell into the hands of the Persians, and their king, Cambyses,[1] who has been most unjustly accused of being the destroyer of the great temple; the worst injuries it has received—besides those from earthquakes, floods, and Christian bigotry—were inflicted by the Macedonians, who, however, erected many buildings in Thebes, as the northernmost portion of Medinet Haboo (VII.), the little Temple of Dayr el Medeinet, and the Temple of Ape-t, as it is called, dedicated to Osiris, in the great temple of Karnak, where it adjoins the Temple of Khunsu. This building was formerly used by Mariette Pacha as a museum, and the great hall, filled with mummy-cases, stelæ, and statues, has a very picturesque appearance. The granite holy of holies (I.) was rebuilt under Philip Arridæus, the feeble successor of Alexander the Great. The proplyon in front of the Temple of Khunsu is worthy of remark, and the additions to the high gateway of the hypostyle (*h*), due to the Lagides, are of fine proportions.

When the inhabitants of Thebes revolted against the Macedonian yoke—as Révillout has lately discovered that they did—and for nineteen years withstood the kings in Alexandria, under native Egyptian princes, and when again, at a later period, a new revolution broke out in the city of Amon under Ptolemy Lathyrus, the Macedonians ruthlessly attacked the rebellious city, which could not forget the traditions of its supremacy; and many a temple-wall behind which the insurgents had intrenched themselves, many a gateway, and many a column, was overthrown.

Under the Roman emperors little was done for the ancient capital of the mightiest sovereigns of the world, now reduced to the condition of a provincial city; and when Christianity was introduced into the valley of the Nile many of the rock-tombs became the cells of recluses, many venerable monuments and noble statues were reduced to ruins as being the works of the heathen, and many temple-halls transformed into Christian churches.

Under Islam Thebes has lost its position as a city. Shepherds feed their flocks where palaces once stood, and the inhabitants of the villages that have sprung up amongst its ruins have so little respect for the remains of antiquity that they burn the finest fragments in their lime-kilns, cut up statues, pillars, and columns, into mill-stones, and build their huts with the finely-hewn blocks. But in spite of this vast process of destruction, which has been carried on for centuries, there is not in the world a ruined site which can compare with Thebes in grandeur. If we go to the top of the great pylon to the west of Karnak (VII.), and look down and round on the vast sanctuary and the buildings that surround it, we are irresistibly reminded of the words put by Homer into the mouth of the indignant Achilles. The son of

[1] B.C. 527.

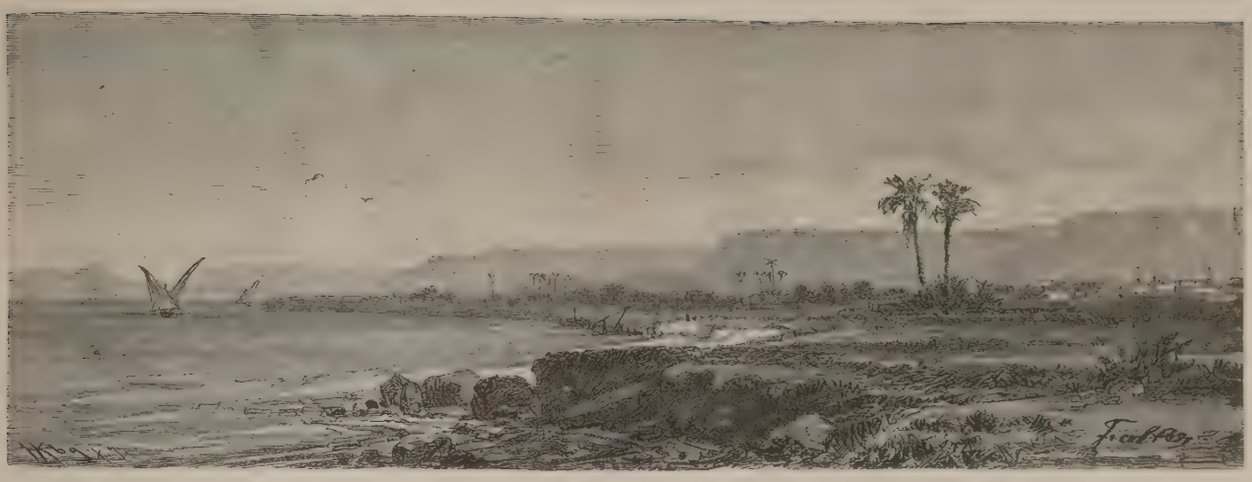
Peleus declares that he will never again meet or join in counsel or deed with the Atrides.

"In circuit of Egyptian Thebes, where much hid treasure lies,
Whose walls contain an hundred ports [1] of so admired a size,
Two hundred chariots may a-front with horse and chariot pass."[2]

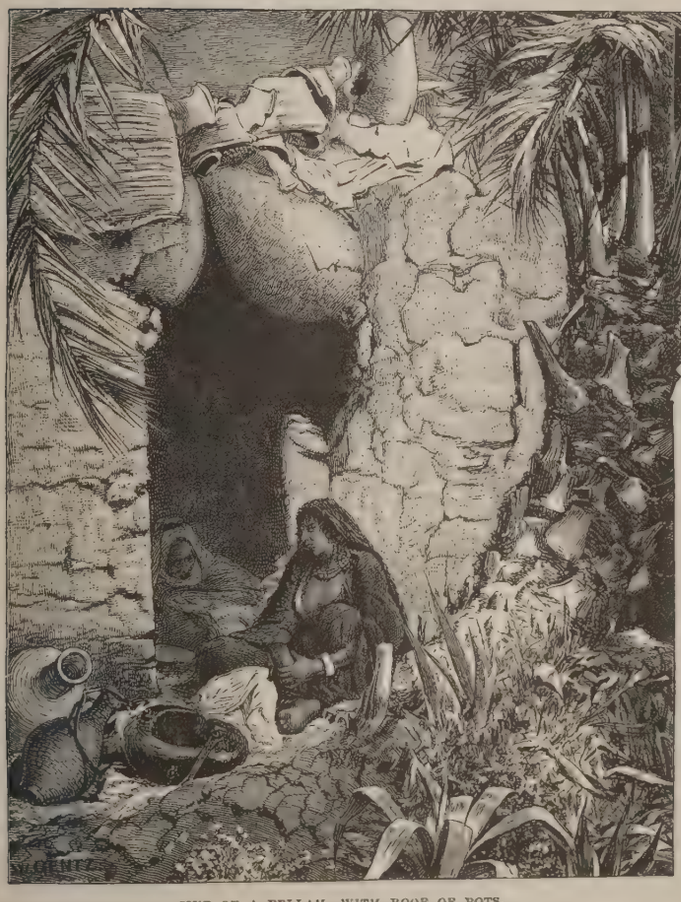
The hundred gates, it is true are overthrown, but a great number of pylons have remained, and highest of them all is this one from which we survey the whole sanctuary of Karnak in its entirety. It is enclosed by a circumscribing wall of bricks of Nile mud. Five gateways, each possessing a pylon, lead to the interior. The two southern gates were connected with the temple of Luksor by rows of sphinxes, and a causeway bordered by sphinxes led from the western door of our vantage-ground towards the quay and steps by the Nile, where the processions embarked in festal barges when they had to cross the river to the Nekropolis. The vast forecourt lies at our feet; colonnades shut it in to the east and west, and in the middle a few yet remain of the gigantic columns which bordered its central pathway, and which in former times perhaps were overshadowed by a velarium, or awning. We look through the high gateway of the second pylon in the most spacious hypostyle ever planned, and on the most ancient part of the temple, with its obelisks—some still erect, more fallen—its polygonal columns and pillars, with statues of Osiris, on to the granite chamber forming the holy of holies. To the south stand more pylons, and the sun is mirrored in the sacred lake of Amon. If we turn our eyes towards the west we still see smaller temples outside the enclosing wall. Never to be forgotten is the picture of this gigantic structure, whether by daylight with its sparkling and shining granite, or by moonlight, when the doubtful light exaggerates the outlines, when the statues and pillars cast blacker shadows, and the mysterious spell of the night adds its charm to the stupendous scene.

[1] Gates. [2] Chapman's translation of the "Iliad."

VOYAGE TO THE NEKROPOLIS.



From Thebes to the Cataract.



HUT OF A FELLAH, WITH ROOF OF POTS.

THEBES as a city has vanished from the face of the earth. Not a king's palace, not a citizen's house, remains of it; but the ruins of the temple of Medamot, which formerly appertained to one of its suburbs, and which lie at quite an hour's distance from Karnak, prove how far northwards the roads and streets of the "city of a hundred gates" must have extended. The Nekropolis, particularly in later times, was prolonged to the south. It is as though it stretched out a long arm towards Hermonthis, which may be called the Versailles of Thebes, and regarded as both predecessor and heir of the city. We have allowed ourselves to linger longer than we originally intended over the marvels of the city of Amon, but at last the mooring rope is loosened which tied our dahabeeyeh to the bank by Luksor, we wave our adieux to our Koptic friends Todros and Moharreb, who have brought us a farewell offering of new wheat-bread and a few fine antiquities

as tokens of remembrance; we return the salvo of muskets by which our good friends of Luksor and the village of Abd-el-Kurnah do us such honour as they can at our departure, and proceed on our voyage southwards up the river, which has by this time become perceptibly narrower. On horseback Hermonthis—or Erment—may be reached in two hours, but the journey by water is much longer, in consequence of the windings of the river. Still, we reach it before sundown. We have soon wandered round the town and its little bazaar, and next morning we ride to the ruins of the town which once was the proud neighbour of Thebes. Beyond a few ancient columns and blocks of stone, there is little now to be seen of the Temple of Menth,[1] the sun and war god, with the Mamisi by the side of it, and these have been described by former travellers, or depicted—as in the accompanying cut—with pen or pencil. About sixteen years since an audacious *entrepreneur* sacrilegiously overthrew this venerable sanctuary and used its stones, all covered with ancient sculptures, for the foundations and walls of one of the Viceroy's sugar factories. The name of the place has, however, been preserved—in Greek Hermonthis, in old Egyptian An Menth—easily recognisable in the Arabic name Erment. It is much to be lamented that the pictures should have perished which decorated the Mamisi (v. page 229), and which represented the "Sun of both worlds,"[2] the wife of Menth, who, with the aid of various divinities and in the presence of the famous Cleopatra, gave birth to the *child Horus*. This event, attributed to the divine triad of Hermonthis, was a servile allusion to the birth of Cæsarion, the son of Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra;[3] and another picture of the finest workmanship showed the infant son of the greatest hero and the most enchanting woman of their day nursed at the breast of his divine foster-mother. I was not able to find the profile of Julius Cæsar, which was seen so lately as in 1871 by Baron von Holler, on the front of a chest; but coins of the province of Hermonthis are well known which bear the sacred bull of the war-god Menth rushing into battle head down and tail in air. Hermonthis,

TEMPLE OF HERMONTHIS.

[1] Mentha, or Mentu. It is said of Rameses II. that his hand was firm on his chariot, like Mentha. This god, also called Mentu-Ra, was a solar deity.

[2] Ra-ta-ta.

[3] The first century B.C.

which at an earlier period belonged to Thebes, rose under the Lagides to be the chief town of a district and the seat of a great revenue office.

The modern town of Erment is at about half an hour's ride from the scanty remains now left of the ancient city. In the villages we pass through we often are obliged to beat off the woolly grey dogs, which are very superior in courage and beauty to the fellah curs, and are highly prized in Lower Egypt both as house dogs and as guardians of the hearth and home.

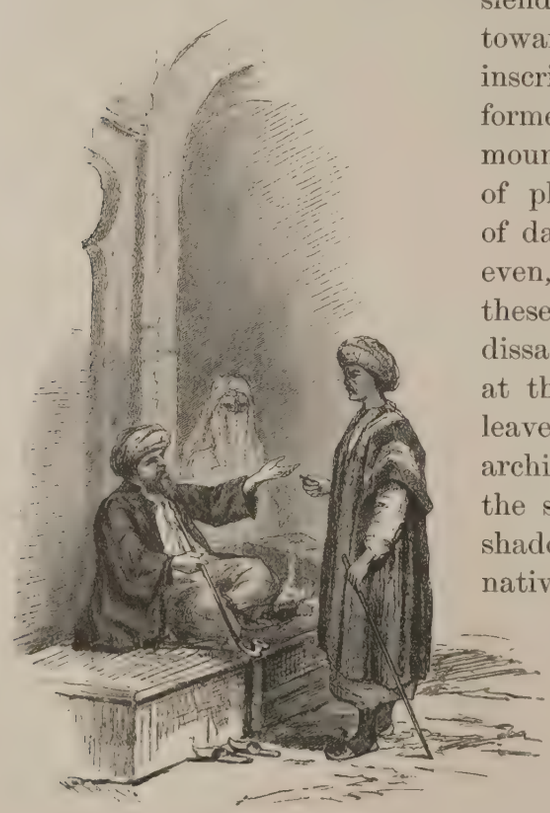
A DOG AT ERMENT.

Between Erment and Esneh, which we soon reach as we sail southwards, we pass the first narrows of the Nile. The swift current here passes the foot of the Arabian hills, which force it against the overhanging cliffs of the western shore, where we see the tomb of the Sheykh Moosa. This spot was known to the ancient Egyptians as *Anti*, or the two rocks, and the Arabs call it Gebeleyn, meaning the two mountains.

A BOY OF ESNEH.

Esneh, one of the most important of the Nile towns, lies on the left bank, and on the right bank, a few miles farther south, stands the village of el-Kab, with the remains of the ancient town of Nekheb, from which it seems to have been derived by a general migration of the inhabitants after the final expulsion of the Hyksos. This seems to be indicated by the old Egyptian name, *Seni*, which was first explained by Duemichen; this, meaning "the passage from one place to another," has become Esneh, and it probably refers to the circumstance that the town was situated under the old empire—as the monuments inform us—on the eastern shore of the Nile. However, any one who has

seen the fine hall of the temple at this place—of which unfortunately every other portion is buried in rubbish—will easily understand that it is quite possible that the ancient Egyptians should have also called Esneh *Ani*, or the city of columns. The chief sanctuary of this temple was dedicated to the triad Khnum (or Khnum Ra), Nebuu (one of the forms of Neith of Saïs), and her son Kahi. The Greeks called Esneh Latopolis, from the fish Latus, which was held in particular veneration here; it is represented on the coins of the province.[1] Though this sacred animal and the worship accorded to it are not in fact mentioned in the great hall with columns, which is approached from the harbour through the town, this omission need not surprise us, for the hall is only a small part of a great temple, the whole of which is completely buried in sand, stones, and rubbish. The sanctuary and adjoining chambers, the courts and pylons—much indeed lies actually underneath the streets of the modern town, and to restore the ruins to the light of day half of Esneh would have to be destroyed. Even the hypostyle, which still exists, is buried up to the capitals of the columns in earth and rubbish. The approach is through a narrow closed alley belonging to the revenue collector of the district, and down a flight of steps lighted from the gaps between the capitals of the outermost row of columns, we reach the interior, which is perfectly uninjured, and we are amazed at the extent of this solemn and grandiose hall, while we are charmed with the harmonious co-ordination of the details, and admire the fertility of invention and indefatigable industry of the sculptors who covered every inch of this vast space with pictures and inscriptions. The architraves and roofs are supported on twenty-four columns, each of which is above 38 feet in height and raised on a high plinth. The shafts have a particularly slender and graceful effect, growing slightly thinner towards the top, and they are covered all over with inscriptions. All the capitals are different, but all formed on the same type; a large flower-bell surmounts the column, each decorated with some details of plant-growth—as palm-branches, grapes, bunches of dates, the severed stems of some water-plant, fungi even, and the ribs and venation of leaves. Most of these capitals vary in depth, and yet the eye is not dissatisfied with the effect, for the annulets or fillets at the top of the shafts, which seem to tie up the leaves or branches, are all on the same level. The architect who designed this temple—where now, as the sun sinks, the level shafts of light throw long shadows—well understood the indigenous art of his native land, but he had, too, his eyes well open to the works of the Greeks, who at that time ruled in the Nile valley.



IN THE BAZAAR OF ESNEH.

Thothmes III. had founded an earlier temple at Esneh, but the fine hall I have

[1] All these provincial coins of Egypt were struck in the reign of Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines, A.D. 97—179.

PILLARED HALL OF ESNEH.

just described was not begun till the middle of the Ptolemaic dominion, and was finished by the Roman emperors. The inscription in the hypostyle of Esneh which mentions the name of the Emperor Decius is the very last ever chiselled in hieroglyphics on the wall of any Egyptian temple. The hieroglyphics which cover every part of the pillared hall of Khnum-Ra are full of peculiar complications and flourishes, but they will reward the attention of the student in many respects. Particularly noteworthy is the calendar set forth on the inner wall of the front, which makes us acquainted with all the festivals and processions held here and in the neighbouring towns in honour

MARKET IN ESNEH.

of the triad of Esneh. On the tenth day of the first month—Thot—the statue of the goddess Nebuu—*i.e.*, the Neith of this district, whose name signifies "the universal," was veiled, and this custom reminds us of the inscription on the statue of Athenè, or Neith of Saïs, which, according to Plutarch, ran as follows:—"I am all in all, and my veil hath no mortal ever raised." The figure of the Pharaoh catching birds by throwing a net, which occurs in the sanctuary of Karnak, and in many other temples, is repeated here. The calendar of festivals at Edfoo teaches us what these pictures mean, strange though they seem as a decoration for a sacred spot. The unclean fish are symbolical of the hated foreign nations, and the captive birds are an allegorical representation of evil spirits.

Crossing the market and bazaar of Esneh, we reach the quarter of the town where the Ghawazee most do congregate, for since Saeed Pasha banished the whole class of singers

and dancers from Cairo to Esneh it has remained one of their favourite head-quarters, though the curious traveller may see these girls exercising their art, and hear the concomitant minstrelsy on the various native Oriental instruments, at Keneh, Luksor, and even among the ruins of Karnak, in strange association

VILLAGE DANCERS.

and contrast with the surrounding scene; indeed, opportunities of seeing them offer in almost every village of Upper Egypt. Certainly the rhythmic movements and measured tremblings, writhings, bendings, and gestures, of these dancers, with the declamations of the singers, are ill adapted to a taste accustomed to other performances, even when we see the most famous of these artistes, and these are

certainly not to be met with at Esneh, nor in any other of the Nile towns—nowhere, in fact, but in Cairo itself.

In that capital the performers who entertain parties of ladies and gentlemen with singing and dancing are not merely Ghawazee, but members of an ancient guild, to which the story-tellers also belong. Among them certain laws of the art of singing have grown up, which are hardly intelligible to a European, and which every singing-girl learns to obey, whether she sings in Keneh, Luksor, or Esneh. And, indeed, the passionless chant of irregular intervals, though it is not beautiful to our taste, is not devoid of art. The voice is produced with a nasal intonation, and the chant always ends with a long cadence. Even the performances of the skilled artists that are commonly educated among the musicians of Cairo, on the flute and clarionet, the lute and the kanoon, appear strange to our ears; but the skill and accuracy with which several of them play together in unison excites the frank admiration of connoisseurs. The singing and dancing gipsy-girls of the provinces, with their smart clothes and not too severe morals, who, nevertheless, affect a special purity of accent in their Arabic when they sing and recite, are quite excluded from the better classes of society; while the singers who form the highest class of musicians in the capital, if they are really distinguished performers, are held in high esteem, and often make a rapid fortune. Here, as in Europe, among these favoured mortals the women hold their own against the men in number and estimation. The women, who are known as Awalim, or, in the singular, Almeh—*i.e.*, a learned or instructed woman—begin their career in the house of some great personage, and when the first bloom of their charms is faded, and they are discarded by their master, they adopt his name, and remaining connected with him,

ALMÂS, A DISTINGUISHED ARAB SINGER.

DANCE IN THE RUINS OF KARNAK.

to a certain extent, as his clients, they sing in public with more or less profit. They are in request at all festivities, particularly at weddings, and sing to the ladies in the harems, or even to men, but then they are usually concealed behind a curtain or a lattice. When they have a good reputation they are highly—nay, even extravagantly—paid; frequently marry, and have the advantage of a man's protection; and when the freshness and charm of their voice is worn out they retire into private life, and end their days in comfort and peace. If they cannot rise to the first rank they must be content to sing in cafés, and to live on the contributions of the audience.

By far the most famous and respected of these singers within the last quarter of a century was a remarkable woman who called herself Almâs, or the diamond, and whose portrait, as it was painted by a German artist named Lorie, we are here able to put before the reader. I myself never heard the Almâs, but my friend Gentz not only heard her, but was allowed to draw her. According to this painter's account she sang at a party at the house of a rich Cairene, hidden behind a curtain, and always only a few verses at a time, and the more eager the sympathy and applause of her turbaned audience the more impassioned was her singing. But I must give the reader Gentz's lively description in his own words:—"'God send thee applause!' cries one. 'Sing again, enchanting nightingale!' says another. 'Sweet dove,' exclaims a third, 'charm us with your cooing a little longer!' And really it seemed as if we were listening to the cooing of doves, the fascinating notes of the nightingale, the caressing songsters of the woods. Just as the nightingale pipes forth her melancholy song in the silence of the night, every now and again bursting out into louder melody, so the passionate Almâs would pause from time to time, apparently without any rule, but quite conscious of the effect she was producing. Had she learnt it from the bulbul, or from the diamond her namesake, which will not sparkle under every light? When she sang a song, which says, 'I murmured and cooed, and lulled thee as a dove, but thine ear was deaf to me,' the feelings of the audience were so deeply excited that at the end of the song, which is particularly touching, they were all sobbing with emotion. The agitation rose to its highest pitch when the singer declaimed the story of her life. When she was young and fair she met a Persian, a physician, fell violently in love with him, and hoped to share the joys of affection by a marriage with him; but the beautiful dream was dispelled.' She parted from the man she had so ardently loved, and became an Almeh. Even now the remembrance of that time of first love fills her soul with anguish; her unsatisfied longing and love are the source of her inspired song."

In the East, the land of lavish liberality, the golden harvest reaped by such a singer is no less abundant than the applause she gains. A noble German lady who was so fortunate as to hear Almâs sing in a harem told me that the ladies forming the audience vied with each other in pouring handfuls of gold pieces, rings, and other trinkets, into her lap, and that she was paid quite as much for an evening's entertainment as Patti or Gerster. Even the male singers have an outwardly prosperous lot, but it is only for a short time that they can maintain themselves at the same level as their female competitors, for the fully-developed voice of a man is far less pleasing in combination with the falsetto

VILLAGE MUSICIANS.

tones of Arab music than the higher pitch of a woman's. The clear voices of boys and youths, on the contrary, are particularly charming, and their singing is often preferred even to that of women.[1]

A SWING.

The gipsy girls, or Ghawazee, of Esneh, who sing and dance gaily dressed and ornamented with jewels of thin gold, are satisfied with a more moderate remuneration. They do not hide behind a curtain, and rarely succeed in gaining even the approbation of their European hearers, much less in charming them; but their performance is often by no means lacking in feeling and expression. In many of their dances they display an extraordinary suppleness of body and limb, and their gestures, which are not devoid of grace and sentiment, reveal a fervour of passion, which often rises to the verge of frenzy, and then certainly far outsteps the limits of the beautiful. Among the minstrels who accompany them I shall never forget an old man at Luksor, who played the rebabeh, and who used his little instrument with such skill and power that the Europeans in the audience would join sincerely in the loud cries of "Y'a salâm" of his Arab hearers. One merit is conspicuous even in the lowest grade of singers, male and female, who lift up their voices to the accompanying clang of the darabukkah and hand-clapping, even when their dancing can excite no sentiment but utter disgust; they keep perfect time, and give themselves up entirely to the matter in hand. The modern Egyptians are, in their way, an extremely musical people, as their ancestors were before them. Even the labouring classes, and particularly the sailors, sing at their work. Music accompanies every pleasure they take part in, and even the recitations of the story-tellers, round whom they love to gather when the turmoil of the day is lulled to rest. These performers, who also belong to the guild of singers, are always to be found in front of the coffee-houses in the evening. They sit on a low platform covered with a carpet, and commonly two of them go about together, carrying a rebabeh, the time-honoured accompaniment of the story-teller—a sort of violin

A TILT, OR ROUNDABOUT.

[1] Attention has been called to the lavish rewards bestowed on singers by the early Khalifs.

strung like a violoncello. The stories they tell change from time to time. At the present day the heroic romances of Antar, Sayf e Yezen, and Aboo Zeyd, have almost entirely supplanted the beautiful stories of Sheherezadeh.

I should like to invite the reader to come with me some warm starlight night, and listen to these highly-coloured romances, or to accompany me beyond the walls of the city and see the bustle and throng of the annual fair which, just at the time of year I write of, is held at Esneh—as at Cairo—in honour of the Prophet's birth-day, and attracts all the inhabitants to the scene of the festival. The children particularly are a delightful sight, riding in the swings and roundabouts—but time is flying, and we must not even wait to visit the beautiful gardens that enclose the Viceroy's palace, the bazaar, the Koptic church, and the market-place—for a fresh north breeze is blowing, and early to-morrow morning we hope to visit the remains of the ancient Nekheb, now *el-Kab*, *i.e.*, the town, from which Esneh seems to have been an off-shoot.

FELLAH BOY FROM EL-KAB.

By daybreak next morning we have reached our destination; we disembark on the eastern shore, and repair, in the first place, to the ruins of the fort of Nekheb, a mighty quadrangle enclosed by a wall which has no equal for solidity; each of its sides measures 2,080 feet in length, and is more than 36 feet thick, so that many chariots might drive abreast on the top of this wall, as on a broad dyke-road. Behind it stood the temples that have now totally vanished, and probably also the palaces of the king, protected from any attack, while thousands of citizens, at any rate, could here find safety in case of danger. The bricks of which this gigantic structure is composed have no stamp or inscription to tell us the date of its erection; but the valley of el-Kab is full of ruins, from which we learn that the old

[1] Known to the Greek as the city of Eileithyia, the Egyptian Nekheb being considered the Eileithyia or Lucina of the Pantheon. She was the antithesis of Uat or Buto, as the Greeks called the goddess of the North. Nekheb was represented by a vulture and uræus, wearing the white crown or the *atef*. The city was the capital of the Lalapolite nome.

town of Nekheb existed in the time of the builders of the Pyramids, and was famous as the city where the goddess of the south was worshipped whose name it bore.[1]

A ride eastwards, to the Arabian hills, is full of interest both to the antiquarian and the mineralogist, for on no spot in the Nile Valley is there a greater variety of mineral forms, and a richer treasure in inscriptions is hardly anywhere to be met with. These are to be found on the bare face of two rocky hills, as well as in some small temple-buildings of high architectural merit; and in other places we meet with them in some very remarkable rock-tombs. The

FELLAHEEN AT MEALS.

cubical temple dedicated to the Moon-god Thoth by Rameses the Great is minute, and not much bigger is the little desert-temple which was built at the time of Thothmes IV. and his son Amenophis III. Here we again meet with the sixteen-sided polygonal columns, decorated like those at Deyr el Bahree with the mask of Hathor. It was not till the time of the Ptolemies that this ornament, after being neglected for centuries, was once more adopted; we saw it at Dendera, where it acquired fresh development in the Hathor capitals, as we may call them.

Between the little temple of the XVIIIth dynasty and the chapel of Rameses II. two bare rocky mounds stand up from the midst of the waste, on which hundreds of the contemporaries of the builders of the Pyramids have left inscriptions more or less roughly executed. Of these, though sorely let and

[1] In the reign of Amenophis II. El-Kab or Nekheb, like Kush or Aethiopia, was governed by a succession of princes.

FELLAH OF EL-KAB

hindered by a violent storm of wind, I obtained some impressions; and we learn from them that even at that early period the service of the "white" or "translucent" moon-goddess Nekheb attracted numerous pilgrims, who sacrificed to her in the desert by the pale light she afforded them.

On our way back we glance at a rock-temple dedicated in honour of the same divinity by Rameses III., and subsequently beautified by Ptolemy IX. (Physkon): and we may visit the row of tombs facing the Nile which were made for the members—male and female—of a great family who during peace served as priests and priestesses of Nekheb, and as instructors and nurses to the Pharaohs, while in war they distinguished themselves among the brave hosts who freed Egypt from the yoke of the Hyksos. This is particularly related of the "chief of the ships"—admiral, as we may say—Aahmes the son of Abna, who, under Aahmes I., took part in the siege of the Hyksos' fortress of Abaris, and in the subsequent events of the war of emancipation made himself so famous that, as I have already mentioned, he was honoured with special distinctions.[1] In the time of his father Abna—as we learn from the inscription on his tomb—Egypt was visited by a severe famine, lasting many years; and Heinrich Brugsch has adduced weighty reasons to prove that this period of dearth is to be identified with the seven years of famine of which Joseph, the prudent son of Jacob, made such wise use for the advantage of the Pharaoh.

TOMB OF A SHEYKH.

In the other tombs of El-Kab, most of which belonged to the wealthy officials related to the "Admiral" Aahmes, we find many interesting representations of the private life of the Egyptians, and among the inscriptions which accompany them we meet with the song—near a picture of a harvest—which the labourers were wont to sing while the oxen were treading out the corn.[2] In this primitive specimen of Egyptian popular verse the same rhyme-like consonance is observable which at a later period was adopted by the priestly poets to charm the ear of their listeners.

A thing that strikes us in these tombs is the vast number of swine kept by the priests of Nekheb, though from a very early date under the Pharaohs they were abominated as the most unclean of all beasts. Herodotus, however, explains the circumstance by informing us that pigs were sacrificed to Selene or Nekheb—the moon-goddess—at the full moon. He does not mention the origin of this custom; but

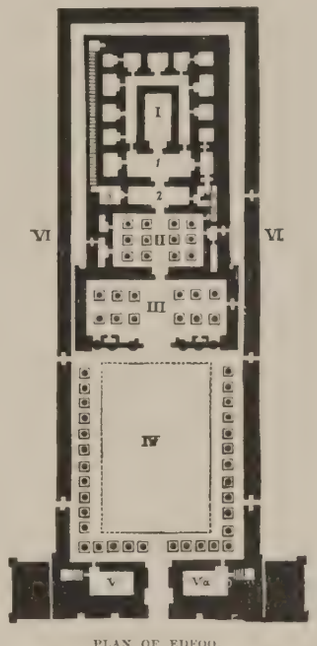
[1] The inscription has been repeatedly translated by Egyptologists.

[2] "Tread, O ye oxen, the straw for yourselves, the corn for your master."

the monuments inform us that the Egyptians believed that Seth-Typhon, in the form of a wild boar, endeavoured to overcome and swallow the full moon, which is exposed all by itself to the perils of an eclipse. The killing of the swine at the full moon gave symbolic expression to the pious desire to injure the moon's enemy, and to support her against her antagonist.[1]

After the expulsion of the Hyksos, the worship of Nekheb-Selene underwent a complete transformation; for, like the sun-god Amon of Thebes, the moon-goddess Nekheb had conducted the armies to freedom and victory, with the Pharaohs, who had been brought up under her aegis, at their head. Amon thus acquired the dignity of king of the gods, and Nekheb that of the goddess of victory, whom we see soaring in the form of a vulture before the Pharaoh as he goes forth to battle or performs any solemn ceremony; she protects the king with her extended wings, and lends her aid to other mortals also, but especially to women in those straits and times of peril when they most need support. To the Greeks she was known as Eileithyia. She is patron goddess of the south country, as Buto is of the north; and just as Buto is identified with Isis, Nekheb is with Hathor.

COIN OF BERENIKE.



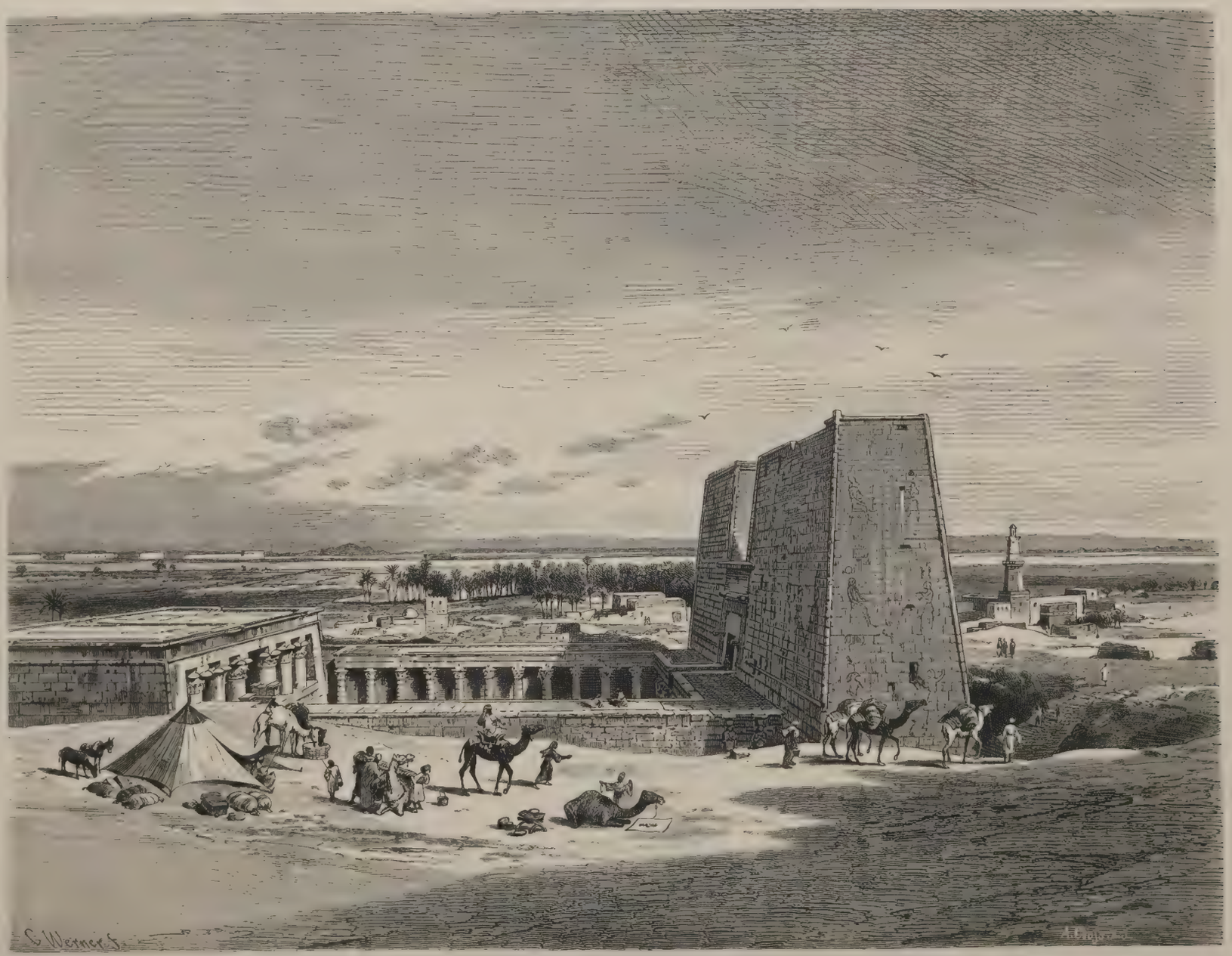
PLAN OF EDFOO.

I hired a fellah and the boys whose donkeys we rode to assist me in my labours at El-Kab, and it was very amusing to see the light-footed lads chasing the sheets of paper that were carried away by the wind. Before starting for Edfoo, I was obliged, in spite of all I could say to the contrary, to accompany the elder man to his home in order to see his son, who was ill, and to cure him if possible. I found the family squatting round a bowl, and eating its contents with their hands. The lad was half blind, and in order to cure him a coin had been tied to his tarboosh with a thread, but as it hung it more often rested on his nose than on his eye.

A voyage of a few hours brings us to Edfoo,[2] which is distant about thirteen miles from El-Kab. It lies on the western bank of the Nile, surrounded by villages and hamlets, and a rich and well-tilled champaign; but the eastern bank at this point lies so high that it is rarely overflowed, excepting in a few spots, and so is little cultivated. Here and there only do we see a green field, a village, or, close to the shore, the dome of a sheykh's tomb. From some distance off we catch sight of the tall pylons of a magnificent temple, which we reach in a quarter of an hour from the landing-place. Not very many years ago this famous sanctuary was almost

[1] Portions of the tombs at El-Kab' are published in the "Description de l'Égypte."

[2] The *Hut* of Egyptian inscriptions, Apollinopolis Magna of the Romans. It has not been published in the same complete manner as Denderah and Abydos.



TEMPLE OF EDFOO.

impenetrable, for the fellaheen had established themselves in its courts and halls, and even on the roof, and sand and rubbish choked all the chambers and passages. Mariette succeeded in obtaining the viceroy's consent to his clearing it; and when he had driven the sparrow's brood out of the eagle's abandoned nest, and settled them anew in the plain of Edfoo, he accomplished the disinterment of the temple of Horus so successfully, that at the present time it may be said to be the most perfect, the best preserved, and the best cared-for building in the whole of Egypt. Nay, it may be asserted, without any exaggeration, that if the priests of Edfoo could rise from their graves with all their sacred paraphernalia, once more to do honour to the supplanted gods of the Nile valley, they would here find every chamber, every crypt, and every step just as they left it 1,600 years ago. Without replacing a single stone, the votaries of the divinity might march in solemn procession and in the prescribed route throughout the sacred precincts which have so long been desecrated; and should they have forgotten, during their long sleep, the purpose and use of each chamber, the inscriptions, marvellously well preserved, would inform all who could read the hieroglyphics, of the object to which each hall and cabinet was devoted. As regards preservation, Edfoo is superior even to Dendera, for there the outer portions of the temple have disappeared, all but one propylon, and here no part has suffered any considerable injury.

The sanctuary of Edfoo was dedicated to the great god Horus, who overthrew the evil principle Seth, or Typhon, for his father's sake; and the town to which it belonged was therefore called by the ancient Egyptians Hut, after the winged sun-disc, or the city of the throne of Horus, or the city of the raising of Horus (to the throne of his father Osiris), or sometimes the city of the piercing (*tebu*)[1] of Typhon, in the form of a river-horse. The Greeks compared Horus to their Apollo, the god of light or the sun, and called the city of Horus Apollinopolis.

The great sanctuary in which we are now standing seems to have been founded at a very early date; indeed, Ptah, the oldest of the gods, is said to have built it for Ra. Kings of the XIIth Dynasty, as well as Thothmes III., took part in the services carried on in it; the venerable structure was still intact at the time of the Persian dominion, but under the first Ptolemies it had become necessary to erect a new temple on the old site.

Euergetes I., the third of the Lagide kings, whose wife Berenice is frequently named in conjunction with him, began the building in accordance with the plans of one of the best Egyptian architects (a high priestly official, whose name, Imhotep-ur-se-Ptah—Æsculapius the great, son of Ptah—has been preserved in an inscription.[2] It is a mighty structure, which was not finished till 180 years later, under Ptolemy Dionysius, or Auletes, the father of the famous Cleopatra, in the year 57 B.C. Huge pylons stood at the entrance, facing those worshippers who approached the sanctuary, decorated with the likeness of the Pharaoh as victor over his enemies, and having in front of them obelisks and standard-poles, that have long since disappeared. The visitor entering the bronze portals found himself in a vast peristyle (IV. in the plan), surrounded on three sides by colonnades, and at the upper end of it rose a tall hypostyle

[1] *Tebu*, meaning piercing, is the Koptic Atbo; hence the Arabic Edfoo.

[2] The great Æsculapius, son of Ptah.

(III)., into which no glimpse was possible, since walls connected the pillars which closed in the peristyle in front. In this court, as its name tells us, sacrifices were offered, and the image of the god and his sacred barque were displayed to the pious. The actual temple-building is closely allied to that of Dendera as to the arrangement and decoration of the rooms; only here at Edfoo, in the place of Hathor, who is ubiquitous at Dendera above all other divinities, we find Horus, whose name is written with the figure of the bird sacred to him—the sparrow-hawk. Innumerable representations of this bird meet the eye, here in large images of granite, there in gaily-painted figures of the god, and everywhere as a hieroglyphic sign; and it is impossible in this place, above all others, to glance otherwise than kindly at these wide-winged and bold-eyed hawks, which are common throughout Egypt, and which we meet with every day sitting on the hollow cornices that crown the colonnade of the great courts, or wheeling round the towers of the lofty entrance.

EGYPTIAN SPARROW-HAWK.

After passing through the hypostyle, which at Edfoo is the great fore-court, of which the roof is supported by eighteen columns, we come to a prosekos with twelve columns (II.), which is called the great banqueting-hall; thence we proceed through the hall of sacrifice (2) and the central hall of the "repose of the gods," and reach the sanctuary (I.), and the grand throne, which consists of a huge block of porphyry, brought to Edfoo during the Persian dominion by the native Egyptian king who ruled in opposition to them—Nectanebos I. It reminds us of the shrine, likewise hewn out of one block, which, according to Herodotus, was brought, under King Amasis, by 2,000 men from Elephantine to Saïs, where it had to be erected outside the temple. Among the rooms which adjoin those here mentioned, there are many that are dedicated to separate gods. In others certain ceremonies were to be performed; and in others, again, the garments, vessels, and treasure of the temple were preserved. The inscriptions in the laboratory and the little library are of the greatest scientific interest. The library was full of papyrus and leather rolls, and it adjoined the front wall of the hypostyle lying to the right of it; in the corresponding chamber to the left the king was purified by two priests with holy water and incense before he might enter the sacred interior of the temple. As at Dendera, the roof was reached by a straight stair and by a spiral flight of steps, and here, as there, not the smallest spot is bare of inscriptions and pictures. Among these, the most worthy of mention are the account of the wars of the gods, on the inner western side of the outer wall, which is finely constructed of fitted blocks of stone (VI.); the lists of districts—which have essentially contributed to our knowledge of ancient Egyptian geography—and the calendar of festivals.

In the great inscription, which is devoted to a description of the wars of the gods, it is minutely related how the god of Edfoo — here named Hor-Hut, went forth to battle against Seth-Typhon, to fight for his father Ra Harmachis,[1] and how he vanquished him in many battles in various parts of Egypt—nay, even on the farthest shore of the Mediterranean.[2]

WINGED SOLAR DISC.

By the side of Ra, and second to him, stands Thot, the incarnation of reason, the Logos of a later period; he is his counsellor, and he gives to each battle-field a new name, with some figurative significance. The first battle was fought in the district of Edfoo; at the beginning of it Hor-Hut transformed himself into a winged sun-disc, and on his right side and his left side the goddesses Nekheb of the south and Buto of the north, in the form of the deadly Uraeus snakes, cling to him to help him. After Seth-Typhon had been completely overthrown by his wonderful antagonist, Ra commanded that, in memory of the heroic deeds done by Horus in this form, and of his victory, the winged sun-disc should be represented in all dwellings and cities where man worshipped the gods, so as to protect them against the approach of evil. Thoth fulfilled this command, and so it came to pass that the winged sun-disc is to be seen over the entrance to every holy place of antiquity in Egypt[3]—a talisman against evil. But it is not only over the temple doors that this symbol occurs, but in many other sacred spots—as, for instance, on sarcophagi, and on the pediments of tombstones — as a charm against the foe of Horus the god of light, who conducts the dead to their new life. Seth-Typhon was vanquished in the form of a river-horse, and this pachydermatous monster was therefore held in special horror at Edfoo, where—besides the secondary gods

OLD EGYPTIAN MUSICIANS.

[1] The sun-god here stands for Osiris, being the earthly embodiment of Osiris, who was called the soul of Ra.

[2] Details of these events are to be found in Naville, "Textes relatifs au Mythe d'Horus," also Lefèbure, "Le Mythe Osirien."

[3] A long description of the Hut or winged disc is given in Brugsch, "Dict. Geogr.," pp. 539—40, where it is stated that when above sanctuaries it signifies that these sanctuaries belong to Hor-Hut, Horus of Apollinopolis Magna.

of the cycle of Hor-Hut—Hathor, Horus, "the uniter of the land," and Ahi, the god of love, were especially worshipped. The calendar of festivities at Edfoo gives a very exact account of the form of worship of these divinities, for they name every feast day, indicate the route to be followed by the processions, and declare what the offerings

READING THE KORAN IN AN ANCIENT TEMPLE.

to be brought on each solemn occasion were to consist of. Besides bread, beer, wine, cattle, and geese, which were the gifts laid on the altar on every occasion, swine were to be sacrificed here at the full moon, just as they were to Nekheb; and from the same idea, on a certain festival an ass was slaughtered, as being an animal dear to Seth-Typhon, the enemy of Horus.

We find frequent mention of the visits paid by the Hathor of Dendera to her husband, the god of Edfoo, every year at the new moon, when the Nile began to rise; nay, we can point out the very door through which she made her entrance into the

sanctuary. One of the gods of Edfoo—"Horus, the uniter of the two countries"—returned this visit once a year, at the new moon of the month of Pashons, accompanied by his companion gods. All that took place on the occasion of the "beautiful festival of the journey to Dendera" is minutely detailed in the calendar. The god was to remain with Hathor for five days, and as "the brave annihilator of evil," he was to destroy everything in her province that was inimical to good. Music and song were heard at this and many other festivals—indeed, on all joyful occasions; and we also learn that it was sometimes the duty of the chief musician of the temple to play the harp

CORN-BARGE.

himself in honour of Hathor. On certain days the rolls of manuscript were opened; on others herbs were gathered and eaten by the pious; and on others, again, certain solemnities were performed, which had reference to the swelling of the Nile and the gathering of the produce of the soil. What a splendid sight this noble building must have presented when, in accordance with an ancient ordinance, it was illuminated, much like the great "lamp-burning" by which the Saïtes turned night into day in honour of Neith!

It is hard to tear ourselves so soon from this magnificent temple, whose inexhaustible abundance of inscriptions tempts us to months and years of study, and we think once more with gratitude of Mariette's labours and the liberality of the Khedive, which combined to effect the disinterment of the temple of Edfoo, to drive out the fellaheen who had taken up their abode in this venerable monument, and to settle

GIPSY WOMAN OF GHAWAZEE.

them outside its precincts. Now the sacred places belong once more to the ancient gods, who may perchance overhear the sheykhs, who not unfrequently recite the Koran there to a circle of Moslem listeners.

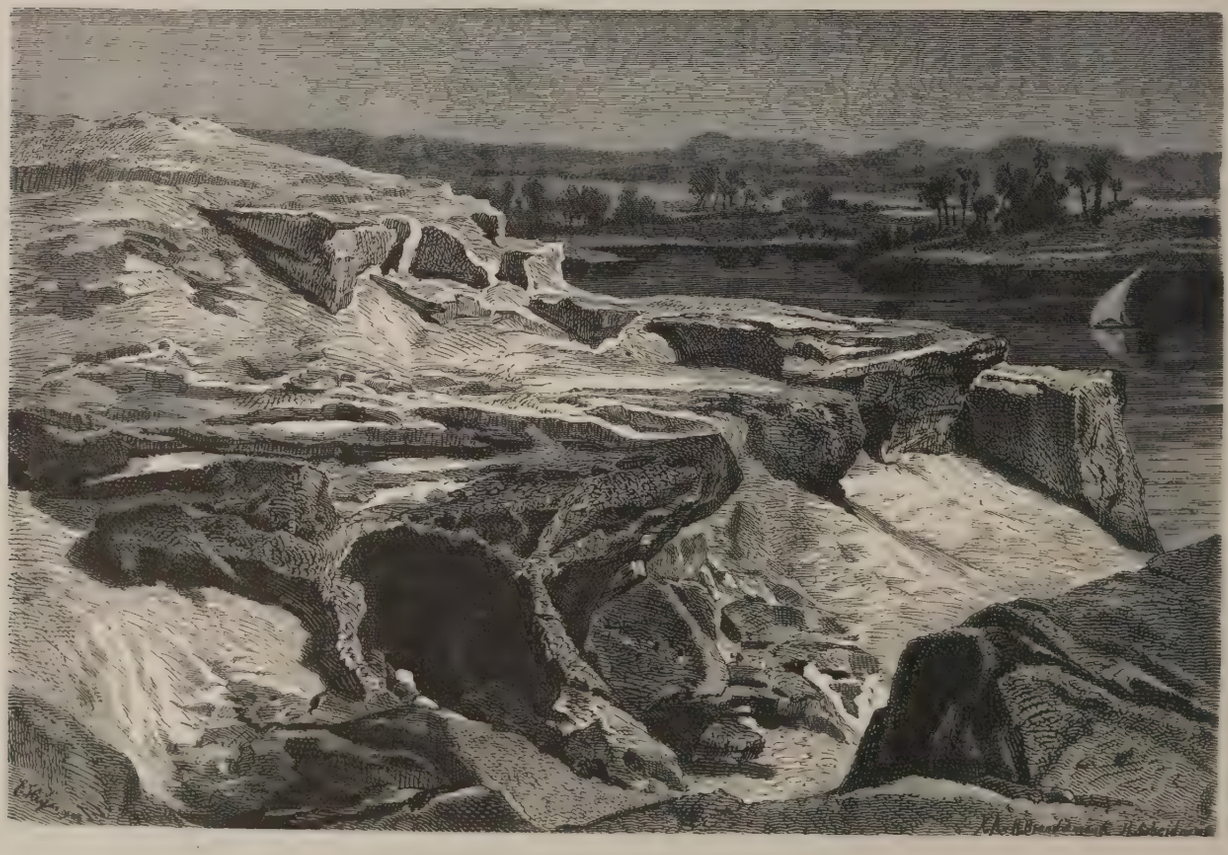
The Nekropolis of Edfoo has not yet been discovered. It lay to the west of the city, and the desert-sand, which entirely chokes and covers it, defies excavation. After looking into the Mamisi[1] and the sacred spring by the side of the temple of Horus, we make our way back to the Nile, where our dahabeeyeh awaits us close by a corn-barge that carries a party of fellaheen and a wandering family of Ghawazee, with their mother, a tall and handsome woman.

We shall be willing to break our farther progress southwards soon after we have begun it, in order to spend a few days in following the ancient road across the desert Redeseeyeh, on the eastern bank towards the Red Sea; for this we must mount the camel of an Ababdeh, and on our way we can visit the small rock-temple erected by Seti I., at the spot where he had caused a well to be dug for the refreshment of the thirsty traveller. The most important of the inscriptions which decorate this structure informs us of the successful accomplishment of this undertaking, and states that the water flowed in as abundantly as in the "spring-caves" of Elephantine at the first cataract. The Egyptian word, which has the meaning "spring-cave," is *kerti*, or *kerker*; hence the Koptic *celcel*, in which the Arabs supposed they had found their own word *silsileh*, a chain. We shall ere long reach the Narrows, known to this day by the process of corruption above indicated as Gebel Silsileh, or the Mountain of the Chain. It is a remarkable spot, at a few miles south of Redeseeyeh, where the rocky shores of the Nile close in so much that a legend has grown out of the meaning of the Arabian name *Silsileh*, to the effect that in ancient times the passage could be barred by a chain thrown across from one side to the other. The stream here rushes wildly and tumultuously through the rocks that hem in its waters, and which, on both sides of the river, consist of a handsome yellow fine-grained sandstone. Hitherto the heights that coast the river have been of limestone or of chalk formation; still, it has not escaped our notice that in almost all the great temples those parts of the building which were exposed to the air were constructed of sandstone, and not of limestone, and of sandstone precisely similar to that which forms the eastern and western walls of the narrow rapids at Gebel Silsileh. And if we walk along the Libyan shore, where we have disembarked, and after looking round us, cross the swift and narrow stream, and mount to the ridge of the hills on the Arabian shore, scrambling by the bad foot-path from rock to rock, we shall soon be convinced that every block of sandstone which was employed in building the highest temples ever raised—in a country, too, where there are more temples than in any other part of the world—was hewn by the masons who obeyed the mandates of the Pharaohs out of these yellow hills, which now have the appearance of the empty husks of innumerable pomegranates, out of which pips without end have already been picked, while an inexhaustible supply still remains. The open halls and galleries are of vast extent, and in the smooth walls the traces of the mason's chisel are still to be seen where, with wonderful skill, he separated the blocks from the living rock. The surfaces from which the slabs were divided are as smooth and level as if in those primitive days man had possessed the secret of softening the stubborn rock:

[1] Place where the birth of the god is represented.

THE NILE TABLETS AT GEBEL SILSILEH.

and yet we find none but bronze tools, none at all of iron or steel—possibly, indeed, because these have perished more easily in the course of centuries than those of pure copper, or of copper alloyed with zinc.



THE NARROWEST PART OF THE RIVER AT GEBEL SILSILEH.

The city to which these quarries anciently belonged was called Khennu, or the "place of passage," and the town and harbour, in which barques innumerable must have been crowded, lay on the eastern shore. On the western bank, near to smaller Latomiæ, was the Nekropolis, with a few rock-tombs and several buildings dedicated to the service of the gods; for the narrow pass was regarded as the gate through which the Nile (which at Khennu—now Silsileh—was called the "pure or sacred water") entered Egypt proper from Nubia, and so it happened that here solemn worship was paid to the Divine Nile, and sacrifices in abundance were laid upon his altars. Close to the western margin of the stream, we find to this day three remarkable tablets with inscriptions, in which different Pharaohs caused hymns in praise of the Nile to be incised, and which differ little from each other in form and substance. The stelæ erected by Rameses II. and his son Menephtah I. are particularly well preserved. They are framed, as it were, with sculptured pilasters, and have at the top a hollow ogee cornice, in the middle of which the sun-disc spreads its wings. The hymn, which is almost identical in all, is full of poetic glow and power. The sacred stream is invoked as the Father of the gods, as the Abundance, Blessing, and Benefactor of Egypt. Anana, the greatest poet, next to Pentaur, of the Ramesseum, thought this fine hymn worthy to serve as the basis of a new hymn which is preserved in a papyrus roll.[1] Besides the enjoyment of its poetical contents, it has yielded very important data as to the periods of the rise and fall of the Nile in early times.

Farther to the north, and near the top of the cliff, a remarkable rock-chapel invites the attention alike of the antiquarian and of the unlearned visitor; of the former by its numerous, and not unimportant, inscriptions of various periods, in both hieroglyphic and demotic character; of the latter by the beautiful pictures in relief, representing the king, Horus (Horemheb), returning from his victories in the south on a throne-like litter, borne on the shoulders of twelve nobles of the realm.

On landing at Gebel Silsileh we found the bank, which in former times must have swarmed with labourers, boatmen, priests, and pilgrims, absolutely deserted. At last, however, a woman made her appearance near the quarries on the Arabian side, tempted forth by the sight of our flag from afar—a fellah woman; and presently two ragged men, whose type of countenance bore no trace of the true Egyptian. These were people of the Begah tribe—Ababdeh Arabs, of those families who have given up their nomad life in the desert, have settled in Egypt, and now speak bad Arabic instead of the language of their own people (the To Bedeeyaweeyeh). We had already met with these tamed children of the Desert and of Nature at Redeseeyeh, divested of all their genuine character. Those who want to see them in their original wild freedom must seek them in the desert, which is their home, and there we meet with a remnant of human life which recalls the days when our race lived in closer intimacy with Nature, and enjoyed all the delights of which idyllic poets sing, and which could only flourish undisturbed where man, in his narrow experience, asks little more than the daily necessaries of life. The Begah race—of which I am now speaking—has but a meagre share even of these, for the mountains and valleys, and the strip of shore lying between the Nile and

[1] A translation of these inscriptions is given in the "Records of the Past," Vol. IV., p. 107; and Maspéro, "Hymne au Nil," 1868.

FELLAH WOMAN.

the Red Sea, where they dwell, all lie within the hottest and most arid district of the Arabian Desert. This poverty-stricken land is nevertheless well worthy of more thorough investigation, and G. Schweinfurth has recently travelled through it several times; but the best description of it is that given by Dr. Klunzinger, who lived for six years at Koseyr, on the Red Sea, busily occupied as a physician and naturalist. In the following meagre account of this remarkable district I have incorporated a great deal derived from the treasures of information which this amiable and learned gentleman put at my disposal, many of his notes being as yet unpublished.

ACACIA OF THE DESERT. (*Acacia Seyal.*)

The range of hills enclosing the Nile valley to the east were known as early as the time of Herodotus as the "Arabian mountains," and the backbone, so to speak, of the great ridge that composes them consists of primitive rock, granite, syenite, porphyry, diorite, micaceous schist, and others of lighter or darker hues. To the south this ridge is connected with the highlands of Abyssinia; to the east it is separated from the mountain mass of Sinai and the Arabian peninsula by the vast fissure which is now filled by the Red Sea. This rocky chain has been tossed and rent by Nature into a number of mountain ridges difficult to distinguish and identify, and intersected by a labyrinth of long and often deeply-cut valleys, crossing each other in the most confused manner. Here and there it shoots up in dome-shaped or boldly-jagged peaks, a few of which reach a height of more than 6,000 feet. It is full of natural beauties, of picturesque mountain scenery, and stupendous cliffs of the most gorgeous colours, intersected with veins of every hue. The splendour of the rocks displays itself, unveiled by any clothing of soil, and bare of every vegetable growth or deposit; here in soft and graceful forms, there in wild and bold ones, and everywhere in its original mould. But it is not absolutely devoid of all the charm of organic life, for from time to time —rarely, indeed, and in most cases only once a year, in the winter months—dark storm-clouds gather round the heads of the mountains, and soon the rain pours down with such violence on the hill country that it seems as if all the collected vapours of the year were being restored to the earth in one tremendous torrent. The brooks and cascades that tumble down the rifts and crevices in the mountains collect in the valleys, the streams form a regular system of little

GAZELLES.

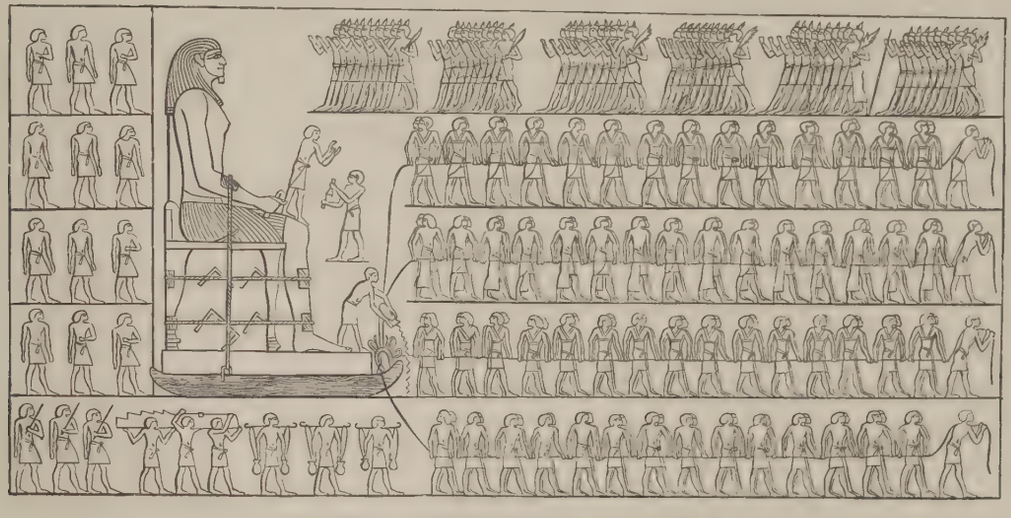
rivers, and at last gathering in one main valley, the flood rolls on either slowly and majestically, or vehemently, ruining all it meets with on its way, till it loses itself in the Red Sea or the Nile—according to the direction it has taken, east or west, as it fell from the water-shed. But the triumph of the waters is brief in the desert, and within a few days after the sluices of heaven have been opened, after a torrent has foamed down every gorge, and a river danced through every valley, the desert is as dry and as arid as before. But the beneficent element has waked the slumbering germs of vegetable life; by every rivulet and declivity millions of green things are sprouting, and the soil of the valley is alive with growing herbs. Shrubs and trees even, as acacias and Marh (*Leptadenia*) tamarisks, forming whole groves, and all the biennial and perennial plants, acknowledge by the fresh green of their branches and shoots how deeply they feel refreshed. Ere long, in the fresh breath of the spring—from January to March—lovely flowers unfold their gems of yellow and rose, tempting out the gay butterflies, wild bees, and wasps that flutter round them, and the beetles, lizards, and ants that creep among them. The skin of the gazelle and antelope grows brighter at this season, as does that of their cruellest foe the wild cat of the desert. All the natural wells and tanks are full; here and there a brook still trickles, or a tiny cascade is dying, drop by drop, where a few weeks since a mighty cataract came roaring down. Now is the time to rejoice in spring in the desert, to go forth into the still valleys of the free and open wilderness, and to drink in that glorious pure air which is peculiar to the desert, and to be met with nowhere else on earth. The citizens, and the villagers too, love to hold their spring festival on Easter Monday in some desert valley—*Shimm-en-neseem* they call it, or air-breathing, for soon—too soon—the scorching breath of the simoom will blow, the shrubs and herbs will dry up into thorny hay, and only the brushwood and trees will remain to give any sign of life.

Light-coloured stratified rocks of marine origin, and mostly of a calcareous nature, have been deposited above the crystalline formation of primitive rock on the east, west, and north. Thus, the whole western margin of the Arabian Desert, which falls precipitously towards the Nile in almost every part, presents the aspect of an elevated limestone plateau all the way from Cairo to Gebel Sisileh, where, as I have said, sandstone hems in the river, and on to Assouan, the southernmost town of Egypt, where the primitive rock comes down to the shore. This high plain, for the most part, exactly resembles the eastern portion of the great Desert of Sahara, and it may indeed be regarded as a continuation of this desert, interrupted by the valley of the Nile. These spring torrents of rain are, however, peculiar to it, and almost unknown in the Libyan waste. Where the eastern declivity of the Arabian range slopes down to the shore of the Red Sea, light-coloured stratified rocks lie over and between the black primary formation. These hills rise in long ridges, belonging partly to the upper cretaceous series, but partly, too, to the more recent deposits of the Red Sea, which once covered this range, but has gradually receded, in consequence of the upheaval of the land. This is proved by the vast quantity of fossils found in this formation, all of recent forms, such as still exist in the Red Sea; it is probably the decomposition of these organisms that has converted the more recent strata of these deposits into gypsum.

27 ON THE COAST OF THE RED SEA.

The Arabian Desert is almost everywhere unavailable for any purposes of extensive commerce. It is arid, barren, and pathless; and thus it is that only the most recent maps reproduce the features of this district with any approach to accuracy, close as it lies to the fertile shores of the Nile. In parts the range is intersected by steep transverse gorges running east and west—here coalescing to form a wider valley, leading from the Nile to the Red Sea, and there a defile, hemmed in by a not insurmountable pass; and here it was that at a very early date the traffic—frequently spoken of in these pages—between the Nile Valley and the sea, and thence with Arabia and India, first flourished, and grew to be a by no means insignificant commerce. Several such high roads might be mentioned as existing in Upper Egypt.[1]

There is also a road which for the most part follows the ridge of the mountain range from Cairo to Koseyr, and even farther south. Under Mohammed Ali there



TRANSPORT OF A COLOSSUS, FROM A TOMB AT EL BERSHEH.

still existed on this road a postal service, now long since given up, and the men on dromedaries who served on the line travelled from Koseyr to the capital in no more than eight days.

The oldest and most famous of all these highways is that which led from Koptos to the Red Sea, through the valley now known as the Wadee Hammamat, and called by the ancient Egyptians Rohanu. It was a busy high-road, not alone for trading caravans, but from time to time for stonemasons and soldiers, whose task it was to hew the costly building materials from the hard rocks, which here abound, and to prepare the vast monoliths which were finished *in situ*, and then to convey them all to the residence of the Pharaohs. A remarkably beautiful kind of alabaster, of a fine honey yellow or white as snow, is found in these mountains. This was quarried in the

[1] The most important were—and to a certain extent are still—the road leading from Esneh or Edfoo to the old sea-port of Berenice and ancient Mohammedan town of Aydab, and those starting from Kuft (Koptos), Koos, or Keneh, on the Nile, and ending at Koseyr, the Leukos Limen of the ancients. A road also runs from Keneh in a north-easterly direction to Safageh and Gimsheh, near to which it is probable that the sites of the Ptolemaic ports of Philoteras and Myos Hormos must be sought for.

CAMEL RIDER.

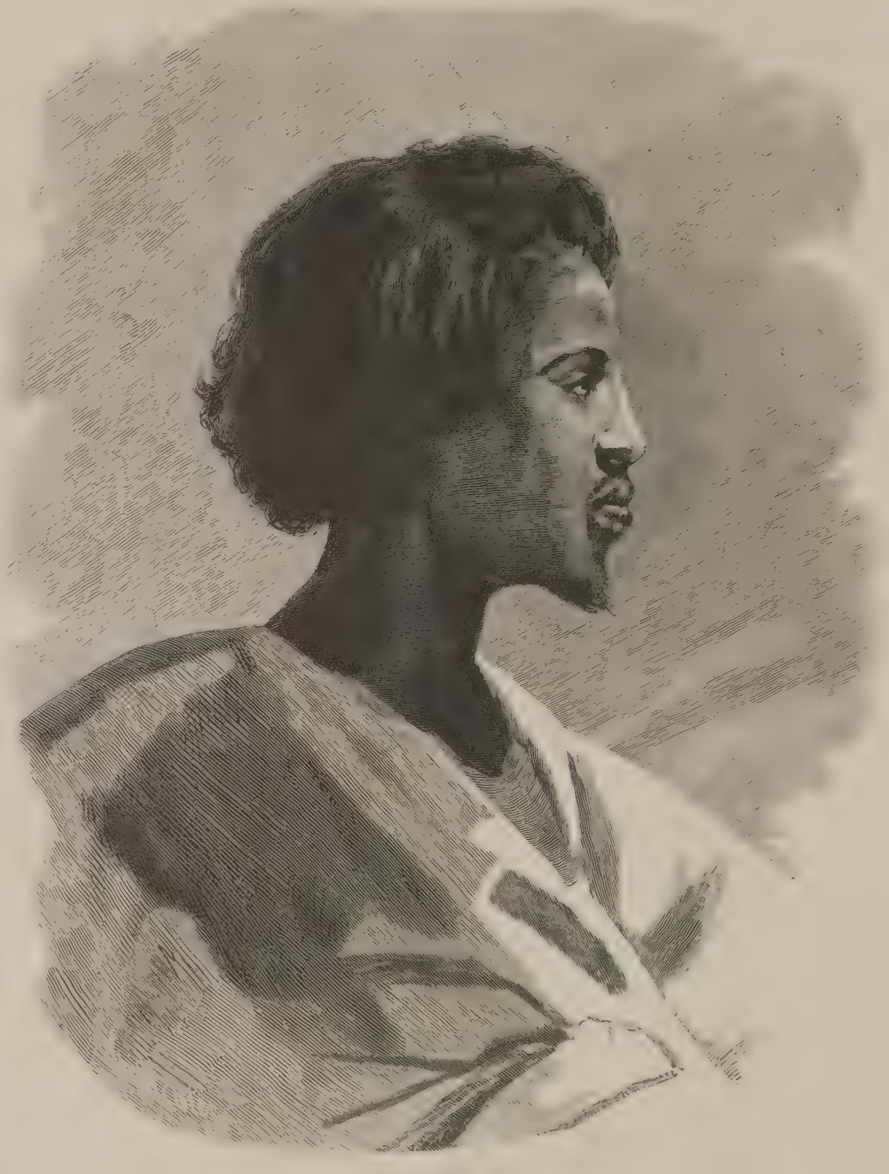
Mons Alabastrites of the ancients, to the east of Sioot, and applied to various works of art; and from the *Mons Porphyrites* of the ancients—Gebel Dukhan, probably—a fine red porphyry, justly prized by the Greeks and Romans, was procured. In these quarries, in times of persecution, many unflinching Christians expiated their constancy by torments, sufferings, and death. The ancient Egyptians themselves particularly valued the dark-green diorite and dioritic breccia which crop out here, and of which sarcophagi, statues, sphinxes, and other works of art were made on the spot. In the Valley of Rohanu, near which this business seems to have been especially active, we find numerous inscriptions incised, with more or less skill, in the rocks by the way-side, and recording for the benefit of posterity what works they were that were executed here, and for which Pharaoh; under which particular official, by whom—as especially selected for the task—and in how long a time. The most ancient of these memorials are of the period of the end of the Vth and beginning of the VIth Dynasty, and the latest are of the Roman period. No quarries with any regular establishment of labourers ever existed in Wadee Hammamat; but when a particularly fine and durable block was required for some very special purpose, an expedition was sent out commissioned to select it, to hew it, and to transport it to the Nile. The transport of these masses is one of the achievements of Egyptian labour which we find it most difficult to conceive of as feasible, when we reflect that it involved conveying the most stupendous weights over mountain and valley, without the aid even of camels. The strength of men—and of men alone—was available to move the mighty mass, and it was employed with lavish and reckless prodigality. Provisions for the overseers and labourers were carried into the desert on ox-carts or men's shoulders, as we learn from a picture already spoken of in a tomb in El Bersheh, representing the transport of a colossus; this picture we now put before the reader. In the Valley of Rohanu we find a long record to the same effect, incised in a rock in hieroglyphics by an official under Rameses IV. A troop of 8,365 men were sent forth, under an unlucky star, by the successor to the great founder of Medeenet Haboo, to bring durable stone to Thebes for the magnificent structures founded by him, but either never completed, or now altogether vanished from the face of the earth. There were 5,000 soldiers, 2,000 serving-men, the labourers to drag and push the sleds on which the blocks were loaded, and 800 Hebrews, whom we must suppose were prisoners of war condemned to forced labour; these formed the nucleus of the expedition, which was conducted by high civil and military officials, and was accompanied by fifty drivers, each conducting a cart drawn by six yoke of oxen, and by a large number of swift-footed bearers, who had to supply the labourers with provisions. Highly-skilled Egyptian artists accompanied this train, among which were 130 masons; and as the dying gladiator greeted the Roman emperor with a joyful salutation, so the captains of this host of labourers address the Pharaoh in words of solemn gratulation in these inscriptions, although they are forced to admit that 900 of their host—that is, more than one man in every ten—have fallen victims to the

THE CAMEL AND ITS DOUBLE.

[1] These quarries were first opened in the reign of Claudius, A.D. 41—54.

VILLAGE NEAR ASSOUAN, ON THE BORDER OF THE ARABIAN DESERT.

journey through this wilderness.[1] Even in our own days an equally numerous army of labourers would scarcely fare better in this waste if it relied on oxen, and not on camels, for its supplies of food and drink. To Leopold Karl Muller, one of our most experienced Orientalists, the camel seems so absolutely inseparable from the people who make use of it that he even fancies he has discovered a certain resemblance of affinity between them, and he has reproduced this in a picturesque and comical manner. The fact, nevertheless, remains that the inhabitants of the Nile Valley, at the time of the Pharaohs, never used the camel, which now seems so indispensable an element in their life. And yet there were stronger temptations than those already mentioned to attract the caravans of Egypt into the Arabian Desert; for what loadstone has ever proved so powerful to prompt the enterprise of splendour-loving despots as gold and precious stones? and in ancient times both were to be found in the range between the Nile and the Red Sea: the latter in the famous emerald mines between Koptos and Berenîce, which Cailliaud thinks he re-discovered at the foot of Gebel Sabâra, at four days' march south of Koseyr, though he only found here a little fine serpentine and heliotrope. Gold was procured from gold mines, of which numerous accounts have been handed down to us from both early and later antiquity. They are mentioned in hieroglyphic inscriptions; a papyrus at



AN ABABDEH ARAB.

[1] This interesting inscription will be found translated in Brugsch's "History of Egypt under the Pharaohs," Vol. II.," 168—170.

Turin[1] contains the most ancient of all known maps, which represents the neighbourhood of the gold mines as near the sea, and in a very characteristic projection; while the Greek Agatharchides, who flourished in the earlier half of the second century before Christ, gives a graphic and heart-rending picture of the dismal fate of the convicts who were condemned to work in these mines.

These have, perhaps, been re-discovered at Gebel Olâki, in the Wadee Lekhooma, near Berenice; at any rate, there are there some abandoned and perfectly exhausted gold mines, which were still worked in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries of our era, under the Mamlook Sultans. As soon as Mohammed Ali heard of the re-discovery of these ancient workings, he sent one European *savant* after another — Cailliaud, Belzoni, Figari, Linant—to endeavour to discover precious metals, or at any rate coals, somewhere in his dominions; and even under the Khedive Ismail, Wadee Hammamat was diligently searched for coal not many years since. A private company did actually for some time procure sulphur from the limestone coast near Gimsheh, and also obtained petroleum from Gebel-ez-Zeyt (the oil mountain); but all these attempts and undertakings have met with shipwreck in modern times, partly from the slender yield of the different openings, partly from the difficulty of keeping the labourers supplied with food and drink, and of transporting the produce obtained. Throughout the southern portion of the Arabian range, which is habitable by reason of its larger supply of water, we find traces of former traffic, such as highways, wells, tanks, and ancient mines, and the remains of the desert stations already mentioned as established by the Pharaohs, and which, at the present day, are called by the Egyptians *Wekkalat en nusará*, "Caravanserais of the Christians." The small stone fortifications, or towers, which Klunzinger met with high up on mountain ridges, and more particularly in spots where

ON THE BANK OF THE NILE.

[1] Published by Lepsius, "Auswahl Taf;" and, subsequently, Chabas "Les Mines d'Or." These mines were worked in the days of Seti I. and Rameses II., about B.C. 1320. The translation of the inscriptions relating to them at Redeseeyeh, has already been pointed out, as in the "Records of the Past." Other inscriptions relating to them have also been published by Cailliaud, "Le Voyage à l'Oasis de Thebes," 1822–1824.

roads divide or cross, he supposes may have served as guide-posts, watch-towers, or signal-stations.

The population now living in the desert is very thinly scattered; its hamlets consist of perhaps one permanent dwelling, with two or three—or at most six—tents

GOING TO FETCH WATER.

or wretched huts, and only one real village is to be seen on the road from Keneh to Koseyr, called Lakeytah. The tribe of Makâseh, now consisting of not more than 3,000 souls, wander restlessly about among the mountains of the northern part of the range; they are of Semitic blood, and nearly allied to the Bedaween of the Sinaitic peninsula. The district in which they live in family groups ends—towards

the south, at the latitude of Gimsheh. The Ababdeh, the nomadic tribe which occupies the more southern district of the eastern desert as far down as the Tropic of Cancer, are at least ten times more numerous. They are of totally different origin, and are rightly included among the Nubio-Ethiopian tribes, to which the Begah also belong who are distributed over the mountain belt of Nubia and towards Abyssinia, between the Nile and the Red Sea. The Bisharee and Hadendoah are distinguished among the Begah tribes by their well-made, though rather lean, figures, and by a refinement and regularity of features, so that, in spite of their very dark skins and their elaborately dressed hair, they are among the finest of the human race. Their hair they either twist into artificial curls or allow to hang down in small tight plaits. These are the descendants of the Blemmyes, who are described by Greek writers as being the next neighbours of the Egyptians to the south, and who are most frequently spoken of in connection with their sudden and bloody raids on the frontier districts. In the middle ages—nay, even at the beginning of this century—it was dangerous to traverse the strip of desert occupied by them, but they are now the most peaceable of mortals, and even a solitary traveller or foreigner may wander among them without peril to life or property. It was Mohammed Ali who tamed them, by forcing their chiefs and sheykhs to settle in the valley of the Nile, and by holding them responsible in life and estate for the good conduct of their tribe. Their wants are few, and they are gentle and abstemious; they only seek a spot of pasture-land in the desert for their little flocks of sheep and ill-fed camels, and they solace their leisure by performing sham fights and war dances with swords and shields to the thin and feeble melody of a flute. Their modest existence is a true desert idyll, which might inspire a poet's verse if only the pangs of hunger could be overlooked which they and their lean kine are condemned to suffer, and which make their inhospitality—a rare defect in nomadic tribes—a very pardonable sin. Their huts, built of laths covered with ragged cloths, their cave-dwellings, and their household goods, are to the last degree wretched, and equally miserable is the pittance they earn as camel-drivers and hangers-on to caravans, or by dealing in the meagre produce of their country, such as herbage for fodder, camels' dung, water, gums, and wood, which they sometimes burn to make charcoal. Those among them who live in the vicinity of the Red Sea, like their forefathers the Ichthyophagi, live on the fish and other creatures that the waves may throw up on the shore, for they never venture out to sea to catch them.

The Ababdeh, whom we meet at the quarries of Gebel Silsileh, stare in mild astonishment at our operations, and escort us back to the dahabeeyeh that is waiting to carry us farther southwards.

As we go on, the shore on each side of us gets yellower still, and more and more deserted; the men and women who are working the water-wheels grow darker in colour and scantier of clothing, the villages and palm-groves are smaller and farther apart. Everything that meets the eye now is Nubian, and no longer Egyptian. The noonday sun is scorchingly hot; out there on a sand-bank two crocodiles lie motionless; and as the sun sinks in the west the glowing hues of the evening sky no longer tinge the tall pigeon-houses of Upper Egypt, and we look in vain for the fellah-women coming down to the river in long files to fetch water, for the stream

TEMPLE OF KOM OMBOO.

is either hemmed in on both sides by bare rocks, where white patches of sand shine in the fissures like snow-fields, or these are divided from the shore by stretches of desert, interspersed with small patches of arable land.

Long do we gaze at the glories of the flaming west, but now, looking eastward, we catch sight of an ancient temple high up on a bare cliff, and bathed in the glow of the departing sun; then night falls, and the dahabeeyeh comes to an anchor among overthrown blocks and pillars, over which the water rushes and tumbles. The sanctuary above us, which now looks down through the unbroken silence of the night, lighted by the dim white rays of a crescent moon, and looking like some ghostly stronghold, is the famous Temple of *Nubi*, the Egyptian "city of gold," from which name, in the form of Unbi, came the Greek Omboi and Ombos. The Arabs call this abandoned sanctuary Kom Omboo, or the ruin-heap of Omboo; but of the populous city which once belonged to it they know nothing, for it long since fell a prey to two mighty enemies—the desert sand and the current. Not a stone, not a trace of a foundation wall is left; nothing but the temple, with its inscriptions, remains to bear witness of its former existence. And the two insidious foes which have destroyed the abodes

COIN OF CLEOPATRA TRYPHÆNA.

BANK OF THE NILE AT KOM OMBOO.

PORT OF ASSOUAN.

of man will, sooner or later, not spare the temple of the gods. In a few centuries the Temple of Kom Omboo will have ceased to exist; for while the sand of the desert fills up its halls and chambers more and more, the stream carries away the front, piece by piece; it has swallowed up the adjoining buildings, and threatens to undermine the cliff on which it stands. When Duemichen stood once in the mild and tender moonlight of a Nubian night at Kom Omboo, these were the words he wrote in his diary:—"This splendid temple on the height looked to me like a magnificent sarcophagus ready for its interment; the moon and the stars were the lights on the bier, and the figures of the gods and kings on the walls stood like a solemn mourning train on the pale and ghostly light. The river rushing at the foot of the cliff was the open grave destined to receive it, and the dash and roar of the waters its funeral lament."

Soon after sunrise we disembark, and even at this distance the singular arrangement and architecture of this sanctuary is a conspicuous feature. It was founded by Thothmes III.,[1] finished by Rameses III.,[2] and rebuilt under the Ptolemaic kings.[3] It may be divided longitudinally into two quite distinct parts. We see two gates instead of only one on the side facing the Nile, and over each of these the characteristic hollow cornice, decorated with the winged sun-disc. The back part of this double temple is also in two divisions, and each terminates in a sanctuary corresponding to the gateways. This disposition of the plan of the Temple of Kom Omboo is sufficient to suggest that two independent divinities were worshipped here; and this was, in fact, the case, for one-half of it was dedicated, as the inscriptions tell us, to the great Horus (*Har-ur*; in Greek, Arueris), and the other half to Seth-Typhon, who was worshipped here in the form of a crocodile, or of the crocodile-headed Sebek. The latter ruled in the darkness, and Horus ruled in the light. Horus and Seth were called the hostile brothers, who, after their reconciliation by Thoth, were established side by side—and not at Kom Omboo only—as personifying the double power of the gods and kings alike to reward and to punish, to set up and to put down. The district of Nubi, like that of the Fayoom, was regarded as Typhonic, because a form of Seth was worshipped there with the crocodile, which was sacred to him, and it was often omitted in the religious portion of the lists of districts.

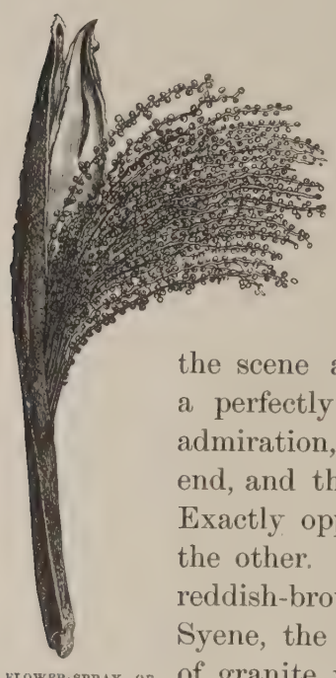
The capitals of the columns of Kom Omboo are richly decorated with foliage ornaments, and the astronomical ceiling paintings in the hypostyle are particularly worthy of observation; they have been left unfinished, and it can still be seen how the small design was copied and enlarged by the aid of squaring out the surface. A very remarkable alteration is perceptible in the proportions of the figures adopted during the whole of the New Empire. Here we find the human figure no longer divided into eighteen parts but, as Lepsius has found, agreeing with the data given by Diodorus, into twenty-one parts and a quarter, from the sole of the foot to the top of the forehead. Greek influences are visible in many parts of the decoration of this temple; nay, in the architrave of the back wall of the first prosekos we find a Greek inscription in fine bold uncial letters, which "the foot-soldiers, horsemen, and others stationed in the province of Omboo caused to be incised for the god Arueris, the

[1] About B.C. 1503. [2] B.C. 1200.

[3] By Ptolemy V., Epiphanes, 204 to 181 B.C., till Ptolemy XIII., Neos Dionysos (81—51), and his wife Cleopatra, who in Kom Omboo is called Tryphæna.

great Apollo, and the gods worshipped with him, in consequence of their goodwill towards them in honour of the royal Ptolemaic couple"[1] (Auletes and Cleopatra Tryphæna). The pylon, which was erected by Tiberius Cæsar,[2] has long been overthrown; the bases of a few columns in the fore-court were dug out in 1873. Besides these, nothing remains of the exterior of this fine double temple, excepting a portion of the outer wall in burnt bricks, in which there is a window; this never has been met with in the enclosing wall of any other temple.

As we proceed on our journey southwards, we are tempted to think that in this region Seth has won a long-enduring victory over Horus, and that some mysterious power here forbids the beneficent river to open the stores of its mercies. How arid and sandy are its shores, how few and far between its villages! The eye wearies of the intense yellow of the plains, from which, at noon, some very fiend seems to have chased every vision of shade. A soft air bears us slowly up the stream that rushes to the sea, and night falls once more before we can reach Assouan, the city of the cataracts, and the frontier town of Egypt; but when we wake next morning we find that the dahabeeyeh is moored to the quay of this river-port. We hurry out of our cabin, and as we glance on the scene around us, we seem to have been transported by magic into a perfectly new world, and abandon ourselves unreservedly to surprise, admiration, and delight. The Nile here looks as if it had come to a sudden end, and the dahabeeyeh is lying in a land-locked lake of beautiful outline. Exactly opposite, the rocks and cliffs rise from the water, piled one upon the other. These, like all the rocks in this neighbourhood, are of a shining reddish-brown, for we are here in the harbour of the ancient town of Syene, the native land of syenite, and in the very heart of the great dyke of granite which protrudes from the Arabian range westwards, as if on purpose to check the course of the Nile. But the brave stream has succeeded in breaking through its prison of primæval rock at the first cataract, of which we shall soon hear the roar. From the purple tone of these rocks the fresh rich green stands out in lovely relief where the palms are just opening their huge sprays of flowers. Assouan, to our left, is surrounded by palm-groves, which completely conceal the lower part of the town, but not the grey houses of the higher quarter. From the eastern shore of the Nile, where the town stands, and exactly opposite to us, a noble fragment of a wall—perhaps the last vestige of a ruined bath-house of the time of the Byzantine Emperors or of the first Khalifs—projects into the stream towards the island of Elephantine, which—shaped, it is said, like an oleander-leaf—is brightly and refreshingly green with fields, shrubs, and palm-trees. Behind this island the landscape to the west is closed in by a ridge of hills belonging to the Libyan range, and crowned by a ruined Arab castle. The dark-coloured walls of this ruin stand out in picturesque contrast against the yellow sand of the desert, which makes us wonder what indeed this verdant valley



FLOWER-SPRAY OF THE DATE-PALM.

[1] The inscription is given, Letronne, "Recherches pour servir à l'Histoire de l'Égypte," 1823, p. 7. The above translation is free.

[2] A.D. 14–37.

would have been without the river which here enters Egypt after surmounting the mighty barrier Nature has set to its flow at the first cataract. Assouan is, in fact, at the very threshold of Egypt, and the Egyptian name *Soun* seems admirably well-chosen,

BAZAAR IN ASSOUAN.

meaning, "allowing the entrance." From this name *Soun* came the Greek Syene, and then Assouan, from the Koptic Suan.[1] In very early times the chief town of the district to which it belonged stood on the island opposite, and was called, like it, *Ab*

[1] Many foreign names beginning with a consonant have received the prefix of A in Arabic, to facilitate their pronunciation by the Arab tongue: thus, Sioot has become Asioot.

the town of elephants, or of ivory, probably from the abundant supply of that material, which was the most important article of commerce with the Soudan. Under the Greeks, who gave the beautiful island the still familiar name of Elephantine, the garrison town on the eastern shore of the Nile took precedence over that on the island,

HASHIM, A NATIVE OF ASSOUAN.

and in spite of the many attacks it suffered from the Blemmyes and their successors, it continued a flourishing town, while that of Elephantine fell into decay. There is not much to be seen now, it is true, of what was famous among the ancients as Suan—Syene. The granite quarries, which I have so often mentioned, and which we will presently visit, have lain unworked for centuries, for we know only too well how far it lies from the idea of the Mohammedans to erect buildings for posterity. The vineyards,

which in the time of the Pharaohs produced the highly-esteemed wines of Suan, have disappeared to the very last vine-stock, and the celebrated shadowless well of Syene has shared the same fate. This well must have been situated exactly under the tropic line, since no shadow was cast there at noon; and this circumstance was taken advantage of by Eratosthenes[1] (276 and 196 B.C.) for the purpose of measuring the surface of the earth by the method which is still pursued, and the accuracy of his results can only be accounted for by the exactitude with which the distances of the boundary-stones on the northern and southern frontiers of each district were measured, and registered in the books of the Government or of the administrator of taxes. This well, lying directly under the noon-day sun at the summer solstice, would seem to have been very ancient even in the time of Eratosthenes, for the supposition seems well founded that so long ago as in 700 B.C. the Egyptians had sunk the shaft to mark the time when the northern margin of the sun at the solstice stood exactly above Syene.[2]

DANCING APE.

Among the celebrated men who in former times dwelt at Syene may be named Juvenal, the famous satirist, who was exiled as prefect of this remote frontier city in order to remove him from Rome; but he was not happy among the Egyptians, and lashed their superstitions and more particularly their worship of animals in verses of cutting severity. We find some lines which clearly prove how heavy the poet's heart was in his exile on the frontier of the torrid zone. They run as follows:—

OUR NUBIAN SERVANT, MAHOMMED SALEH.

"Mollissima corda
Humano generi dare se Natura fatetur
Quæ lacrymas dedit; hæc nostri pars optima sensus."

("Nature herself confesses to have given the tenderest hearts to the human race, as she gave them tears; this is the best part of our faculties.")

At the present day Assouan, the successor of ancient Syene, is not distinguished from the other cities of the Nile by anything but the extraordinary variety of its inhabitants. This strikes the eye the moment we attempt to quit the dahabeeyeh, and go on shore—yes, attempt, for the boat is besieged by a perfect host of

[1] He was invited to Alexandria by Ptolemy Euergetes I.

[2] Eratosthenes knew that on the longest day the sun casts no shadow at noon in Syene, while in Alexandria at the same time the angle of the gnomon marked the fiftieth part of a circle. From this he inferred that the distance between Alexandria and Syene was the fiftieth part of a meridian = 7° 12′. According to the latest measurement the exact distance is 7° 6′ 30″.

NUBIAN OFFICIAL.

people, all striving to detain us, and direct our attention to the various wares they display. Many offer ostrich-feathers and eggs, others ivory rings, and simple, but by no means inelegant, bracelets, made of silver and gold, and manufactured in Nubia; others, again, the native arms of the Soudan, panther-skins, painted wooden bowls, and a great variety of fine basket-work and mats. Even the strange petticoats, or aprons, of the women of these provinces, made of strips of leather, arranged to overlap each other, and form a thick fringe, are offered for sale under the quaint name of "Madama Nubia." An Egyptian sailor is making a trained ape, that he has brought from farther south, dance to the sound of a tambourine; while a dusky Bisharee, with nothing on but his loin-cloth, tries to attract attention by performing a war-dance, wriggling his hips, and flourishing his lance and shield, a knife is fastened to his arm, with a number of amulets; and some men from Dongola are eager to induce us to buy similar talismans.

THE GOD KHNUM.

All the language of these Children of the Sun is perfectly unintelligible to us, for most of them speak only one of the three Nubian dialects, Kenoos, Mahâs, or Dongolauee. The Berberines, as they are called, whose native district may be regarded as extending from about Kom Omboo to the fourth cataract, do not learn Arabic till they have travelled to the cities of Egypt proper — Cairo generally, or Alexandria. Arabic is not used in Nubia itself, nor understood except by the citizens, by men who have travelled, or by the Sheygeezeh, or other tribes of Arab race who have wandered into Nubia. These Berberines might be called the Savoyards of Egypt, for, like those mountaineers, they frequently quit their home in quite early youth to seek the busy life of cities, whence, after earning what they consider a sufficient sum, they return to their native land. In Cairo and Alexandria they are commonly met with as servants, door-keepers, cooks, and coachmen. The little Saîs, whom I have already introduced to the reader, and most of his fellows, are Berbers; for so long as they are young their lungs and legs are more indefatigable even than those of the native Egyptian boys. They are, indeed, generally endowed with all the gifts we most look for in a servant. Even honesty is one of their attributes, and they hang together so closely in their voluntary

COFFEE-HOUSE.

exile that, on the one hand, they always succeed in keeping black sheep out of the flock, while, on the other, they are so ready to help and support each other that many officials of consideration, wealthy dragomans, restaurant keepers, and carriage owners, belong to their race. In Assouan itself particularly the Arab and Nubian element are of quite equal importance among the well-to-do citizens; nay, most of the principal merchants, who carry on an extensive trade in ostrich-feathers, ivory, gums, senna-leaves, wax, tamarinds, skins, horns, dried dates, and other produce of the Soudan, are of Nubian descent. A distinguished personage in the town, to whom I had a letter of introduction, took me into the house of a Nubian merchant, which, though plain enough outside, as is usual, was beautifully fitted and furnished within; and more bewitching and graceful little creatures than this gentleman's brown children I have rarely seen.

NUBIAN BOY OF GOOD FAMILY.

The streets and bazaars of Assouan offer nothing remarkable. We will pay them but a short visit, and then take a boat for the passage, of only a few minutes' length, to the island of Elephantine. How lamentably ruinous is this site of the former capital of the southernmost province of Egypt! Here, where formerly stood the streets of a city mentioned on hundreds of monuments, we now find a few wretched villages, with a population of half-naked Nubians. The beautiful sanctuaries of the ram-headed god Khnum (with whom the goddesses of the cataract, Sati and Anuke, were here worshipped), which owed their foundation to Thothmes the Great and Amenophis III., and which still a few centuries since excited the admiration of travellers, are destroyed, all but a gateway of granite and a statue of Osiris, and part of the materials have been used for a palace built at Assouan by Mohammed Ali. Even in the river-wall there are several blocks to be seen, covered with inscriptions, which have been removed from venerable structures, and applied to baser uses. A kinder fate has, however, protected the ancient Nilometer, and Mahmood Bey, a skilful and learned astronomer, educated in Europe, has been able to restore it, by command of the Khedive. He set up a new standard of measurement by the side of the old one of Pharaonic date, and restored the venerable monument to public utility, with its fifty-three steps and eleven scales. It stands on the west side of the island, opposite

the town of Assouan. At the time of the Pharaohs it was a good inundation when the Nile rose to twenty-four ells and three inches by this standard.

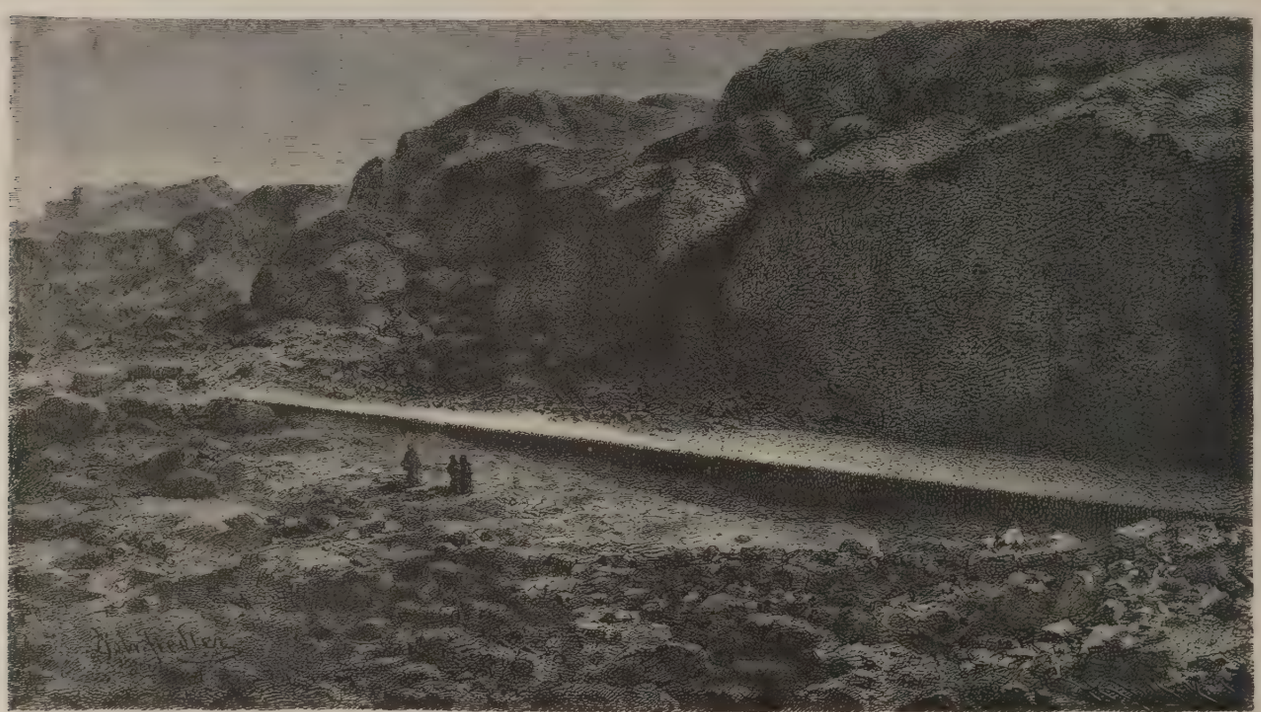
All the remains of antiquity existing in this island do not repay the traveller nearly so well as a walk to the southern declivity, covered as it is with rubbish and ruins, for here we obtain a view of a landscape of indescribable wildness and quite peculiar charm. A perfect labyrinth of granite crags is opened out at our feet, and among them the Nile, dividing into a hundred arms, here rushes in a tumultuous torrent, and there, hemmed in by a barrier of rocks, calmly mirrors the sun. A soft roar falls

MAUSOLEUM IN THE DESERT NEAR ASSOUAN.

on the ear, reminding us of the old time when men believed that at this spot the Egyptian Nile took its rise from two caverns, while its cradle in the far south was to remain a mystery unsolved by mortals, until it was revealed to him by Isis at the twelfth gate of the nether world. Magnificent festivals, lasting for seven days, were held on the island of Elephantine, in honour of the beneficent river, and Greek historians record that on these occasions two bowls, one of gold and one of silver, representing, perhaps, the sun and the moon, were flung into the roaring waters. The Pharaohs were wont to assist at these solemnities, and among the names recorded in an inscription on the rocks south of Elephantine as having been present on such an occasion we find those of Rameses the Great, with his favourite children, his son Khamus, and his daughter Bent-Anat.

As yet, however, we have not seen the cataract itself. In order to reach it we must return to Assouan, hire some good asses, which we wait for in front of the most modest of cafés, and ride through the town into the open country. On our way we

are met by men who offer the native pottery for sale; and I must allow that the clay vases and pipe-bowls made here are very little inferior in elegance to those of Sioot and Kench. Just outside the palm-groves, which surround the city, we will dismount, in order to visit a small temple which lies a little off the road to the left. This was founded by Euergetes I.,[1] the third of the Ptolemies, and dedicated to the goddess Isis-Sothis, who was venerated as the lady of the dog-star, Sirius, which was to the ancient Egyptians so important an element in reckoning time. She also was often worshipped as Sati, "the sender," or "swift-shooter" (sending the Nile as the hunter



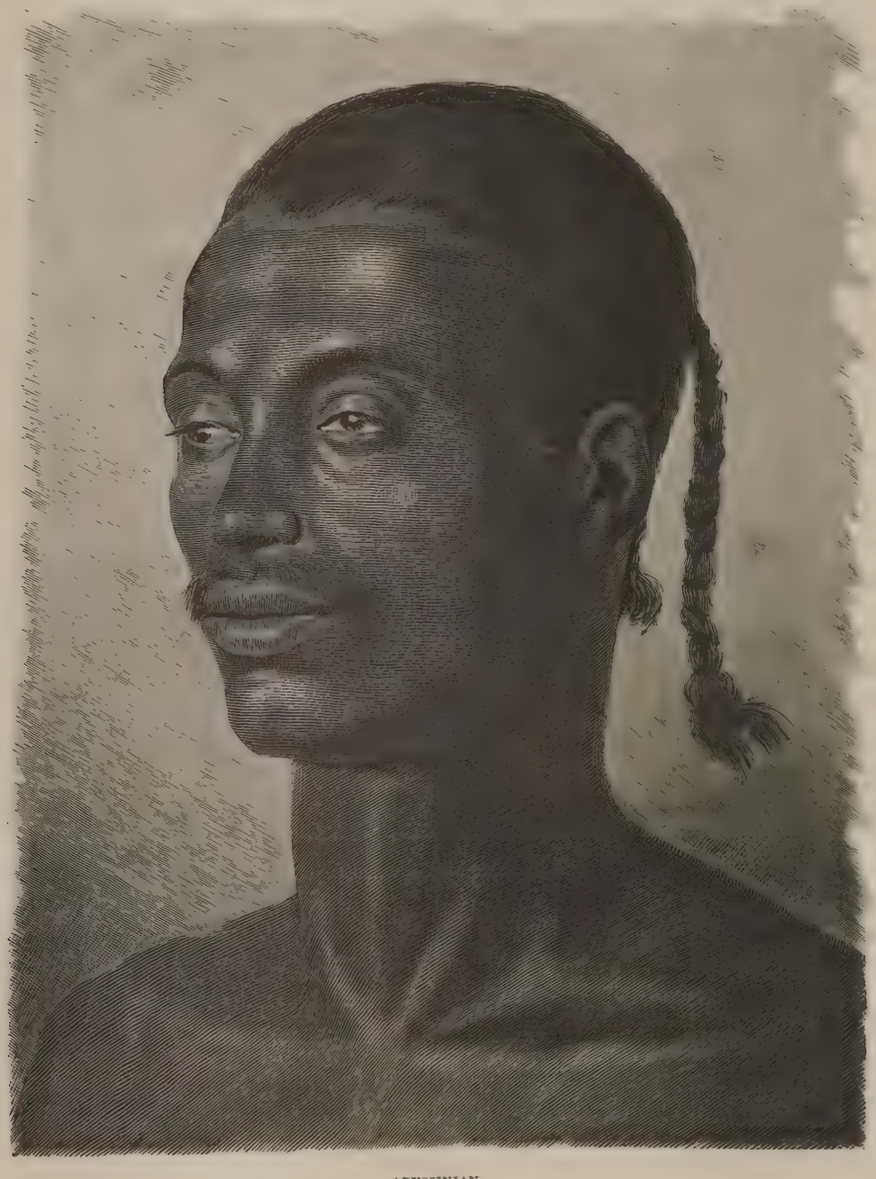
AN UNFINISHED OBELISK.

sends the arrow). After this we soon leave behind us the city and the buildings on the outskirts—one of which is the country-house of a wealthy Hebrew—with the palm-groves that give the landscape its smiling and verdurous aspect, for the Abyssinian asses are swift and spirited. A new picture now opens before our eyes: the desert lies all round us, broken only by bare granite rocks and tombs, on which the sand lies like a yellow shroud. The thousands who sleep here are not ancient Egyptians, but Moslems, many of whom lived within the first centuries of the spread of Islam in Egypt, and whose survivors decorated their graves with tombstones which perpetuate their names to later generations.

The oldest of these tablets bear inscriptions in a venerable Kufic character, and date from the ninth and tenth centuries of our era. Texts from the Koran may be read on many of them, which is a singular circumstance, for the prophet desired that such texts should not be inscribed on tombs. Parallel to this vast burial-place, along the

[1] B.C. 247.

middle of it, and in the heights which divide the Nile from the desert, stands a row of more or less handsome mausoleums and tomb-mosques, dating, for the most part, from the time of the Mamelook Sultans. Although they are ill-kept and falling into ruins, they are a great ornament to the landscape, and bear witness to the flourishing condition of Assouan under the dominion of the Khalifs. Many of them



ABYSSINIAN.

remind us of the graves of the Mamelooks in the vicinity of Cairo; and the cemetery of Assouan is not much inferior in extent to the Karafeh at the foot of the citadel, in the capital of the Khedive.

Before proceeding any farther on our ride southwards, we will diverge to the east, and visit the quarries, which were worked with equal perseverance by the Pharaohs who built the Pyramids, by the exterminators of the Hyksos, by the

Ramessides, the Saïtes, the Ptolemies, and the Roman emperors. The granite found here derived its name of syenite from Syene, the ancient name of Assouan, and was already called so by Pliny; but, strangely enough, modern mineralogists give the name to a quite different mineral, in consequence—as I am informed by my friend Herr Zirkel—of a curious error on the part of the mineralogist Werner, who thought he had found in the rocks of a formation near Dresden all the characteristics of the granite of Assouan, and so called it syenite. The rock from the Saxon capital was consequently regarded as typical syenite, until it was proved by Wad that the rock occurring at Assouan is not syenite at all in that sense, since its properties are wholly unlike those

MOSQUE-TOMB NEAR ASSOUAN.

of the rocks of the Dresden formation. When Rozière found a similar mineral on Mount Sinai, he suggested the adoption of the name sinaite, instead of syenite, which it resembles in sound; but this designation has never come into vogue.

Even to this day we find in the old granite quarries very remarkable traces of the industry and skill of the masons who wrought for the Pharaohs — here a huge block, there an obelisk with three sides hewn out. Both remain attached to the living rock by the nether side, and afford a proof that the ancient Egyptians executed these granite monuments in the quarry itself. How admirable must the skill have been which enabled these handicraftsmen to disengage the gigantic mass of stone, so laboriously wrought, from the granite wall of which it had formed an integral part!

In these quarries—which, on the whole, are much less imposing and grand than those of Turrah and Gebel Silsileh, because the granite has all been hewn from the face of the rock — I sought for a long time up and down, and could not discover a single instance of a fractured block hanging unfinished in its place as witness of

any failure in the process of quarrying; on the contrary, the economy with which the blocks were squared out *in situ* excites our utmost admiration. On the upper surface of one block, of which three sides are ready hewn, it is easy to detect the exact outlines traced by the master mason, and which seem to indicate that it was destined to form a roof slab and two uprights or traverses; and where the three portions were to be separated holes have been drilled, as it would seem, with a gimlet or gouge, in a straight line across the block. Were these for the introduction of wet wedges? Was it by this means that obelisks even were riven from the rock? or was fire employed for this purpose?

On our farther ride to Philae we are met by a party of Nubian men and women, riding on camels, and a few Abyssinians, bringing asses to sell at Assouan. The road is sandy, and much used. The asses and camels tread with such accuracy in the footsteps of their predecessors that long ruts are formed side by side along the road, like deep grooves made by a wide heavy wheel.

IN THE DESERT BETWEEN ASSOUAN AND PHILAE.

The surrounding scene is wilder and gloomier at every step, for cliffs rise up on each side of us, many of which have a sort of vitreous brown lustre, as if burnt by the sun, while others are dismal and black. But even here traces of human activity are not wanting, for we come upon inscriptions innumerable left by travellers, pilgrims, princes setting out or returning home, warriors, and grandees of every date of Egyptian antiquity, hastily engraved for the most part in the hard rock on each side—invocations to a god, or memorials to posterity of how far their travels had extended.

Now the tomb-mosques in the range of hills have disappeared, though the hills still part us from the stream, but a new object of human workmanship attracts our attention: a high, strong wall, breached in several places, and built of bricks of Nile mud; this, which we first see on our left, twice crosses the road, and only ends close to the shore, opposite Philae. It is many, many hundred years old, though Strabo, who travelled to Philae in his carriage, and by a better road than that on which we are now ambling along, makes no mention of it. The object with which it was erected is unknown; some think it was built to protect the Egyptian frontier against the raids of the robber tribes of the Blemmyes and Nobates, and some suppose it was a frontier limit for tolls and duties. Burckhardt was told

THE FIRST CATARACT.

that it formed the bank of an artificial canal, by means of which water was conveyed from the Nile to the plain of Syene; and the natives, knowing no names of pre-Islamite rulers but those of Pharaoh, Alexander the Great, and Cleopatra, have told other travellers a wonderful fable of how Cleopatra dwelt at Syene, sent her son to school at Philae, and built this wall to protect the road her darling must travel by from wild beasts. In ancient times, certainly, there can have been no lack of wild beasts in this region; and they have given rise to another no less absurd legend that the Pharaohs drove many criminals into the desert, there to be devoured by lions and their fierce companions, and that this mysterious wall was erected to bar their return.

Wilder, drearier, and more utterly deserted at every yard, we advance farther into the desert; the midday sun pours down with fierce heat on the dark rocks

NUBIAN SWIMMING ON A BUNDLE OF REEDS.

by the roadside, the fiery wind drives burning sand in our faces, and man and beast long for water. Weary and thirsty, presently we turn the angle of a rock that seems to bar the road, and lo! before us stands a clump of sycamores; their leafy crowns cast a broad shade, while waving palms cluster round a neat house, the residence of the Austrian Missionary Society. The waters of the Nile are shining before us, so enclosed by mountains as to look like a lake, with the loveliest of all islands—Philae, the templed isle of Isis—mirrored in their surface. A comfortable boat is by the bank; merry boys, clothed less than scantily, as brown and shining as bronze, and as lithe as "troutlets in a pool," take the oars, and sing as they ply them, and in a few minutes we land on the beautiful spot where I once passed several memorable and indescribably delightful weeks.

The cataract is now behind us; until now it has been hidden by the hills which border the road all the way to Philae; and now, before we give our attention to the Temple of Isis, we will visit the rapids. The route usually followed by travellers is to turn off to the west, about half-way down the desert-path by which

we rode to Philae, thus coming out close to the rapids, on which the proud name of cataract is most undeservedly bestowed. The falls of the Nile are not like those of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, where the river flings itself from a high ledge into an abyss; the course of the Nile is broken here by a vast accumulation of granite boulders, and the waters rush in divided torrents, eddying and roaring through the rocky chasms. The swift flood in many places is dashed back from the stubborn stone, and tossed into spray with a thundering blow; and though the ancient legends of the deafness of the dwellers by the cataract, who lost the sense of hearing from the noise and tumult of the waters, are mere myths, the voice of the torrent as it forces its way through the Biban-esh-Shellal (the Gate of the Rapids) is no gentle one. Yet it does not drown the shouts and songs of the Nubians, who, when the water is low, collect in hundreds, pulling, shoving, heaving, hauling, to get a large Nile boat over the cataract; nor is the noise of the waters so loud as to overpower the cries of "bakhsheesh" shouted at us by the half-naked boys and men who come swimming through the rapids, some astride on logs or on sheaves of canes, while others trust to their own strength and agility. This feat of strength should never be attempted by any European. Mr. D. Cave, a promising young traveller, lost his life in doing so, and his body—which now rests in the Koptic cemetery at Assouan—lay for eight days in the guilty waters before it was thrown on shore. I myself made a rash attempt to shoot the rapids in a small boat, and I extract the following description from a letter written a few hours after, when it was still fresh in my mind. "I had on board two of our own boatmen, besides an experienced sailor and a half-grown Nubian lad. An old Re'ees, used to the cataract, took the tiller. Behind the village of Shellal we could hear the roar of the waters, which grew louder every instant. The rocks and boulders in the river are of a reddish-brown, but in spots where they are constantly wetted by the torrents, and rapidly dried by the fiery sun of these latitudes, the surface shines like the black mirror of a muddy pool, or, as Robert Hartmann says, the polished surface of a well-worn smoothing-iron.[1] Before, behind, all round, above, and below, I saw nothing but rocks, little pools, and the wide blue sky; my ears seemed filled with the spell of roaring waters, and as the boat approached the rapids this rose to dull thunder,

WANDERING HUCKSTER.

[1] This enamelled surface on granite was also observed by A. von Humboldt at the cataracts of the Orinoco. According to Russegger, it is caused by an oxide of iron; according to Delesse, by a siliceous deposit from the waters of the Nile on the face of the stone.

VILLAGE BETWEEN ASSOUAN AND PHILAE.

like that of surf on a rocky shore. Here the men had a few minutes of tremendous effort, while they cheered and encouraged each other by constant appeals for help to their saints, particularly to the holy Seyyid el-Bedawee, who is regarded as the rescuer of those in imminent peril. At every stroke of the oar they shouted "ya Seyyid!" or "ya Mohammed!" and the poor creatures at the ropes dared not pause a moment, for we must surmount the strength of the mid-current, or be dashed to pieces against the rocks. The Re'ees who guided the boat was a sinewy man of about sixty; as long as we were in any danger he kept his brown neck at full stretch, and he looked like an eagle watching his prey, with his keen eye keeping a sharp look-out, and his lean aquiline features. All went well at first, but on the left side there were only a man and a boy to row, and on the right two men. Just as we passed the second fall, and had to turn into a fresh channel, though the sailors on the left pulled with all their might, their strength was insufficient, and the current gave the boat such a lurch that it turned stern foremost. This was the crowning triumph of the passage for the Re'ees, who never for an instant lost his presence of mind, but, holding on to the tiller with his foot, helped the weaker oarsman with his hands, turned the boat round again, steered us into the right channel, and then down the lower and calmer reach of the river as far as Assouan. The whole passage lasted forty-two minutes."

The two villages on the eastern shore of the rapids, and in which the cataract boatmen live—Shellal and Mahudah—are wonderfully pretty, lying among palms, sycamores, and green shrubbery, which stand out in charming contrast from the red-brown rocks and cliffs; and in and near the Nile numbers of dahabeeyehs and Nile boats here lie ready for travellers who have come to the cataracts by land, and now wish to be conveyed in person or to send on their luggage to the south by boat. The neat houses, too, in these villages, and the huge heaps of dried dates which lie by the landing-place, prove that the natives of the district know how to take advantage of their favourable position. They are not so far advanced as to have a bazaar of their own, but I bought of a wandering huckster at Mahudah, who dealt in the greatest variety of wares, a tinder-box, on which was the familiar name of a town in Thuringia and a picture of Prince Bismarck!

The islands of the cataract lying between Assouan and Philae are some of them most picturesque in structure and appearance, and offer a rich field for historical inquiry in the numerous inscriptions which cover the walls of rock. The two largest are Sheyl and Konosso; the former is particularly remarkable by the immense variety in the colour and form of the rocks, and the abundance of incised inscriptions we find on them; but on Konosso also many governors of the Ethiopian provinces, the princes of Kush, and other high personages have immortalised their names. It was called the "Island of Libation"—*Kebh*—probably with reference to the river, which the divinity here seemed to pour forth like wine from a sacrificial vessel, and it was dedicated, like the other islands, to the divinities of the cataract, Khnum, Ankeh, and Sati. It was in their service that the pilgrims whose names we find cut in the cliffs were wont to visit these rocks, and climb up them—an undertaking which, as I can testify, is not one of the pleasures of life, particularly under the noon-tide sun.

THE KIOSK ON THE ISLAND OF PHILAE.

Let us now turn our back on the whirling rapids and the scorching rocks, and visit that loveliest of islands, the often but never sufficiently praised Philae.

PHILAE.

I once for some weeks set up house in the peristyle of the Temple of Isis, which is quite secluded, being enclosed on every side. With the help of some boatmen and Saleh we pitched our tent on the shady side of this beautiful court, contrived a kitchen and larder for ourselves in one of the temple chambers on the *rez-de-chaussée*, and established a small commerce with the natives of the island of Bigeh, on the western side, who supplied us with milk, eggs, and fowls. The moon grew to fulness, and began to wane again during our stay, and the silent nights which it was our happiness to spend in this wonderful and lovely spot were full of unutterable delight.

THE COW OF ISIS.

What is it that gives this island the charm which no one ever disputes? Is it the splendid buildings which stand on its soil? Is it the wreath of delicious verdure that decks its shore, and which made that illustrious landscape-gardener Prince Pückler Muskau long to turn Philae into a park? Is it the sparkling, laughing, dashing waters of the river, that has rescued and enclosed it from the desert, and that dances round its shores? Is it the jagged crown of granite peaks and boulders which form its rampart on the northern side, or the smiling plain which turns its face to the south? Is it the glorious blue sky of this rainless region, which is never dimmed,

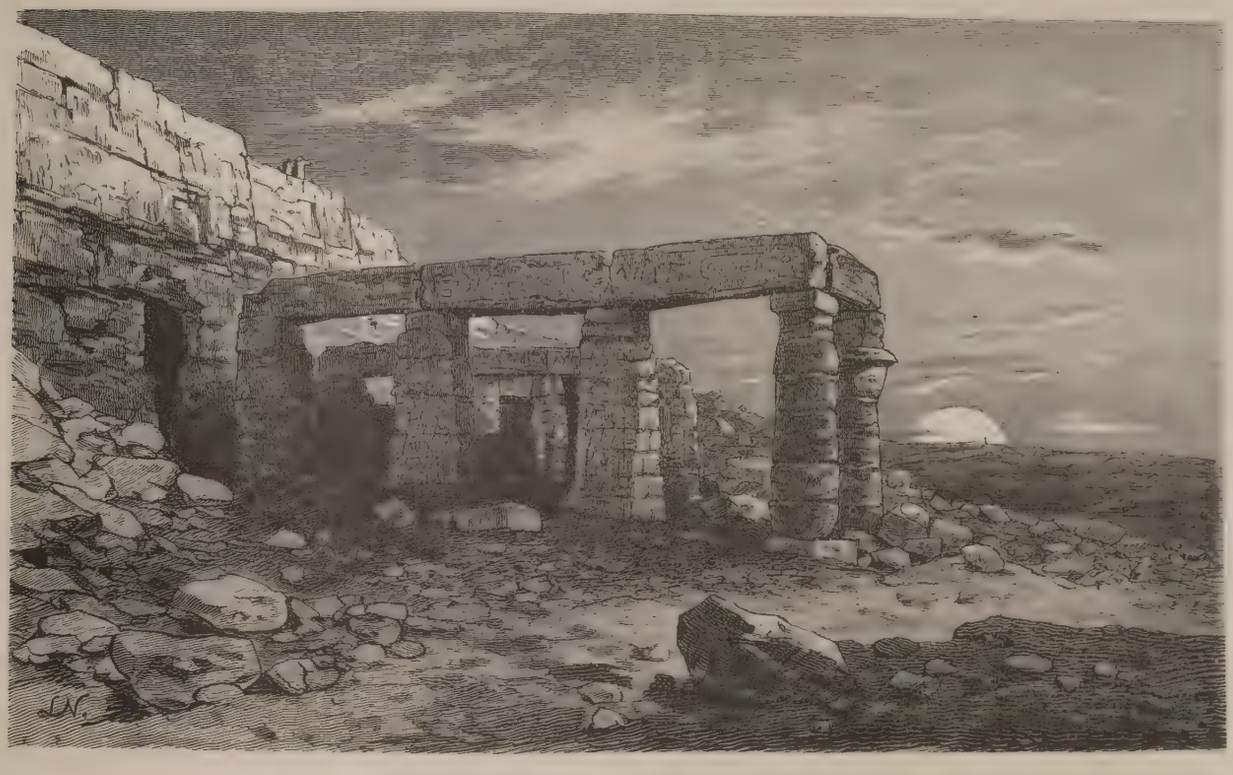
summer or winter, by a shadowy cloud? All these separately may be met with in no less perfection—nay, in even greater perfection—in other spots in Egypt. Still, where in all the wide world is there another place where all these beauties are so combined and harmonised to one lovely whole, and sanctified, as it were, by the reverend associations and historical memories that pervade the very atmosphere of the spot?

KOPTIC WOMAN GOING TO CHURCH.

It was a true instinct that led the priests of Pharaonic times to dedicate this pearl of the Nile to a feminine divinity — to Isis, who stood foremost of a trinity with Osiris and Horus, while many subsidiary deities were added to the cycle. The ancient name of this island was *Alek*, or, with the article, *P-alek*, and *Ph-alek;* hence the Greek Philai and the Latin Philae. This name signifies "the island of ceasing," or of "the end," in reference to the pilgrims travelling from Egypt proper, whose journey commonly ended at the sanctuary of Isis, which, with a tomb of Osiris, was erected on this island. There can be no doubt that there were temples here already at a very early date—at least as early as the XIIth Dynasty—and that the island was then the goal and end of pilgrimages; but the earliest monuments now remaining, and which replaced others that had fallen into decay, are of the date of Nectanebos II.,[1] who reigned, in defiance of the Persians, a native king over his fellow-countrymen. The centre of the Temple of Isis was built by the Ptolemaic princes, and further enlarged and decorated by Roman emperors down to Diocletian, who visited Philae in person.[2] To this day, on the northernmost angle of the island (XI. in the plan; see page 367), there stands a triumphal arch, built on the Roman model, which bears his name, and which was perhaps intended to commemorate his victory over the

[1] B.C. 352. [2] A.D. 284.

Blemmyes. In order, however, to subdue the enemy to his own ends, he granted them favourable conditions of peace, such as cannot have been pleasing in the eyes of the priests of Philae, since he gave their wildest and most dreaded neighbours permission to take part in the worship of Isis, and even to carry away with them into their own district the beneficent and efficacious image of the goddess — most likely a figure of a cow, the animal sacred to Isis—in order to solemnise certain festivals. The ancient heathen creed held its own against Christianity, and this, in its turn, resisted Islam, longer here above the cataract than in any other spot throughout the Valley of the Nile. It was not until the sixth century, and under Justinian, that



ROCK-TEMPLE OF GIRSHEH.

the worship of Isis was forcibly overthrown at last and for ever, and the doctrine of the Redeemer established in its stead. The beautiful hypostyle was turned into a church, the inscriptions and pictures on its walls being plastered over with Nile mud, and so the eyes of the faithful were preserved from pollution. Later on, a separate Christian church was built, where, for several centuries, the Koptic Christians met for worship; but it is now destroyed, as well as the village that clustered round it.

Philae is now totally uninhabited, but there was a time when it was crowded with pilgrims and voyagers. The Pharaohs who were going forth to war against the peoples of the south came here to sacrifice and pray to the highly revered goddess. Many temples of antiquity may still be seen between the first and second cataracts—free architectural structures—as well as others hewn in the rock of the Nubian shore.

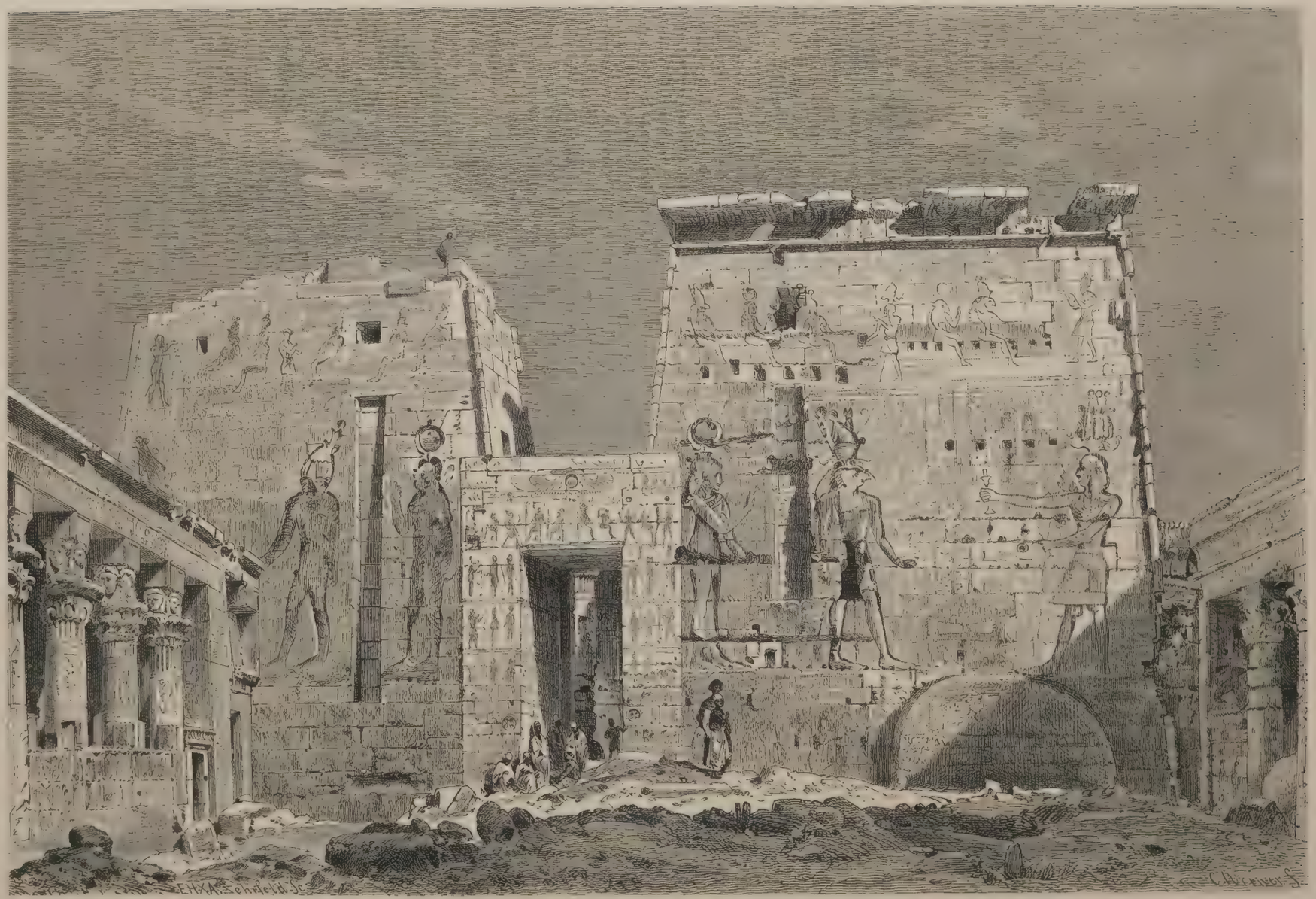
FAÇADE OF THE ROCK TEMPLE OF ABOO SIMBEL.

I can here merely allude to most of these; but I have put before the reader a view of the grand façade of the rock-temple of Aboo Simbel, of which I have already spoken, and one of the temple at Girsheh.

It is beyond a doubt that the Egyptian artists who conducted these great works, and the kings by whose command they were carried out, can never, when visiting them, have neglected to worship at the shrine of Isis. At the time of the Ptolemies the priests were obliged to appeal to the kings for protection against the enormous number of pilgrims, who consumed all their provisions, and threatened, as they averred, to reduce them to want, and to deprive the gods of the offerings due to them. When, at a later date, the worship of Isis and Serapis was adopted in Rome and the most various parts of the world, the number of votaries who desired to visit the high temple and home of the great and beneficent goddess, and the grave of Osiris at Philae, would not, of course, at all diminish; even the Greeks in Egypt used their sacred names to attest the most solemn oaths.

PLAN OF THE ISLAND OF PHILAE.

It was natural, too, that many of these pilgrims to the island should desire to leave behind them some witness of their visit, and so it came to pass that among the pictures and hieroglyphics of Egyptian style we find an immense number of inscriptions in prose and verse. Most of these are composed in Greek, and some of them are remarkable in form or matter, and they are incised in all parts of the temple of Isis. Most of them occur in the south of the island, where the most ancient remains of the sanctuary stand. The banks of the island, which in shape somewhat resembles the sole of a shoe, are protected against the force of the rising waters by a strong wall of ancient masonry, beautifully fitted, and well preserved in almost every part. The processions which formed here to do honour to Isis, and which escorted the gifts from the different provinces of Egypt and the cities of Ethiopia, must have approached the island down the stream: that is, from the south; and thus we see that on the southern shore there was a flight of landing-stairs and a sort of reception quay, decorated with pillars and obelisks of sandstone (I. in the plan), and enclosed only by a low wall between the columns. This was built by Nectanebos; and it was here that the priests assembled to await the decorated barques, with their passengers and freights. These were next conducted by a long court (II.) to the first propylon (III.), which was erected by Nectanebos, and its noble size and proportions gave it a commanding pre-eminence over the rest of the building.



PERISTYLE IN THE TEMPLE OF ISIS IN THE ISLAND OF PHILAE.

Formerly two obelisks[1] stood in front of the centre gateway, guarded, as it were, by granite lions; but only the lower portion of one now remains, and the lions are overthrown and mutilated. In Roman times this long and sunny processional way was closed in by a colonnade on each side. That to the west (*a*—*b*) coasted the stream, and was planned by Tiberius, and finished under Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. The stone ceiling was coffered after the Roman model; the colours of the pictures and hieroglyphics on the inner side of the wall next the river have been splendidly preserved; and the variety of form and decoration of all the capitals is quite extraordinary in the row of columns—now thirty-one—on the side next the causeway.

CAPITAL, WITH FOLIAGE.

CAPITAL, WITH MASKS OF HATHOR.

The colonnade corresponding to it on the eastern side (*c*—*d*), for some undiscoverable reason, could not be made to run parallel with the first, and was never completed. Of the sixteen columns originally placed there, only three have finished capitals; the others were only rough-hewn, and intended to be finished after being placed on the shafts. The median line of this court deviates greatly from that of the rest of the temple, and throughout the structure the general direction of the different parts varies greatly, only coinciding occasionally. This circumstance is only explicable by supposing that here, as at Luxor, more ancient buildings had to be considered. The façade of the pylon which turned towards the causeway (III.) here, as everywhere else, displays a grand war scene, representing Ptolemy Philometor slaying his enemies. The procession next made the circuit of the beautiful enclosed peristyle (IV.), in which our tent was pitched. Coming to it from the south, we see on the centre gate of the pylon the inscription which was engraved by the soldiers of the first division of the army led by Napoleon into Egypt, in memory of their great expedition, "in the seventh year of the Republic" (March 3rd, 1799). The words "République Française" and the name of Buonaparte were subsequently

COIN OF PTOLEMY PHILOMETOR.

[1] The obelisk with the Greek inscription, removed by Belzoni for Mr. W. C. Banks in 1815. From the name of Cleopatra on the obelisk being the same as that in the Greek inscription, it aided in the decipherment of the hieroglyphics. A translation of the hieroglyphical inscription by Lepsius was made before the Royal Society of Literature about 1838, and published in the *Literary Gazette*.

erased, but they have since been restored, and this motto written above them in black: "Une page d'histoire ne doit pas être salie" (No page of history should ever be defaced). This peristyle being enclosed to the south by the great pylons, it is shut in on the other three sides by three independent buildings. On the west is a cella (V.), divided into four chambers, enclosed by a colonnade on all sides but the south; on the east is a colonnade, of which the capitals bear masks of Hathor, and behind it are some small rooms (VI.); to the north is the temple itself (VIII.), the hypostyle being divided from the court where we were living by two pylons. In the right-hand wing of this pylon a large slab of granite, rounded at the top, is built into the wall, on which, as an indestructible document, a list is recorded of the gifts in land made to the priests of Isis by King Ptolemy Philometor, and his wife and sister Cleopatra. It was the same sovereign who built the edifice which lies on the western side of the court, and to which belong the above-mentioned seven Hathor-faced columns (V.) The Emperor Tiberius also added to the decorations of this structure, which is correctly regarded as being the Mamisi, or birth-house, of Philae, for most of the pictures and inscriptions remaining in it relate to the birth of Horus and the rearing of the divine child by Hathor and Nepthys. The sweetest and tenderest of maternal duties are here depicted, always with reference to the young prince and his sovereign mother. Thus we see the child Horus being taught to play the nine-stringed lute by Hathor, while Isis stands behind him, and seems to superintend the lesson.

ISHMAEL, THE NUBIAN.

The little chambers lying opposite to this building, in one of which a duplicate of the demotic text of the Rosetta stone was discovered, are of some interest. In one of these—that which Saleh adopted as his larder, and Ishmael, the black cook, used as his kitchen—the king, and with him, no doubt, the whole body of the initiated, had to submit to certain ceremonies of purification before he could be permitted to enter the hypostyle and the inner halls of the temple. It was called, indeed, the "room of purification." Next to it was another room, designated as the library in the

THOTH

FROM THE TEMPLE OF ISIS AT PHILAE.

inscriptions on its doorway and walls—Safekh, the goddess of history, being the presiding deity. A niche on the north wall, with the sacred ibis of Thoth above it, and the dog-headed ape below, contained the various sacred rolls. The rows of hieroglyphics which we read all round the door of this book-room inform us that besides these manuscripts, which refer to the entrance and departure of those who came to the temple, and ten books brought from Nubia, the deeds and documents of the temple were preserved there, written on leather or parchment, and the records of the gifts offered there to Isis by the kings. At the southern end of the colonnade, and behind these chambers, is a doorway, where we find, incised in the stone, instructions for the door-keeper and the visitors admitted by him into the sanctuary.

COIN OF PTOLEMY PHILOPATOR.

Returning to the court, we now pass through the middle door of the second pylon (VII.) into the hypostyle, which is light and gaily painted—well suited, in short, to this, the most pleasing in style of all the great temples. It has four rows of three columns, with beautifully-painted foliage-capitals, and being only half roofed in, it is well lighted from above; but the full glare was probably moderated by a velarium—

TEMPLE OF KARDUSSEH IN NUBIA.

indeed, the holes are still visible through which the ropes to haul the awning were passed. On the roof there are astronomical devices, and in the stone walls we see crosses cut out. These and a Christian altar-niche, decorated with the same symbol, and constructed by a Byzantine architect, prove that this hall at some time served as a house of prayer for the inhabitants of Philae after their conversion to Christianity.

The rooms which open from the back of the hypostyle, and which terminate in the sanctum, and the chambers connected with it are richly covered with inscriptions. The little treasure-rooms and the hieroglyphic records all over their walls show that the temple of Isis was richly endowed by the Ptolemaic princes. The second and

THE ISLAND OF BIGEH.

third of the Ptolemies—Philadelphus and Euergetes I.—caused the central portion of this temple to be built; but other members of this royal house—of whom we need only name Ptolemy Philopator—took an interest in its adornment. On its roof was the chamber of Osiris, in which the god—out of whose mummied corpse flowers blossomed, while the gods of the nether world stood ranged beside him—was expected to resuscitate to new life.

Among the smaller buildings of Philae, by far the most famous is that known as the Kiosk, or "Pharaoh's bed," a pavilion on the eastern bank of the island (X.), built by Tiberius, and which stands up in the pure and balmy air, a slender and airy structure, that delights the eye from afar. It was in a happy hour that that union was effected of Greek and Egyptian art which gave birth to this work.

The columns of this building are the slenderest that we meet with in any building in Egypt; and although it is sometimes said that the architect who designed it

made the imposts above the capitals which support the architrave too tall—they crown, indeed, the slenderest pillars that are met with in any building in Egypt—we are ready to forgive him this error of judgment, since it adds to the airy effect of this true pleasure-house, which was surrounded by palms, and was in its right place under this cloudless sky. At Kardasseh, in Nubia, south of Philae, there is an imitation of this kiosk, and it is not devoid of charm, though it has never been quite completed.

Opposite the western shore of Philae, from which it is divided by a narrow arm of the river, is the rocky island of Bigeh, called by the ancient Egyptians Senem, and, as the inscriptions record, it was a place of pilgrimage as early as in the time of

RUINS OF A KOPTIC MONASTERY NEAR PHILAE.

the kings of the XVIIIth Dynasty. A statue of Osiris of this remote period was found here, made of the fine rose-granite of this island, and with the name on it of Amenophis II. The small Ptolemaic temple on the eastern declivity of Bigeh gives a peculiar charm to the little island; a family of Nubians have made their home in it. The picture offered by this island, as we look at it from the western shore of Philae is highly characteristic, and even grand in its way. The best view is obtained from an outbuilding of the Temple of Isis, which stands between the river and the hypostyle (IV.). This also deserves particular mention for two pictures on its walls, one of which represents the naked cliffs of one of the islands, with the Nile-god in a cave at the foot pouring out the waters of the river, while a serpent guards him; the other represents the mummied form of Osiris carried across the Nile by a crocodile. This latter picture undoubtedly refers to the ancient myth which, in my opinion, is to be found again in the "Arabian Nights." The name of Philae is unknown in Egypt and Nubia; the

natives call it Anas el-Wugood, and Anas el-Wugood was beloved by the fair Zahar el-Ward (Flower of the Rose). The legend of this pair, of how they were parted, and how at last they found each other again, which is put into the mouth of Sheherezade, originated, beyond a doubt, on the shores of the Nile; indeed, the modern story-tellers begin it to this day with these words:—"I will build thee a castle in the midst of the great waters (*Bahr*) of Kenoos"—*i.e.*, Northern Nubia. The castle here meant is the Temple of Isis; and in the story of Anas el-Wugood it is related that the young hero of the story reached his beloved, who was imprisoned in a castle on an island, by swimming on the back of a crocodile. Must not this story have grown out of the legend of Isis and Osiris, who loved each other, and were parted, and the myth of the god who rejoined Isis, and the legend of the god who, by aid of a crocodile, reached the abode of Isis. The Osiris room in the temple of Philae is even at the present day held by the Arabs to be the bridal chamber of the happily-united pair.

Thus here—as is the case throughout Egypt—the new is grafted on to the old. It was to give each its due, and, wherever it might be possible, to point out how the one had grown out of the other, that I undertook to write this book; and I have constantly endeavoured to carry out my purpose during our journey to the utmost frontier of Egypt, from stage to stage and chapter to chapter, to the end.

General Index.

Aahmes I., or Amosis, king, begins war against the Asiatic Dynasty, i., 101; history of, ii., 245, 246.
Aahmes-Nefertari, portrait of, ii., 50.
Aah-hotep, Queen, ii., 51; war axe and dagger of, *ib.*; mummy of, ii., 295.
Aarsu, Syrian ruler of the delta, ii., 286.
Ababdeh Arabs, tribe of, ii., 331, 339, 342.
Abaris. *See* Pelusium.
Abbas Pacha, policy of, i., 45; character of, ii., 17.
Abbasee, Sheykh, ii., 77.
Abbaseeyeh, barracks of, i., 182, 183.
Abdallatif, or Abd-al-Lateef, the historian, notice by, of obelisks, i., 23; his description of Memphis, i., 125; his description of the ascent of the pyramids, i., 130; his description of the Sphinx, i., 159; his notice of Cairo and Heliopolis, i., 186, 190.
Abd-El-Kurnah, ii., 241; portrait of a boy of, ii., 242.
Abd-er-Rahman Keyjah, wealthy mosque of, ii. 75.
Aboo Bekr, coin of, i., 221.
Aboo Fawdah, dangerous cliffs of, ii., 180—182; view of the Gebel, ii., 181.
Abool-Fedâ, the historian, i., 259.
Aboo Mandoor, palm groves and hill of, i., 79.
Aboo Roâsh, destroyed pyramids of, i., 120.
Aboo-Simbel, head of a queen from, ii., 281; temple of, ii., 284; façade of the temple, ii., 366, 367.
Aboukir, site of the lake, i., 60; battle of, i., 60, 61.
Abraham, the patriarch, legends concerning, i., 202, 210.
Abrar, or call to prayer, ii., 120.
Abuseer, pyramids of, i., 120.
Abydos, excavations at, ii., 207; view of the great hall, ii., 208; view of the neighbourhood, ii., 209; plan of the temple of Osiris, ii., 210, 211; fore-court of the temple, ii., 212; tablet of the kings at, ii., 212, 215; description of the temple, ii., 213.
Abyssinia, female slaves from, i., 276, 277; portrait of a slave girl, ii., 150; account of slaves, *ib.*; portrait of a native, ii., 355.
Acacia, the, of the desert, ii., 333.
Achilleus, usurps the empire, i., 27; his coins, i., 64.
Acrobatic exercises, i., 166.
Adonis, description of the festival of, i., 9, 11, 12.
Æsculapius, Greek name of Alexandria, i., 123.
Æthiopian monarch, portrait of an, ii., 50, 51.
Ahmed, portrait of, i. 217.
Ahmed-aboo Nabboot, the dragoman, portrait of, ii., 119, 134.
Ahmed-es-Sanhooree, Sheykh, ii., 67.
Ahmed-ibn-Tuloon, views and notice of the mosque of, i., 208—213; notice of, i., 210, 214, 215; Ibn-Tuloon, minaret and court of the mosque, i., 217; mosque of, i., 296, 299.
Aïsha, fancy portrait of, ii., 80, 88; portrait of her younger sister, ii., 94; marriage of, typically described, ii., 96.
Akaiuasha, tribe of, ii., 289.
Albanian mercenaries, ii., 5, 6.
Alchemy, use of, ii., 62.
Alciphron's epistles, quotation from, i., 16.
Alee, Khalif, coin of, i., 221; notice of, i., 311.
Alee Bey, history of, i., 296.
Alee, Sheykh, death and burial of, typically described, ii., 97—103.
Alexander, founder of the city of Alexandria, i., 2, 3; portrait of, i., 3; his body taken from Babylon to Alexandria, i., 11; coin of, i., 13; hieroglyphic name of, ii., 39.
Alexandria, ancient history of, i., 1—30; founded by Alexander, B.C. 332, i., 3; view of the ruins of the city wall, i., 4; aqueducts of, i., 7; group among the ruins of, *ib.*; modern light-house of, i., 6; description of the Bruchium, i., 7; view of the catacombs, *ib.*; festival of Adonis at, i., 9, 11; the body of Alexander brought to, i., 11; festival of Dionysus at, i., 12; lady of, in a transparent silk robe (illustrated), i., 14; advance and summit of its glory, i., 15; adorned by Philadelphus, *ib.*; the museum at, i., 15, 16; library at, i., 16; literature fostered at, *ib.*; the library burned, i., 19; the library of Pergamus transported to, *ib.*; bay of, with the Needle of Cleopatra, i., 21; wall across the city, erected by Caracalla, i., 27; notable personages of, i., 27; variety of its commerce, i., 28; testimony to the activity and wealth of, i., 29; trades and manufactures of, i., 28—30; history of the modern city, i., 31—38; fanatical tumults in, i., 34; burned by Narses, i., 37; conquered by the Mohammedans, i., 38; story of the burning of the library, *ib.*; view of the old harbour, i., 40; restoration of, by Mohammed Ali, i., 42, 43; lady of, and her black attendant, i., 45; advantages of the Suez Canal to the city, i., 46—48; railway terminus at, i., 47; public institutions of, i., 48; view of the German Protestant church at, *ib.*; natives of (illustrated), *ib.*; Arabian cemetery at, i., 50; variety of the nationalities at, *ib.*; palace of the Khedive, i., 51; embroidery and weaving, arts of, i., 57; siege of, i., 61; flooded by the English in 1801, *ib.*; effect of its foundation, i., 123; Amroo begins to build a palace at, i., 193.
Allah, the name of, constantly repeated in prayer, ii., 109, 111, 116.
Almâs, a distinguished Arab singer, portrait of, ii., 312, 314.
Almehs, or singers of Cairo, i., 82.
Almeida (Francisco de), the Portuguese governor of India, i., 292.
Alnwick Castle, museum of Egyptian antiquities, belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, at, ii., 227.
Amada, ruins of the temple at, ii., 261, 265.
Amasis erects a statue of Neith, i., 73.
Ameen Bey, the last of the Mamelukes, ii., 6.
Amenemhat I., king, his works, i., 187; history of, ii., 170.

Amenemhat III. and IV. build the labyrinth, ii., 156, 168.
Ameni, nomarch, portico of, at Beni-Hasan, ii., 166; tomb of, ii., 176.
Ameniritis, queen, alabaster statue of, ii., 51. 53.
Amenophis I., king, notice of, ii., 247, 249, 266, 269.
Amenophis II., name of, on a statue of Osiris at Bigeh, ii., 374.
Amenophis III., makes statues of the goddess Sekhet, i., 91; oldest sepulchres of the date of, i., 161; events in his time, ii., 272.
Amenophis IV., statue and portrait of, ii., 61; identical with Khuenaten, ii., 270.
Amon, god, figure of, ii., 49; worship of, ii., 51, 247, 248, 249, 264; details of the worship, ii., 277.
Amroo-ibn-el-Asee, Mohammedan general: his treatment of the Alexandrians, i., 38; anecdotes of, i., 39, 195, 199, 206; founds Cairo, i., 118; events in the life of, i., 193; view of the court in the mosque of, i., 198; description of the court, i., 203; his tent, the origin of the city of Cairo, i, 40; illustrations of his tent, i., 192; his exploits, *ib.;* mosque of, i., 201, 207, 212.
Amsi, or Khem, god, procession of the festival of, i., 13.
Amulets, ii., 59.
Amusements, modern, in Egypt, ii., 316.
Anas el Wugood and Zahar-el-Ward, legend of, ii., 375.
Animal life in Egypt, ii., 167
Animals, ii., 174.
Antaeopolis, ruins of, ii., 192.
Antinoe, remains of the town, ii., 178.
Antinous, notice and portrait head of, ii., 178.
Antiphilus, the sculptor, at Alexandria, i., 14.
Antiquities, resurrection of the, ii., 37 *et seq.*
Antoninus Pius, coins of, for Egyptian nomes, i., 64.
Antony, events in the time of, i., 19; his debauchery, i., 20, 22; his death, i., 22.
Anubis, guardian of the lower world, figure of, i., 158; inscriptions addressed to, i., 170; functions of, ii. 58.
Ape, dancing, ii., 349, 351.
Apelles, the painter, at Alexandria, i., 14.
Apis bull, figure of the, i., 121; supposed to be buried in the Pyramid of Sakkarah, *ib.* Apis, description of the, i., 122; tomb of the, i., 158; expenses connected with the funeral ceremonies of, i., 159; visit to the tomb of an, i., 160; diacritical marks of the, i., 161; visit of Mariette to the sepulchre, *ib.*
Apollonius Dyscolus, the grammarian, i., 27.
Aqueduct at Cairo, ancient, ii., 31.
Aqueducts of Alexandria, i., 8.
Arabat-el-Madfooneh, visit to, ii., 206.
Arabia, traffic between Egypt and, i., 28.
Arabian cemetery, i., 25; view of an, i., 26; widow, *ib.;* carved device, i., 31; conquest of Egypt, i., 38—40; spread of Islam in Egypt, i., 40; decoration, i., 68; portrait of a veiled beauty, i., 88; legends concerning the pyramids, i., 147; horse, i., 211; description of the desert, ii., 335.
Arab of rank, portrait of an, i., 291; pride and independence, ii., 221.
Arabesque ornament, and patterns, i., 59, 87, 213, 215, 218, 227, 314; ii., 63, 72, 74, 80, 133; with huntsman and animals, i., 173.
Aradus, Christians expelled from, i., 253.
Arcades of the Liwan of Ibn-Tuloon, view of the, i., 213.
Architecture—*see* Mosques; window and door, i., 77; mashrebeeyeh window at Cairo, i., 175; view of an old Arabian house, i., 195; the mosques of Amroo and Ibn-Tuloon, fine specimens of the old style, i., 201, 212; harem of a house in the time of the Khalifs, illustrated, i., 220; styles of, i., 227, 228; console of a balcony, i., 228; stalactite capital, i., 228; of the Mameluke period, i., 262, 264; domestic, ii., 23, 32, 33; gate of a mosque, ii., 64; of the Beni-hasan tombs, ii., 164—169; polygonal columns, lotos columns, and papyrus columns, *ib.;* plant-like columns, ii., 166; portico at Beni-hasan, *ib.;* beauties of, at Karnak, ii., 275.
Arm-chairs, ancient, ii., 295.
Armoured corselet, ii., 259.
Arsinoe II., wife of Philadelphus, portrait of, ii., 50.
Arts and sciences, i., 135—139, 219, 221; progress of ancient, ii., 45, 46; Egyptian, classification of, ii., 49—54; decay of, ii., 51; renaissance of, ii., 52.
Ascalon, the port of, choked, i., 3.
Ashmoonee, Sheykh, ii., 66.
Asiatic captives in the quarries of Tourah, i., 143.
Asnath, daughter of Potiphar, i., 187.
Ass, for riding, ii., 203.
Asses, illustration of a herd of, i., 133.
As-Sakkah, Sheykh, ii., 66
Assouan, view of the monastery at, ii., 196; a village near, ii., 338; port of, ii., 344; scenes on the way to, and at, ii., 346—357; bazaar in, ii., 347; a native of, ii., 348.
Assurbanipal, or Assurbanihabla, the one-humped camel in Assyria at the period of, i., 55.
Assyria, the camel of, i., 55; supremacy of, ii., 303.
Astrology, practice of, ii., 62.
Astronomical ideas of the ancient Egyptians, ii., 301.
Atakah mountains, ii., 22, 24.
Athanasius, notice of, i., 37.
Athena, philology of the name, i., 74.
Athenæus, the author, i., 27; on the Mareotic wine, i., 60.
Aufak, a favourite singer, i., 285, 287.
Augustus makes Egypt a Roman province, i., 22.
Aurelian, events in Egypt during the time of, i., 25.
Autocrat, origin and derivation of the term, i., 22; ii., 3.
Avenue of Shoobra, ii., 9, 10.
Aybeg, history of, i., 245.
Aydab, on the Red Sea, i., 219.
Ayn Shems, or Heliopolis, i., 186, 190.

B.

Baal, worship of, i., 100.
Bab-el-Footoh, view of, i., 232.
Bab-en-Nasr, view of, i., 230, 231; suburb of the, ii., 130.
Babylon, a site so called in Cairo, i., 181, 190.
Bahr Yoosuf, the, ii., 155, 158.
Bairam, feast of, ii., 117—124.
Bakhsheesh, use and signification of the word, ii., 161—163, 241.
Barge for corn, ii., 327.
Barkook, minaret of the memorial mosque of, i., 202; history of, i., 269, 270; tomb and mosque of, i., 270, 271.
Barth (H.), traveller, his testimony respecting the camel, i., 57; his enjoyment of desert life, ii., 221.
Bath, view of an interior, ii., 71; for women, ii., 90.
Bath-house, a, ii., 158.
Bats, varieties of Egyptian, ii., 290, 294.
Battle scene, a, ii., 279.
Bazaar in Assouan, ii., 347.
Bedaween, or pilgrims, camels of the, i., 57; tent of the, i., 88; portrait of a, i., 127; view of a camp, i., 164; caravan, i., 172; at morning prayer, i., 209; in Cairo, ii., 137.
Bedrasheyn, notice of the fellah village of, i., 118—120; view, i., 119.
Begah, a race, ii., 331.
Beggars, varieties of, i., 252, 257.
Behâr Ed-deen Zoheyr, poet, i., 243, 244.
Behbeet-el Hagar, description of the site, i., 114.
Behemoth, or the hippopotamus, i., 169.
Bek, an ancient artist, ii., 274.
Belhit, or the Sphinx, i., 154.
Belzoni (G.), the traveller, ii., 369.
Beni-Hasan, account of the tombs of, ii., 151 *et seq.;* entrance to the tombs, ii., 151, 162; valley of the Nile at, ii., 163.
Beni-Suef, flour dealers at, ii., 156.
Benjamin, a Monophysite bishop, his doings, i., 38.
Bennu, or phœnix, i., 187—189.
Bent-anat, daughter of Rameses II., ii., 283, 353.
Berenice the Macedonian, wife of Ptolemy Soter, i., 14; derivation of words from the name of, i., 14; coin of, ii., 321.
Berenice, a port of discharge, i., 29.
Bes or Bessa, vase in form of the head of, ii., 151; mythology of, ii., 231.
Biban-el-Mulook, or tombs of the kings, ii., 292—295.
Bier and the four jars of the Amenti, i., 117.
Bigeh, island of, ii., 374.
Birds on the lake of Menzaleh, i., 106; described, i., 108.
Birket-el-Karoon, or Koroon, land level at, ii., 155, 157.
Blanc (Charles), his idea of Egyptian proportions, ii., 46.
Blind, condition of the, in Egypt, i., 252, 257; singers, ii., 101.
Boat of Cleopatra on the Cydnus, illustrated, i., 20; figures of boats, i., 134; golden, with silver rowers, ii., 52.

Bolbitine mouth of the Nile, i., 64.
Bombyx, or transparent silk, i., 14, 15.
Bonaparte, Napoleon, in Egypt, i., 42; ii., 1; anecdote of, i., 61; saying of, concerning the Nile, i., 67; address of, to the French troops, ii., 7.
Book-rests or portfolio stands, ii., 68.
Books and libraries, ii., 64.
Boolak, monuments preserved at, i., 79; portrait of Menephtah at, i., 103; antiquities in the museum of, i., 171, ii., 40, 41, 45; harbour of, at Cairo, i., 179; court of the museum at, ii., 40; art treasures in the museum of, ii., 47, 49, 52, 53, 54, 58; view of the harbour of, ii., 147; harbour described, ii., 148.
Bouchard, Captain, discovers the Rosetta stone, i., 79; ii., 38.
Boys, Egyptian, ii., 17.
Bricks made by the Israelites, still extant, i., 103.
Brickmaking by the forced labourers of the Semitic race, a painting at Thebes, illustrated, i., 104.
Bridal procession, ii., 92.
Bridge over Nile, ii., 1.
Brocardi, his testimony concerning the sycamore of Matareeyeh, i., 184.
Bronze, carving in, ii., 48.
Bruchium, or Proucheium, signification of the word, i., 7; fight at the, i., 19; destroyed in A.D. 273, i., 25.
Brueys (F. P.), admiral, defeat of, at Aboukir, i., 60.
Brugsch Bey (H.), his discovery of the site of the Red Sea of the Bible, ii., 25, 26.
Bryaxis, sculptured statue by, i., 25.
Bubastis, festivals of Sekhet, at, i., 85, 91, 92; site of, i., 90, 91; finding statues of the goddess Sekhet, at, i., 91.
Buffalo, ploughing with the, ii., 161.
Buffaloes watering, ii., 204; herds of, ii., 205.
Bugia, in Algiers, description of the castle, i., 228.
Burckhardt (J. L.), grave of, i., 230.
Burial ceremonies, ii., 97, 103.
Burs Bey, history of, i., 275, 277.
Byzantium, eunuchs introduced from, i., 51.

C.

Cactus, views with specimens of the, i., 41, 225.
Cæsarion, son of Antony and Cleopatra, i., 19, 23; ii., 235.
Cairo: origin and growth of the city, i., 40; eunuchs abundant in, i., 52; view of the mosque of Werdanee at, i., 61; historical notice of, 117, 118, 173, *et seq.*; view in a lane of the Copt quarter, i., 174; mashrebeeyeh, window, *ib.*; street dogs, *ib.*; general view of, i., 176; view of a drive through, i., 177; portrait of a learned Koranist of, i., 178; mosque of the university, i., 179; modern state of, *ib.*; view of the public school, i., 180; early history, i., 181; the Nilometer of, i., 193, 195, 197; progress of the city, i., 195; view of the court of the mosque of Amroo, i., 198; description of the mosque, i., 201, 202, 203; view of the old town, i., 193; conquest of, *ib.*; view of an old Arabian house in, i., 194; the mosques of, i., 199, 209; visited by Mamoon, i., 209; view of an alley of the old time, i., 210; history of under the Fatimites and Eyoobides, i., 218 *et seq.*; caravan commerce with, i., 219; silk manufacture encouraged at, i., 221; view of a princely garden in, i., 225; view of the citadel, i., 233; door of the Mamelukes in the citadel, i., 236; improvements effected by Saladin at, i., 234; citadel of, i., 239; embellishment of i., 253; view of a street in, i., 256; old houses of, i., 258; view on the old canal, i., 259; view of a country house at, i., 278; the okellas or khans of, i., 282; modern phases of, i., 294, 303; decadence of, i., 294 *et seq.*; vaulted cellar in an old street, i., 308; the Karafeh outside the city, i., 310—312; the city of the dead at, i., 311; the slave market, i., 313; the citadel, ii., 14, 16; Shephard's hotel at, ii., 28; shaving of boys in, ii., 44; life of the people of, ii., 80 *et seq.*; home life in, ii., 81—87; view of a street in, ii., 95, 102; view of a lane in, ii., 95, 102; view of a lane in, ii., 98; street life in, ii., 136—138, 140; windmill near the city, ii., 142; view of, from the Nile, ii., 152; rarity of the crocodile at, ii., 182.
Calix, column in form of a, ii., 165; capital of the inverted calix, ii., 257.
Callimachus, quotation from, i., 22.
Callixenus, testimony of respecting the feast of Dionysus, i., 12.
Cambyses, inscription relating to the history of, i., 73; notice of ii., 53.
Camel: abundant in Alexandria, i., 52; historical notice of the, i., 55—57; illustration of the mode of shearing, i., 56; figure of a, i., 209; creatures preying upon the, i., 295, 297; uses of the, ii., 136, 137; first ride on a, ii., 143; ploughing with the, ii., 161; with a driver, ii., 194; market, ii., 214, 217; with a howdah or carriage, ii., 215; group at a spring, ii., 216; examples of the, ii., 217, 219, 221; the camel and its double, ii., 337, 339; rider, ii., 336.
Canals, historical view of the Egyptian, ii. 19, 21.
Canopic vase, ii., 55.
Canopus, decree of, i., 104.
Capitals, of columns, various, i., 214; of columns at Philæ, ii., 369.
Caracalla, massacres by, i., 27.
Caravan, routes, i., 219; scenes, ii., 131, 132.
Carians assist Psammetichus I., i., 74.
Carpet, description of a valuable, i., 222.
Carrier pigeons, first mention of, i., 230.
Cassas (L. F.), his ideal restoration of a pyramid, i., 140.
Castigation, practice of, i., 168, 170.
Cat, mummy of a, i., 90; the "father of the cats," i., 91; encouraged in Egypt, ii., 142.
Catacombs of Alexandria, view of, i., 7.
Cataract, view of the first, ii., 358.
Cattle, scenes of, i., 163; management of, as food, i., 168; herd of, a wall painting, ii., 169.
Cemetery, Arabian, at Alexandria, i., 50, 51; at Damanhoor, i., 61, 62; at Cairo, ii., 95.
Censer, or swinging vase, arabesque, i., 244.
Ceremonies connected with temple building, ii., 227.
Chalcedon, council of, i., 34.
Champollion (François), his discovery of the hieroglyphics, i., 80; his labours on the Egyptian language, ii., 39; portrait of, *ib.*; visits Beni-hasan, ii., 163, 164.
Character of modern Egyptians, i. 297—299, 301.
Chariot scenes, ii., 247.
Chefren, builds the second pyramid, i., 132; statue of, i., 150; view of the buildings of, i., 145.
Cheops, builds pyramids, i., 120, 141; long duration of his life, i., 141.
Children, loosing the tongues of, i., 251.
Chiromancy, practice of, ii., 60, 61.
Chonsu, god, golden statue of, i., 125.
Christian, church at Medinet Haboo, ii., 287; symbols in caves, ii., 187.
Christianity, spread of, i., 32—36.
Cinderella, origin of the tale, i., 77.
Circassian Mamelukes, i., 269—271.
Claudius Ptolemæus, the astronomer, his system of cosmogony, i., 27.
Clemens of Alexandria, i., 37.
Cleopatra, history of, i., 17, 19; carried into the palace, illustration of, i., 18, 19; encourages sciences, i., 19; her boat on the Cydnus described and illustrated, i., 19, 20; needle of, illustrated, i., 21; described, i., 23; name of, in hieroglyphics, ii., 39; portraiture of, ii., 232, 233, 236; notice of, ii., 235, 236; name of, on an obelisk, ii., 369.
Cleopatra Tryphæna, coin of, ii., 343.
Cleopatra II., portrait of, ii., 50.
Cobbler, a, ii., 141.
Coffee-houses, ii., 122, 123.
Coins: Alexander the Great, i., 13; Antoninus Pius, A.D. 145, i., 64; Berenike, ii., 321; Cleopatra Tryphæna, ii., 343; Hadrian, i., 27; figured, i., 221; of the Delta towns, i., 64; of Ptolemy, i., 14, *n.* 1.; of the Ptolemies, ii., 369, 372; introduced by Ptolemy Soter, i., 14; Ptolemy Soter, i., 13; Ptolemy V., Epiphanes, i., 16.
College near the Ramesseum, ii., 283.
Colonnade of Medamot, ii., 167.
Colonnades in the mosque of Amroo, i., 203.
Colossus, method of transporting a, ii., 335.
Colours, Egyptian, i., 113.
Comb, a, ii., 259.
Composite figure of later empire, illustration of a, ii., 49.
Consort of the Sultan, portrait of the, i., 216.
Constantine, Emperor, his last effort to save Alexandria, i., 39.
Constantinople, books for the library of Alexandria taken to, i., 39; fall of the city, i., 278.
Cooks, portrait of the wife of the Sheykh of the, i., 223.
Coptic, portrait of a maiden, i., 33; religion, i., 34; portrait of a Copt, i., 35;

revolt, i., 192; literature, revival of, ii., 37; language, notice of, ii., 37—42; a monk, ii., 158; a woman, ii., 200; characteristics of the people, ii., 201; interior of a church, *ib.*
Coptos, on the Nile, carrying trade of, i., 29.
Corinthian architecture, i., 271.
Coronation ceremonies, ancient, ii., 193.
Cos, weavers of, and their wares, i., 14, 15.
Costumes at Alexandria, i., 43—45.
Cotton, cultivation of, i., 92; illustration of the plant, *ib.*
Court of an Egyptian house, illustration of, i., 37.
Cow, the, in relation to Hathor, ii., 231; of Isis, ii. 363.
Cranes, specimens of, i., 161, 167.
Crocodiles, cave of, at Maabdeh, ii., 182; on the Nile, i., 134, 138; basking on the sand, ii., 179; on door-way, ii., 182.
Crops, variety of, i., 69, ii., 190, 191.
Ctesibius of Alexandria, his inventions, i., 30.
Cynocephalus statues, i., 153.
Cyprus, the emporium of Alexandrian silk stuffs, i., 57, 58.
Cyril, the Bishop, martyrs Hypatia, i., 34.

D.

Dahabeeyeh, or Nile boat, ii., 134, 135, 149.
Dahshoor, pyramid of, i., 121; view of, i., 141.
Dakheleeyeh, wealthy province of, i., 113.
Damanhoor, or *Apollinopolis Parva*, railway station and cemetery at, i., 61; fertility of, i., 67.
Damietta, view in the neighbourhood of, i., 110; description of, i., 111; river wall at, on the Nile, i., 112.
Dams on the Nile, traces of, i., 121.
Danaan, the tribe so called, ii., 289.
Dancers of a village of Upper Egypt, ii., 311, 316; dance in the ruins of Karnak, ii., 313.
Dancing girl, ancient Egyptian, ii., 251.
Darb-el-Ahmar, view of, i., 289.
Darb-el-Gamameez, library of, ii., 35.
Darius reopens Suez Canal, ii., 24.
Date-bread, a seller of, i., 79.
Dates, mode of gathering, i., 55; distribution of, in a cemetery, ii., 95; and food distributed at a funeral, ii., 103.
Dawsah, or treading on the faithful, ceremony of the, ii., 113—115.
Dealer in antiquities, a, with his treasures, ii., 262.
Death of the first-born, the, i., 265.
Deir-el-Bahari, or Deyr-el-Bahree, royal mummies of, ii., 213, 246, 247, 249—251, 259, 286, 297, 302; Christian tower at, ii., 249, 251; notice of, ii., 251, 252, 255, 256, 258; imaginary restoration of the temple, by Brune Pasha, ii., 253, 255—257.
Deities of ancient Egypt, ii., 207 *et seq.*
Delta: highly cultivated state of the, i., 62; earliest colonisation of the, i., 63, 64; view of a dyke during the inundation, i., 63; government, manners, and customs of the, i., 64; deterioration of the, i., 67.
Demetrius Phalereus, the Athenian lawyer, suggests formation of a library at Alexandria, i., 14.
Dendera, plan and propylon of the temple, ii., 225; great court of heaven, ii., 226; described, ii., 227—237.
Dervishes: figures of, i., 294; ecstasies of the, i., 297; tombs of the, i., 313; eating scorpions, ii., 112; various orders of, ii., 114, 128; begging, ii., 290, 294.
Desaix (L. C. A.), anecdote of, i., 61.
Desert, a ride through the, illustrated, i., 93; herdsman in the, illustration of, i., 95. *See* Telegraph.
Desert life, charms of, ii., 220, 221.
Desook: view of the market, i., 72; description of the town, i., 74; mosque of the Holy Ibrahim at, i., 75.
Devotees, figures of, i., 294.
Dialects, variety of, i., 209.
Dillon (Frank), view of his studio, ii., 85, 86.
Dinocrates, the architect of Alexandria, i., 4.
Diocletian, the Emperor, pillar erected in honour of, at Alexandria, i., 27; events in his reign, *ib.*
Diodorus, his account of the Odeum, ii., 281.
Dionysus, splendour of the feasts of, i., 12.
Diorite, extreme hardness of, i., 152,
Dioscorides, the physician, his works, i., 19.
Dioscorus, patriarch of Alexandria, his religious views, i., 34.
Divination, arts of, ii., 59—61.
Djawhar, the general, victory gained by, i., 215; additions by, to the city of Cairo, i., 217, 218; his palace, now destroyed, i., 228; founds the mosque and university of El-Azhar, ii., 63.
Djins and Ghouls, at San, i., 94.
Dobrudscha, the, camels at, i., 59.
Dogs, of Cairo, i., 175; village, ii., 241; their uses, *ib.*; of Erment, ii., 307.
Domestic scenes: an Arabian pantry, ii., 122; manners and customs of the natives, ii., 174.
Donkey, hobbled, ii., 28; drivers, ii., 26, 27; portrait of the donkey-boy, Hasan, ii., 29; boys of Thebes, ii., 240; party on donkeys, ii., 243.
Dor, his efforts to improve the schools, ii., 35.
Dragomen, ii., 134, 135.
Drah Aboo'l Neggah, ancient tombs at, ii., 295.
Draughts, box and board for the game, ii., 56.
Drawing, Egyptian art of, i., 167.
Drinking fountains, views of, i., 252, 271; described, i., 252.
Dromedary, race with the, i., 182; endurance of the, i., 183.
Duck, Egyptian, illustration of, i., 115.
Duemichen (Professor J.), his reproduction of scenes in the tomb of Ptah-hotep, i., 169; discovers list of kings at Abydos, ii., 215, 216; labours of, ii., 224.

E.

Eagle, double-headed, great antiquity of the symbol, i., 241; on the wing, ii., 179.
Earrings of Abyssinian slave girl, ii., 150.
Eating-house, an, ii., 121.
Ebers (G.), note of his romance, "The Sisters," i., 159.
Edfoo, temple of, ii., 224, 225, 230; visited and described, ii., 321—329.
Edkoo, Lake of, canal of the, i., 43.
Egypt: description of the northern coast, i., 2; women drawing water, i., 10; a Roman province under Augustus, i., 22; Egyptian girl, i., 25; female figure with two vases, illustrated, i., 29; spread of Christianity in, i., 32—35; domestic architecture of, i., 37; richness of the Egyptians in Alexandria, i., 38; portrait of a youthful follower of the Prophet, i., 49; panorama of, as seen from the great pyramid, i., 131; arts and sciences, manners and customs of, i., 135—139; plan of the new government of, i., 295; relations with the Porte under Ismail, ex-Khedive, ii., 36; increased limits of the kingdom, ii., 36; incorporated by Cambyses with the Persian kingdom, ii., 53; portrait of a favourite child, ii., 86; a Cairene maiden, ii., 89; description of Upper Egypt, ii., 133 *et seq.*; geographical condition of Upper Egypt, ii., 334; fertile sites of, ii., 155.
El-Assasseef, tombs of, ii., 294.
El-Azhar, founding of the university and mosque of, i., 217, 218; mosque and university of, ii., 63 *et seq.*
El-Beleed, Sheykh, statue of the, i., 42.
Elephant, in Egypt, ii., 274. *See* figures.
El-Ghisr, bar of, on the Suez Canal, ii., 23.
El-Kab, visited and described, ii., 317—321.
El-Kantara, notice of, ii., 21.
El-Khargeh, ancient remains of, ii., 217—220.
El-Lahoon, arm of the Nile at, ii., 155.
El-Mahdee, Sheyk, ka'ah of the, ii., 76.
El-Matareeyeh, visit to the fishing town of, i., 108; traits of native character at, i., 110. *See* Matareeyeh.
El-Meks, the site of the stone works for the Suez Canal, i., 46.
El-Mo'azzam Tooranshah, Sultan, defeats Louis IX., i., 114.
El-Moyad, Sultan, illumination of MSS. in his time, ii., 72.
El-Muhdi, Sheykh, mandara of the, ii., 79.
Embroidery at Alexandria, i., 57; specimens of, i., 58.
Enamelled glass cup, old, of Arabic style, i., 243.
Enamelling, ii., 263.
En-Nasir, history of, i., 253, 260.
Erasistratus, the physician, at Alexandria, i., 14.
Eratosthenes, of Alexandria, measures the earth, ii., 237, 349.
Erbkam (G.), designs the German church at Alexandria, i., 49; discovers mode of building the pyramids, i., 141.
Erpa-ha, title of hereditary chiefs, i., 135.
Esneh, description and illustration of, ii., 307—310; portrait of a boy of, ii., 307.
Euclid at Alexandria, i., 14.
Eudoxus, of Cnidus, the Apis omen of, i., 122.

Euergetes, governor of Alexandria, i., 4.
Euergetes I., events in the time of, i., 17; ii., 323.
Euergetes II., Physcon, events of his time, i., 17.
Eunostus, harbour of, at Alexandria, i., 6; traffic of the, i., 28.
Eunuchs, historical notice of, i., 51, 52; their duties, ii., 11; notice of, ii., 82.
Euphrates, Egyptian expeditions to the, i., 101.
European immigrants at Alexandria, i., 50; art, influence of, i., 290.
Europeans at Mansoorah, i., 113.
Eutyches, his views of religion, i., 34.
Evil eye, amulets against the, ii., 59.
Eybeg, Emir, ii., 125.
Eyoob, rise of the dynasty of, i., 230.
Ezbek, history of, i., 278—283; mosque of, i., 228, 279, 280.
Ezbekeeyeh, gardens, holiday scene at, ii., 107; square, at Cairo, i., 178, ii., 29, 32.

F.

Façade of a tomb, view of the, i., 120.
Fair, at Desook, i., 76; at Tantah, i., 82—85.
Fakoos, or Phacousa, description of, i., 93.
Family of Arabs among the ruins, view of a, i., 298; group, ii., 127.
Fanatical destruction of antiquities, i., 125; fights, i., 192.
Fasting, duration of, ii., 120, 121.
Fatima, portrait of, i., 86; legend of the tree of, i., 201.
Fellaheen: portrait of a fellah, i., 127; huts and household companions of the, i., 170; recruits, ii., 9; characteristics of the, ii., 191—193; young wife of a fellah, ii., 191; riding to market, ii., 219; at a ferry, ii., 223; occupations of at Thebes, ii., 241; woman of Karnak, ii., 256; desecration of ruins by the people, ii., 278; hut of, with roof of pots, ii., 305; of Elkab, ii., 317—319; a fellah woman, ii., 332.
Female rubbish-bearer, ii., 205.
Ferry, scene at a, ii., 223; described, ii., 224.
Figures of animals over doorways, custom of placing, ii., 81, 82.
Fikees, or reciters of the Koran, ii., 98, 101, 102, 103.
Firmus of Alexandria, historical notice of, i., 112.
Fish: market for, at Tanis, i., 104, 105, 108; varieties of, with illustrations, i., 104, 105, 108; ii., 255.
Fishing-boat on the lake of Menzaleh, illustrated, i., 109.
Fishing with the net, illustration of, i., 134.
Flavius Vopiscus, quotation from, i., 29.
Fooa, view of, i., 74.
Food, varieties and method of preparing, i., 222, 223; an eating-house, ii., 121; a pantry, ii., 122; a provincial coffee-house, ii., 123.
Foom-el-Mahmoudeeyeh, branch of the Nile at, i., 43; waterworks at, i., 77.
Foreign, trade of Egypt, i., 275; elements in Egyptian art, ii., 48; conquests of Seti, ii., 277; tribes and enemies of Egypt, ii., 289.
Foreigners in Egypt, ancient, ii., 143; modern, ii., 26, 27.
Fort St. Julien, at Rosetta, i., 79.
Fossils, specimens of, ii., 145.
Fostat, or "The Tent," a name of Cairo, i., 193, 195.
Fountains in Cairo, views of, i., 255, 264, 271.
France, domination of, in Egypt, i., 42; French army in Egypt, ii., 2; the great French work on Egypt, *ib.*
Frank (Sebastian), his account of the cooking in Cairo, i., 223.
Franz Bey, builds the château of Ghezeereh, ii., 32.
Frederick, Crown Prince of Germany, visits Alexandria, i., 49.
Freudenberg, poem by, i., 83.
Funeral ceremonies, the last honours at, ii., 239; procession, ii., 100; a widow of Memphis lamenting before the mummy of her husband, i., 144; scenes, i., 170, 172.

G.

Ga, or spirit, notions concerning the, i., 138.
Gabari, Castle of, i., 45.
Galatz, camels at, i., 57.
Gama (Vasco da), notice of, i., 292.
Gama-el-Benat, the powers of the mosque so called, i., 306; notice of, ii., 104.
Game of ball, ii., 174.
Games, variety of, ii., 176.
Game, feathered, ii., 193.
Garden, view of a princely one in Cairo, i., 225; view of one on the road to Heliopolis, i., 227.
Gardener's boy, a, ii., 9.
"Gate of Pottage," at a mosque, ii., 64, 65.
Gazelles, group of, ii., 215; notice of, ii., 217; in Upper Egypt, ii., 333.
Gebel-el-Tayr, or Gebel-et-Tayr, view of, ii., 142; or the Bird Mountain, description of, ii., 158.
Gebel Silsileh, notice of, 329—331.
Geese, representation of, ii., 48.
Gem, with portraits, illustration of a, i., 29.
Genii of the Karneter, ii., 291.
Genoa, growth of her ports, i., 42; supplied with silk stuff from Alexandria, i., 57.
German colonists and church at Alexandria, i., 48.
Germanicus, the ill omen given by the Apis Bull to, i., 122.
Ghawazee or gipsy dancers, ii., 223.
Ghaziyeh, or dancer, i., 82.
Gheezeh, village of, gives name to the pyramids, i., 120.
Ghezeereh, island and bridge of, i., 126; château of, ii., 32, 33.
Ghizeh, castle and gardens of, i., 126; door of a tomb at, i., 131; destruction of the small pyramids, i., 234; view near, ii., 3; battle near, *ib.*
Gibbon (E.), his remarks upon Alexandria, i., 29.
Gipsy life in Egypt, 221, 223.
Gipsies in Egypt, occurrence of, ii., 316, 328.
Girgeh, view of, ii., 198; writing room at, ii., 199; monastery, ii., 203.
Gliddon (G. R.), his account of the building of pyramids, i., 141.
Glycera, the lover of Menander, her correspondence, i., 16.
Goats kept for milk, ii., 136, 137.
Godfrey, the Knight Templar, i., 237.
Golden mask on the face found in a tomb, i., 164.
Goldsmith's work, ii., 49, 51, 52.
Goldziher (Dr. Ignaz), his researches into modern Egyptian character, i., 297; his account of the Sunnite sects, ii., 75; testimony of to the poverty of Arab professors, ii., 77.
Goshen, historical note of the land of, i., 87 *et seq.*
Gothic details in the mosque of Hasan, i., 290.
Gow, or Antæopolis, visited, ii., 192, 193.
Greece, immigrants of, to Alexandria, i., 4; arts of, at Alexandria, i., 14; degeneration of Greeks at Alexandria, i., 28; element at Alexandria, i., 50; improvement of Egyptian art, i., 202.
Greeks attacked in Alexandria, i., 38; in Egypt, i., 75—77.
Grotto of Artemis, ii., 177. *See* Speos Artemidos.
Gyges, king of Lydia, assists Psammeti chus I., i., 174.

H.

Hades, scenes of, ii., 294.
Hadrian, Egyptian events in his reign, i., 27; his coinage, i., 27, *n.* 3; his remarks upon the activity of Alexandria, i., 29; testimony of, respecting the Alexandrians, i., 50; the camel on the coins of, i., 55; saved from death by the sacrifice of Antinous, ii., 178.
Hagar Gamoos, or the ruins of Pa Hebit, i., 115.
Hagg, title of, ii., 132.
Hakim, events in his time, i., 229; mosque of, i., 229; his efforts to encourage learning, i., 299; ii., 71.
Hall in a Mameluke palace, ii., 82.
Hamida, a Cairene maiden, portrait of, i., 303.
Hanafees, sect of the, ii., 73, 75.
Hanbalees, sect of the, ii., 73, 75.
Harem, at Alexandria, i., 51; portrait of the "Jewel of the Harem," i., 53; a window in a, i., 77; Egyptian, i., 135; interior of a, i., 220; notice of the, ii., 83, 84; pastimes in the, ii., 91.
Hares, ii., 252.
Harmachis, or the Sphinx, i., 153.
Harris papyrus, the, ii., 287.
Hartmann (Robert), his views on Egyptian anthropology, ii., 206.
Harvest described, ii., 190, 191.
Hasan, mosque of, its Gothic details, i., 290.
Hasan, the donkey-boy, ii., 28, 29.
Hasheesh prohibited, i., 224.
Hasr-es-Sayâd, tombs near, ii., 222.
Hassan Pacha, his garden, i., 195.
Hatasu, Queen, notice of, ii., 249—252, 255, 257, 258; ships of, ii., 254, 257.
Hatching, artificial, ii., 266, 270.
Hathor, myth of, ii., 229—237; as a cow, figure of, ii., 54.

Hathorhantaui, Queen, mummy of, ii., 302.
Ha-uar, Egyptian name of Pelusium, i., 99.
Hawking, i., 258, 261.
Hay (Robert), his testimony respecting the vocal Memnon, ii., 271.
Heliopolis, obelisk of, i., 23, 188; notice of, i., 181—190; view of a garden on the road to, i., 183; mentioned, ii., 279.
Hellenion, or sanctuary of the Greeks, i., 77.
Heptastadion at Alexandria, notice of the, i., 4.
Heracleopolis, rise of, i., 99.
Herdsmen in the desert, i., 95.
Her-hor, foreign invasion in the reign of, ii., 213.
Hermes Trismegistus, ii., 56.
Hermonthis, and the temple there, ii., 305—307.
Hero, portrait of a young and popular, i., 289.
Herodotus, account of the building of Memphis, given by, i., 121; account of the inundation of the Nile, i., 197.
Heron, of Alexandria, his inventions, i., 30.
Herophilus, the physician, at Alexandria, i., 14.
Herschel (Sir J.), observations on the Great Pyramid, i., 147.
Hes-em-hib, Queen, mummy of, ii., 302.
Hieroglyphics, study of, ii., 38—44.
Hippopotamus on the Nile, i., 134, 138.
Holiday scenes described, ii., 105—109, 126.
Home life in Cairo among the natives, ii., 81—87.
Homer, quotation from, i., 3.
Hoo, view of, ii., 218.
Hooker (J.) and Ball (J)., note of their "Journal of a Tour in Morocco," i., 30, *n.* 3.
Horace on the Mareotic wine, i., 60.
Horse: an Arabian, i., 211; racing, i., 258, 260; war, introduction and use of, ii., 247, 249; chariot, for two and four horses, ii., 247.
Horticulture encouraged, ii., 226, 227.
Horus, and Isis, illustration of, i., 32; historical facts connected with, i., 66; the worship and myth of, i., 127; functions of, ii., 58; on crocodiles, tablets of, ii., 59; figure of, in a triad, ii., 207; myth of, ii., 207—211, 230; temple and myths of, ii., 224—231; reign of, ii., 274; worship at Edfoo, ii., 323; land level at the Salt Lake of, ii., 155.
Hospitals, i., 249, 251.
Hykshos, rise of the, i., 99—101; colonies of the, i., 101; art of the period, ii., 46; period, art of the, ii., 48, 49; records of the, ii., 245; horses introduced by the, ii., 249.
Hykshos-Sphinx, figure of the, i., 99; described, i., 100.
Hypatia, martyrdom of, i., 34.
Hugo of Cæsarea, i., 237; of Tiberias, i., 234.
Hunting scenes, i., 166; described, i., 169.

I.

Ialemos, or dirge, i., 12.
Ibis, ii., 57; mummy of an, ii., 56.
Ibn-el-Mu'tazz, quotation from his poetry, i., 224, 226.
Ibn Tuloon. *See* Ahmed ibn-Tuloon.
Ibrahim, mosque of, at Desook, i., 75; succeeds his father Mohammed Ali, ii., 9.
Ibrahim Aga, tomb of, i., 306.
Ibraheem Pacha, sarcophagus of, i., 312; legend of, ii., 59.
Imam, duties of the, i., 207.
Immigration discouraged in ancient times, ii., 173; theories respecting, ii., 206.
Imouthes, Greek name of Alexandria, i., 123.
Incense, expensive nature of, i., 22.
India, traffic between Egypt and, i., 28; Turkish, events in, i., 292.
Inundation, view of the, i., 137; notice of the, ii., 156, 157.
Ionians assist Psammetichus I., i., 74.
Iron tools used in building the Pyramids, i., 145.
Irrigation, methods of, i., 68, 69.
Isis, suckling Horus, illustration of a figure of, i., 32; worship of, at Pa-Hebit, i., 114; myths of, 148; statue of, ii., 54; figure of, in a triad, ii., 207; myth of, ii., 207, 211, 229, 231; cow of, ii., 363; temple of, at Bigeh, ii., 374.
Ismail Pacha, events during the government of, i., 46; his benevolent rule, i., 67; room where he was born, ii., 15, 17; character and public works of, ii., 17—19; his effort to suppress the slave trade, ii., 35; his reforms, ii., 36; taking a drive, ii., 34, 35.
Ismaileeyeh, view of the farm at, ii., 21; town of, ii., 23, 28.
Israel in Egypt, illustrated, *Frontis.*, i.
Italian element at Alexandria, i., 50; itinerant dealers of Cairo, ii., 136—142.

J.

Jackal described, ii., 187.
Janus, king of Cyprus, i., 275.
Jedda, trade and fair of, i., 275.
Jesus Christ, illustration of the flight into Egypt, i., 185.
Jew, money-changer, ii., 137, 140, 144; a, of Cairo, ii., 140, 144; element at Alexandria, i., 50.
Jockeys, group of two, i., 181; described, i., 182.
Jomard (E.), his ideas concerning the pyramids, i., 147.
Joseph, events in the life of, i., 101.
Joseph and Pharaoh, an illustration, i., 73.
Joseph's well, view of the shaft of, i., 240; details of the apparatus for drawing water, *ib.*; described, i., 241.
Judgment of the dead, the Egyptian, ii., 58.
Julian era, its calculation, i., 19.
Julius Cæsar, events in the life of, i., 19.

K.

Kaabah, or sanctuary of Mecca, ii., 125, 127.
Ka'ah, or principal room, i., 220; ii., 76, 84; of the sheykh El-Mahdee, ii., 76.
Kadi, court and house of a, ii., 104.
Kafoor, a slave, governs Egypt for a time, i., 215.
Kafr et Zayat, railway at, i., 62.
Kala'oon, history of, i., 248—251.
Kamaru, or Kamalu, the monumental name of the camel, i., 55.
Kanopus, decree of, ii., 54.
Karafeh, the, near Cairo, i., 310—313.
Karakoosh the eunuch, i., 234; application of the name, *ib.*; anecdotes of, i., 234—236; or Punch, ii., 107.
Kardasseh in Nubia, ii., 374.
Karnak, inscription in the temple of, records, history of Seti I., i., 101; bas-relief of the canal of Seti I. from, ii., 21; sculptured pillar from the temple of, ii., 173; view of the obelisks of, ii., 248; great temple of, ii., 245; sanctuary of the temple, ii., 246; fellah woman of, ii., 256; south pylon and sacred lake, ii., 257, 260; history of the monuments, ii., 260, 267, 270; temple of Mut, one of the triad of, ii., 267; view of the village, ii., 282; the stela of, ii., 284; column in the hall, ii., 298; interior of the Ape-t temple, ii., 299.
Kasr Karoon visited, ii., 157.
Kayt-Bey, pulpit in the mosque of, i., 205; history of, i., 278—280; mosque of, i., 282—284.
Keneh, or Kenopolis, visited, ii., 222, 223; described, ii., 224.
Khafra, or Chefren, account of his pyramid, i., 151, 152; statues of, at Boolak, i., 152.
Khafra-Ankh and Herneka, pictures in the tomb of, i., 138.
Khaleeg, or Cairo canal, i., 182, 190.
Khaleel Aga, the grand eunuch, ii., 124.
Khalif el-Mutawakkil, restores the Nilometer, i., 197.
Khalifs, history of the, i., 209; tombs of the, i., 300.
Khamus, son of Rameses, historical notice of, i., 122; his body found, with a golden mask, i., 164; notice of, ii., 353.
Khan el-Khaleel, view of a carpet dealer's stall in the, i., 267; entrance to the, ii., 57.
Khansooweh el-Ghooree, history of, i., 285, 286; his mosque, i., 286, 287; mausoleum of, i., 290, 292; mosque of, i., 292; events in his life, *ib.*
Khatbeh, or Go-between, a, ii., 87, 88.
Khedive, origin of the title, i., 46; palace at Alexandria, i., 51.
Khem, god, ceremonies connected with the worship of, ii., 290, 291.
Kheta, or Khita, history of the race, ii., 274, 280, 286.
Khnum, worship of, at Esneh, ii., 308, 310; figure of, ii., 351.
Khosrew Pacha, ii., 6.
Kiblah, or Prayer-niche, i., 204, 207.
Kircher (Athanasius), his study of the Coptic language, ii., 37.
Kleber (J. B.) General, victory of, at Matareeyeh, ii., 4; murdered, *ib.*; statue of, *ib.*
Klysma, on the Red Sea, i., 219.
Kochome, age of the pyramid of, i., 137.
Kœnig Bey, the tutor of Said Pacha, i., 45.

Kom Omboo, view of the temple, ii., 335; description of, ii., 343—345.
Koornah, view of the temple, ii., 238; temple of, ii., 276, 277.
Koos, near Keneh, ii., 203.
Koran, title-page of MSS. of the, ii., 72, 74.
Kriosphinx, a, ii., 262.
Kubbeh, or holy site, i., 306; their miraculous powers, i., 308.
Kuhn (T. Ch.), his ideas concerning the pyramids, i., 147.
Kutb, ruler of the Walees, i., 85; superstitious belief in the, i., 274; tale of a, i., 304.

L.

Labyrinth, ruins of, with its pyramid, ii., 155, 156; derivation of the word, ii., 157.
Ladders, ancient, ii., 255, 259.
Lady of rank, driving out after sunset, ii., 106, 107.
Lamentation for the dead, ii., 97, 99.
Lane (E. W.), the historian, credulity of, ii., 59, 61.
Language, sketch of the Egyptian, ii., 38—42.
Learned Cairenes, ii., 67.
Learning, how valued, ii., 71.
Lebanon, cedar from, for shipbuilding, i., 14.
Lebbek-tree, i., 70; trees of Cairo, i., 179, 183.
Lecture in the university mosque, ii., 68, 69.
Leewan, or Liwan, the raised end of a room, ii., 83; holy of holies, in the Mosque of Amroo, i., 203; view of, i., 204; of mosque of Ibn-Tuloon, i., 213.
Legend, of the temple of Isis at Pa-Hebit, i., 114, 115; of the pyramids, i., 150, 151; of monasteries, and their relics, ii., 196; concerning the building of the new town of Cairo, i., 217; of a bird, i., 313.
Legendary tales, i., 303, 304, 306, 313.
Leontopolite nome, coins of the, i., 64.
Le Page Renouf (P.), his translation of the inscription of the Pastophorus statue, i., 73.
Lepsius (Professor), discovers mode of building the pyramids, i., 141; his researches on Egyptian architecture, ii., 164.
Lesseps (M. de), his scheme of the Suez Canal encouraged by Said Pacha, i., 45; portrait of, ii., 19; his works, ii., 19, 20.
Letter-writers, public, ii., 64.
Leyth-ibn-sád, miraculous tomb of the Iman, i., 313.
Libyan desert, explored, ii., 217.
Limestone, with fossil shells, from Mokattam, i., 145.
Lion carved in bronze, ii., 48.
Literature, Egyptian, ii., 57—59; of ancient Egypt, ii., 283.
Lotus, gradual disappearance of the, i., 66; symbolism of the, *ib.;* illustrations of the, i., 111; columns in the form of the, ii., 165, 166.
Louis IX. of France defeated before Mansoorah, i., 114.
Lüttke (M.), first minister of the German church at Alexandria, i., 49.
Lykopolis, ii., 189.
Luksor, or Luxor, obelisk of, at Paris, i., 23; incident at, ii., 202; views and notice of the temple, ii., 264—266; ruins of, ii., 270; pylon and obelisks of, ii., 280.
Lucian, the author, at Alexandria, i., 27.

M.

Maabdeh, Crocodile cave of, ii., 182.
Mah'mal, or litter, ceremony of the, ii., 125, 128.
Mahmoudeyeh Canal at Alexandria, i., 2, 43; view of the banks, i., 41.
Makhbooba Bey, Lady President of the Almehs, i., 82.
Makreezee, his testimony concerning the old Nilometer in 1417, i., 195; his testimony concerning the rising of the Nile, i., 199.
Malabar traffic with Egypt, i., 28.
Malikees, sect of the, ii., 73, 75.
Malkafs, i., 239, 240.
Mama, or Doom palm, ii., 183.
Mamelukes, portrait of an emir, i., 241; their history, i., 242, 245, *et seq.;* final events in the rule of the, i., 292, 293; defeated by the French cavalry, ii., 3; massacre of the, ii., 6—8; Mameluke tomb, i., 309; full armour of, ii., 2; hall in a palace, ii., 82.
Mamisi, or birthplace of Horus, ii., 229, 231.
Mamoon, son of Haroun-el-Rasheed, penetrates into the pyramid of Cheops, i., 149; restores the Nilometer, i., 197; notice of events in his life, i., 209, 210.
Mandara, or private room, of the Sheykh-el-Mahdi, ii., 79, 82.
Mandoorah tree, a remarkable, i., 199; view of, i., 200; legend of, i., 201.
Manetho, notice of, ii., 216.
Manfaloot, visited, ii., 179—182; view of, ii., 180.
Manners and customs, i., 135—139, 167, 168.
Mansoorah visited and described, i., 113, 114.
Manufactures of Alexandria, i., 28—30.
Marcus Aurelius, events in Egypt during the time of, i., 25.
Mareotis, Lake, site of, i., 3; commerce and traffic on the, i., 28, 29; account of, i., 59, 60; vineyards and wines of, i., 60.
Mariette Pacha (A), his testimony respecting the lotus, i., 66; his excavations at Sais, i., 73; his means of clearing the sand from monuments, i., 97; his labours and discoveries, i., 151, 152; view of his house, i., 154; his house noticed, i., 156, 157; discoveries of, i., 157, 158, 161; notice of, ii., 42, 43; result of his excavations at Abydos, ii., 207, 210, 211, 215.
Market at Desook, i., 72; at Esneh, ii., 310.
Marriage, means to obtain, i., 307; ceremonies, ii., 87 *et seq.*
Mary, the Blessed Virgin, tree of the, i., 184.
Maryoot, summer palace at, i., 45.
Masarah, quarries at, i., 142.
Mashrebeeyeh, or lattice window, i., 175.
Mashoota, remains at, i., 101.
Maslamah, governor of Cairo, i., 201.
Masr-el-Kahira, view before the walls of, i., 295.
Massacres by the Mamelukes, i., 245; of the Mamelukes, ii., 6—8.
Mastaba, or independent mausoleums, i., 135, 136; of Ti, view of the doorway, i., 159; general view, i., 160; notice of, i., 164, 167; of Ptah-hotep, i., 164.
Mastabat-el-Faraoun, or Mastaba Far'oon, the pyramid of Dashoor, so called, i., 121, 171.
Matareeyeh, sycamore tree of, i., 184. *See* El-Matareeyeh.
Meals, customs of, ii., 94, 96.
Mecca, mosque of, i., 202; miraculous flight of a pillar from, i., 206.
Medamot at Thebes, colonnade at, ii., 167.
Medeenet-el-Fayoom, visit to, ii., 157.
Medical knowledge, ii., 62; work by the academy of Sais, i., 73.
Medinet Haboo, Temple of, ii., 283—293.
Melboos, or religious man possessed by the spirit, ii., 111.
Melek El-kamil, sultan, builds Mansoorah, i., 114.
Melik-el-Adil, history of, i., 241; coins of, i., 242.
Melik Es-salih, history of, i., 242, 243.
Melikites, views of the sect of, i., 34; injury done by, to Alexandria, i., 38.
Melilot, the divine wreath of, i., 127.
Memnon, statues of the Vocal, ii., 268, 271; sounds emitted by, ii., 271, 272; notice of, ii., 271; account of the statues, ii., 271, 272.
Memnonium, notice of the, ii., 255, 270.
Memphis, illustration of a citizen of, i., 97; fall of, i., 118; description of, i., 123; notice of, i., 179—181; temple of, ii., 279.
Menander, Athenian comic poet, his letters, i., 16.
Mendes, coins of, i., 64.
Menephtah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, i., 101; bricks stamped with his name, i., 102; portraits of, i., 105, ii., 52; history of, ii., 286; figure of, ii., 295; tomb of, ii., 300.
Menes, founder of Memphis, i., 121.
Menkara, or Mycerinus, wooden coffin of, i., 148, 149; sepulchral chamber of, i., 149, 150; his sarcophagus, lost at sea, i., 149; inscription on the wooden chest of, i., 149; builds the third pyramid, i., 132; destruction of his pyramid, i., 234.
Mentha, or Mentu, god, ii., 306.
Menzaleh, changes in the vicinity of the lake of, i., 88; birds on the lake of, i., 107; fishing boat on the lake, i., 109.
Merienptah, or Sekhet, goddess, i., 91.
Mesahhar, or Messenger of Morning, ii., 120.
Metal utensils, Arab, ii., 93.
Meydoom, pyramid of, i., 121, 142; statuary from, ii., 43, 45.
Mihrab, or prayer-niche, i., 204, 207.
Mikyas, or the Nilometer, i., 195.
Milkman, a, ii., 136, 137.

Mimbar, or pulpit, i., 205.
Mineeyeh, visited, ii., 160.
Mines, of emerald and gold, ii., 339 ; sites of, ii., 340.
Mirage, view of a, ii., 217 ; described, ii., 220.
Mirror, magical, ii., 61.
Mirrors, ii., 259.
Mithridates, exploits of, i., 19.
Mitraheeneh, Arab village of, i., 120.
Mnevis Bull, adored at Heliopolis, i., 187.
Mo'ayyad, history of, i., 271 ; prayer-niche in his mosque, i., 273 ; details of the door, i., 274.
Moeris, Lake, ii., 156, 157.
Mohammed, the prophet, ceremonies on the birthday of the, ii., 104.
Mohammed Ali : commences the Mahmoudeeyeh canal, i., 2 ; mausoleum of, i., 31 ; view of the "Place" named in honour of, i., 39 ; his influence in Egypt, i., 42 ; founds the present dynasty, *ib.* ; public works undertaken by, i., 43 ; his tolerance, i., 48 ; his care for Egyptian prosperity, i., 67 ; events in his time, ii., 4—9 ; his works ; ii., 13 ; court of his mosque, ii., 14 ; description of his tomb, ii., 16 ; his plans realised, ii., 36 ; protects the mosque of El-Azhar, ii., 75.
Mohammed-el-Ihsheed, history of, i., 215.
Mohammed, son of Kayt-Bey, history of, i., 285.
Mohammed Selim, Kawass of the Austrian consulate, ii., 30.
Mo'izz Khalif, his attempt to subjugate Egypt, i., 215 ; transfers palace to the new city of Cairo, i., 218 ; progress of arts during his time, i., 221, 222.
Mokattam limestone, used for the Pyramids, i., 145, 146 ; the range, i., 179, 181 ; view of, i., 191.
Molid, or birthday festival, i., 76, 82.
Monasteries at Sohag and Assouan, ii., 195, 196.
Monastic institutions of Alexandria, i., 32, 35.
Monasticism, phases of, ii., 197, 198.
Money-changers, i., 49, 50, ii., 137.
Monophysite heresy, the, i., 34 ; proceedings of the sect, i., 38.
Monuments at Tanis, i., 105.
Moore (Thomas), quotation from, i., 150.
Moristan of Kala'oon, view of the doorway, i., 247 ; ornaments of the, i., 248 ; window of, i., 249 ; court of, i., 255.
Moses among the rushes, i., 87 ; finding of, i., 102.
Mosques, notices of, i., 201, 202, &c. ; services of the, i., 207 ; of El-Azhar, ii., 63 *et seq.* ; of Hakim, i., 229 ; of Hasan, view of the interior, i., 262 ; ornamental details of the, i., 263 ; view of the, i., 238 ; details, i., 265, 268, 269 ; described, i., 240, 248, 265—269 ; of Ibn Tuloon, i., 296 ; of Kala'oon, interior of the, i., 250, 251 ; of Said Pacha, i., 47 ; of Werdanee, ii., 70 ; in a street, view of a, ii., 102.
Mourners, ii., 99, 100 ; boat with, ii., 101.
Muezzins, their call to prayer, and benediction, i., 1 ; illustration of, i., 5.
Mu'izz, stream so called, i., 97
Mukaukas, Egyptian governor of Alexandria, his proceedings, i., 38 ; Governor of Cairo, negotiations for peace by, i., 193.
Mummy, of a cat, illustration of a, i., 90 ; of a crocodile, ii., 182 ; of a wolf, ii., 187.
Mummy-case, inscribed, ii., 55.
Munkar, the angel of the tomb, ii., 103.
Musaffir Khana, chamber in the, ii., 15, 17.
Music encouraged in Egypt, i., 215.
Musical entertainment, i., 167, 169.
Musicians, village, ii., 314 ; old Egyptian, ii., 325.
Mustafa-el-Aroosee, the author, ii., 77.
Mutemua, Queen, portrait of, ii., 50.
Mycerinus. *See* Menkara.
Myos Hormos, the fleets of, i., 29.
Mythological notes, ii., 248 ; teaching of the sculptures at Edfoo, ii., 325—327.

N.

Nâkir, the angel of the tomb, ii., 103.
Nakyoos, Arab victory at, i., 39.
Narcotics, use of, i., 224.
Narses, burns the city of Alexandria, i., 37.
Naucratis, historical notice of, i., 76, 77.
Naville (M. Edward), his labours on the "Ritual," ii., 300.
Necho, canal of, ii., 19.
Necklaces, ancient, ii., 37, 56.
Necropolis of Cairo, i., 272 ; of Memphis, a rich site of discovery, i., 171 ; illustration and description of the voyage to a, ii., 304.
Nectanebo, figures of, ii., 228.
Neferhotep, Princess, i., 167.
Nefert, wife of Ra-hotep, statue of, ii., 43, 45.
Nefert-ari, wife of Aahmes, notice of, ii., 247, 249 ; head of, ii., 281.
Neith, goddess of Sais, figure of, i., 71 ; temple of, i., 73 ; megalithic statue of, *ib.* ; philology of the name, i., 74 ; worship of, at Esneh, ii., 308, 310.
Nekeer, the angel of the tomb, ii., 103.
Nekheb, ruined fort of, ii., 317, 320.
Nelson, Lord, his victory at Aboukir, i., 42, ii., 3 ; anecdote of, ii., 59, 61.
Nephthys, sister of Isis, the myth of, i., 127.
Netem-mut, Queen, mummy of, ii., 302.
Niebuhr (K.), his opinions discussed, ii., 38.
Nile, River, statues of, with the sixteen cubits as infants, i., 17, 197 ; statue of the, exhibited at Rome, i., 19 ; changes in the condition and direction of the, i., 67 ; views on the, i., 66, 67 ; view on the main stream, i., 116 ; sacrifice to the, i., 197 ; legend concerning the, i., 199 ; dam of the, ii., 13, 14 ; view on the banks of the, ii., 62 ; scenes on the, ii., 149 ; theory of the age of the, ii., 151 ; view at Beni-hasan, ii., 163 ; watering buffaloes in the, ii., 204 ; scene at Abydos, ii., 208 ; scene near the Cataract, ii., 305 ; scenes on the banks, ii., 340, 343 ; description of the upper parts, ii., 346 ; Father, illustration of, i., 17.
Nilometer, views of the, i., 193 ; described, i., 195—199.
Nimrod, ii., 302.
Nisibi, battle of, ii., 9.
Nitocris, Queen, of the 6th dynasty, i., 150.
Noah, legends of the ark of, i., 210.
Nomes, figures from a list of, ii., 236.
Norden (F. L.), the traveller, his remarks on Alexandria, i., 31, 44.
Nubar Pacha, ii., 36.
Nubi, Temple of, ii., 343.
Nubian dialects, ii., 351 ; coffee-house, *ib.* ; portraits of Nubians, ii., 349, 350, 352 ; boy, of good family, ii., 352.
Nummulites in the stone of the pyramids, i., 145.
Nummulitic formation, ii., 146, 148.

O.

Oases, description of, ii., 25, 220.
Obelisk, an unfinished one, ii., 354.
Obelisks, account of, i., 22—24 ; of Heliopolis, i., 186, 188.
Obeyd-Allah founds a new Shiite dynasty, i., 215.
Octavian conquers Antony, i., 22.
Omar, the Khalif, his remarks on the library of Alexandria, i., 38 ; removes the capital from Alexandria to Cairo, i., 40 ; coin of, i., 221 ; legends of, i., 199, 206 ; the pilot, portrait of, i., 65.
Omar Ibn-al-Fareed, the Sheykh, tomb of, described, i., 314.
Omen of birds at the foundation of Alexandria, i., 4.
Orange-seller, portrait of an, ii., 139.
Ordeal, the pillars of, i., 206.
Origen, notice of, i., 37.
Orion, Saint, rising of the Nile attributed by the Christians of Egypt, to, i., 199.
Ornament, i., 245 ; from an ancient manuscript, ii., 66 ; various mural, ii., 172, 173.
Osar-sup, or Osiris-Supt, myth of, i., 187.
Osiris, myths of, i., 148 ; ii., 207—211, 229 ; use of the name as applied to the dead, i., 157 ; figures of, ii., 49, 54 ; functions of, ii., 58 ; figure of in a triad, ii., 207 ; rose granite statue of, ii., 374.
Osmanlees, rise of the power of the, i., 292.
Othman, coin of, i., 221.
Owls, i., 301.
Oyoon Moosa, oasis of, or well of Moses, ii., 25, 26.

P.

Pachomius, founder of Egyptian monasticism, ii., 198.
Pa-Hebit, remains of the temple at, i., 114.
Painting, excellence of Arabic, i., 221 ; in tombs, ii., 101.
Palaces of Alexandria, i., 11.
Palettes, ii., 56, 57.
Palm, leaves of, carried by mourners, i., 26 ; branches in burial ceremonies, i., 62 ; ii., 99, 101 ; view, with examples of the, i., 36 ; another, 41 ; abundant in Alexandria, i., 52 ; group of palm-trees, i., 54 ; description and uses of the, i., 54, 55 ; illustration of a capital, derived from the, i., 71 ; utilisation of the by the natives, i., 119, 120 ; trees, i., 225 ; ii., 192 ; trees, scene of, i., 301 ; beds made of branches of, ii., 141 ; date and

doom. ii., 183; flower-stalk of the date, ii., 346.
Pancrates, the poet, his flattery of Hadrian, i., 27.
Paneas, battle of, i., 17.
Paper, varieties of, i., 113.
Papu, or the papyrus, i., 64.
Papyrus, view of a thicket, i., 64; historical notice of the, i., 64, 66; rarity of the, i., 112; illustration of the, *ib.*; its uses, *ib.*; columns in form of the, ii., 165.
Papyri, ii., 57—59; magical, ii., 61, 62.
Party on the way to the country, a, i., 279; representation of a festival, ii., 250, 252.
Pasht, goddess, ii., 177; cave temple of, *ib.*
Pastophoroi, ii., 291.
Pavilion at Shoobra, ii., 11.
Pelasgoi, the, ii., 289.
Pelicans, ii., 158.
Pelusium, notice of, the site of the harbour of, i., 2, 3; or Abaris, fortified by the Asiatics, i., 99; capture of, i., 101.
Penance, favourably received in Alexandria, i., 32.
Pentaur, ancient poet, ii., 280.
Peplum, the city of Alexandria in form of a, i., 4.
Perfumes, i., 224.
Pergamus, the library of, transported to Alexandria, i., 19.
Perring (J. S.), measurement of pyramids by, i., 141.
Persian supremacy in Egypt, ii., 53.
Peschel (Oscar), his views respecting deltas, ii., 151.
Pet-amen-hotep, tomb of, ii., 294.
Petrified forest, view of the road to the, ii., 144; details of its formation, ii., 145.
Pharaoh and Joseph, an illustration, i., 79.
Pharos in ancient Alexandria, view of the, i., 1; notice of the, i., 2; site of the island of, i., 3, 6, 46; at Alexandria, built for Ptolemy Philadelphus, by Sostratus, of Cnidus, i., 6; a model of, exhibited at Rome, i., 19.
Pharos, island of, chiefly inhabited by the Turks, i., 51.
Pharsalia, battle of, i., 19.
Philadelphus, governor of Alexandria, i., 4; son of Ptolemy Soter and Berenice, adorns the city of Alexandria, i., 15.
Philæ, description of the island and its ruins, ii., 359—374.
Philetas, poet and grammarian, i., 15.
Philippi, result of the battle of, i., 19.
Phœnician shipbuilders at Alexandria, i., 14.
Pigeons, i., 167, 170, 230; uses and varieties of, ii., 190, 193; flock of, drinking, ii., 203.
Pilgrims and pilgrimage, i., 88; festival of the pilgrimage, ii., 124; meeting place of the pilgrims, ii., 126; return of the, ii., 128, 214; pilgrims waiting for a ship, ii., 131.
Pillar, anecdote concerning a, i., 206.
Pillow, or rest, a, ii., 54.
Pinotem I., mummy of, found at Deir-el-Bahari, ii., 250; II., mummy of, found at Deir-el-Bahari, ii., 259.
Pinotem, mummies of kings of that name, ii., 302.
Pipe, or hookah, illustration of a, i., 59.
Plague, or black death, i., 261, 263.
Plan of a private house in Cairo, ii., 83.
Ploughing scenes, i., 163, 168, ii., 161.
Ploughing, ancient method of, ii., 171.
Pococke (R.), the traveller, ii., 37.
Poem on the palm-tree, i., 55; on a girl weaving, i., 58; by Freudenberg, descriptive of the fair at Tantah, i., 83.
Pompey, history of, i., 17.
Pompey's pillar described, i., 23, 25, 26; not of Pompey the Great, but a Roman prefect, i., 27; illustration of, i., 24.
Pontius, architect, re-erects the obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, i., 23, *n.* 2.
Poor, condition of the, i., 252.
Portraiture, Egyptian, art of, ii., 47, 48, 50, 52.
Port Said, growth of, ii., 21.
Portuguese in India, i., 292.
Pottery, female seller of, ii., 222; abundance of, at Keneh, *ib.*
Prayer, attitudes of, ii., 69, 70; at midday, scene of, ii., 188; niches, i., 267, 273.
Prisoners of war, ii., 258.
Proportion of figures in Egyptian style, rule of the, ii., 46.
Protestant German church at Alexandria, view of the, i., 48.
Psammetichus I., note relating to, i., 74.
Ptah, god of Memphis, figures of, described, i., 121, and notes.
Ptah-hotep, Mastaba of, i., 164; scenes from his tomb, i., 169; boat of mourners represented in the tomb of, ii., 101.
Ptolemy, hieroglyphics in the name of, ii., 38, 39; son of Lagus, first governor of Alexandria, i., 4; introduces the camel, i., 55.
Ptolemy Soter, coin of, i., 13; founder of the edifices on the Bruchium, i., 13; his system of municipal and commercial life at Alexandria, i., 14.
Ptolemy II., Philadelphus, builds the sanctuary of Isis at Pa-Hebit, i., 115; and Arsinoe, portraits of, on a gem, i., 29; orders the construction of the Alexandrian Pharos, i., 6.
Ptolemy V., Euergetes, coin of, i., 16; events of his time, *ib.*
Ptolemy IX., Euergetes II., portrait of, ii., 50.
Pückler Muskau, Prince, his description of Mohammed Ali, ii., 11, 12.
Pulasatha, the tribe of, ii., 289.
Punt, huts in, ii., 255, 259; commerce with, ii., 258.
Puta, an ancient artist, ii., 274.
Pyramids, battle of the, i., 42; historical and descriptive notice of the, i., 117, *et seq.*; views of pyramids and sphinx, i., 117, 121; eighty in view at Memphis, i., 121; view at the foot of the pyramid of Cheops, i., 126; visit to the, i., 126—128; illustration showing method of ascending them, i., 128, 129; measurements and proportions, *ib.*; view of the second and third, i., 130; view of, during inundation, i., 137; mode of building, i., 140; cost and details of their construction, i., 145—147; erroneous ideas concerning, i., 147; illustration of the discovery of pyramid of Cheops, i., 145; of the gallery of, i., 146; names of the chambers of the pyramids of Cheops, i., 147; real use of, i., 148; exploration of, i., 149; account of the third pyramid, i., 149; view of the pyramid of Sakkarah, i., 155; description of, i., 156, 157; description of the pyramid of Kochome, i., 156; destroyed by Karakoosh, i., 234; notice of, ii., 154, 155; view of the pyramid of Meydoom, *ib.*

Q.

Quarries of Tourah and El-Mâsarah, ii., 153.

R.

Ra, the Sun god, obelisk of, i., 23.
Ra-hotep, statue of, ii., 43, 45; portrait of, ii., 52.
Ramadan, feast of, ii., 117—124.
Rameses I., historical events in his time, i., 101; ii., 275.
Rameses II.: re-erects the obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, i., 23; portrait of, i., 100; historical events in his time, i., 101; ii., 278, 279; military prowess of, i., 103; bricks made with his name stamped upon them, i., 103; illustration of the, i., 104; fallen colossus of, at Mitraheeneh, i., 120; his name inscribed on the fruit of the Persea, ii., 57; gilded vases from his tomb, ii., 297.
Rameses III., portrait of, ii., 50; builds the temple of Medinet Haboo, ii., 286; history of, ii., 293, 294; tomb of, ii., 300, 301.
Rameses VI., sarcophagus in the tomb of, ii., 296; tomb of, described, ii., 301.
Ramesseum, column at the, ii., 165; plan of the, ii., 277; ruins of the, ii., 278, 280; details, scenes, and statues of the, ii. 279—281.
Ramleh, railway station at, i., 23; encampments of camels at, i., 57.
Rams, sacrifice of, ii., 130.
Ras-et-Teen, or Cape of Figs, the site of the Khedive's palace, i., 51; Pharos of, i., 1, 2.
Rayah fields, mode of cultivating, i., 68.
Reading-stand, illustrated, i., 31.
Reaping, ancient, scene of, ii., 171.
Rebels, the fate of, ii., 194.
Recruiting under Mohammed Ali, ii., 159.
Redeseeyeh, desert, ii., 329, 331.
Red Sea, view of, at night, i., 28; fleets on the, 129; description of the, ii., 25, 26; shown to be the Sirbonian Lake, *ib.*; view on the coast of the, ii., 310.
Reeds, among the, a view, ii., 20.
Rekhmara, paintings from the tomb of, i., 104.
Relics, vastness of their number, i., 171.
Religion, Arab, peculiarities of, i., 289, 290.
Religious ideas of the ancient Egyptians, ii., 254; practices and sects in Upper Egypt, ii., 202—204; rites and services, i., 207, 208.
Resheed, or Rosetta, visited, i., 77.

Revenue of Egypt, i., 212.
Rhacotis, Egyptian port of, i., 3, 23.
Rhodopis, the Greek beauty, legends of, i., 150, 151.
Rings for fingers and ears, ii., 259.
Ritual, or book of the dead described, ii., 57, 58.
Riwâks, or students' tents, ii., 77.
Roads in Egypt, ancient, ii., 335.
Rock-tombs, ii., 177, 186.
Roda, view of the island, i., 189; retreat of the garrison of Cairo to the island of, i., 193; its bridge of boats, i., 195; the Nilometer of, i., 195; tomb in the island of, i., 305.
Rohanu, valley of, ii., 335, 337.
Rohlfs (G.), explores the Libyan desert, ii., 217, 220.
Rohrbach, his testimony concerning the papyrus, i., 66.
Roomeleh Place, view of, i., 238; described, i., 239.
Roomeyla, activity at, ii., 189.
Roses, essence of, exported, ii., 156.
Rosetta, gate at Alexandria, the fashionable ride, i., 43; view outside the gate, i., 74; illustration of a house in, i., 76; illustration of the stone, *ib.;* visited, i., 79; historical description of the stone, *ib.;* literary value of the stone, ii., 38; view on the Rosetta branch of the Nile, i., 67.
Rougé (Visct. E. De), on Egyptian currency, i., 64.
Rubbish in the district of Upper Egypt, ii., 205.
Ruhzafa, near Cordova, Syrian palm planted at, i., 55.
Ruined state of Cairo, i., 294, 297, 298, 301, 302.
Rutennu, the race of, ii., 274.

S.

Sacrifice to the Nile, human, an illustration, i., 197; described, i., 199.
Sadat, Sheykh, house of, ii., 23; Ka'ah in the harem of, ii., 84, 86.
Safekh, goddess of history, ii., 57.
Sahara, land level of the, ii., 155.
Sahura, of the fifth dynasty, builds the pyramids of Abuseer, i., 120.
Saices, or runners, ii., 106—108.
Said Pacha, events in the time of, and public works of, i., 45; mosque of, illustrated, i., 47; richly embroidered tent of, i., 58; character of, ii., 17.
Sais, a, or running footman, figure of, i., 44; description of the, ii., 351.
Sais, view of the ruins of, i., 70; description of, i., 71; historical notice of, i., 71, *note;* profound learning of the members of the academy at, i., 74; present state of, i., 74.
Sakeeyeh, or water-wheel, i., 68.
Sakkara, or Sakkarah, wall painting from a tomb at, i., 60; pyramid of, i., 121, 142; derivation of the name, i., 122; Khamus buried in the Serapeum at, i., 122; view of Mariette's house at, i., 154; view of the pyramid, i., 155; note on, i., 157; wooden statue from, ii., 43, 44, 45, 46; carvings from, ii., 48; mural ornament from, ii., 179; result of recent discoveries at, ii., 254.
Saladin, his influence in Egypt, i., 67; history of, i., 230, 232; events of his period, i., 241.
Salting food, method of, illustrated, i., 164.
Sam, or priestly title, i., 122.
San, or Zoan, description of, i., 94, 95; fishing hamlet of, i., 97; description of a sojourn in, i., 97.
San-el-hager, canal of, i., 97.
Sandstorm in the desert, view of a, i., 169.
Saplel, Prince, ii., 274.
Sarcophagus of Ibraheem Pacha, i., 312.
Sarcophagi described, i., 163.
Sarraf, or money-changers, i., 49, 50, ii., 137, 140, 144.
Scarabæus beetle, figure of the, i., 157.
Scarabei, engraved, ii., 55, 56.
Scemiophris, Queen, ii., 156, 173.
Scha'aban, or Sh'aaban, history of, i., 260, 261.
Schagaret-ed-durr, legend of, ii., 125.
Schardana, the, ii., 289.
Schmoranz (Herr), anecdote of, i., 251.
School, rosette of a, i., 251; view of a, i., 255.
Schools, ancient, ii., 278.
Schopenhauer (Arthur), his ideas concerning the pyramids, i., 140.
Schweinfurth (G.), his observations concerning the Lebbek-tree, i., 183.
Scribe, seated figure of a, found at Memphis, i., 131, 133.
Sebak, worship of, at the Labyrinth, ii., 156; emblem of, ii., 182.
Sebasteum, at Alexandria, described, i., 22, 23; burned in A.D. 366, i., 23.
Sekhet, black granite statue of, i., 90; mythological notice of, i., 91; statues of, at Karnak, ii., 263, 267.
Selim incorporates Egypt with the Ottoman empire, i., 67.
Semitic, colonists, i., 63; colony at This, i., 99; nature of the Egyptian language, ii., 206.
Semites entering Egypt, ii., 170, 172—174.
Senoofees, sect of the, ii., 220.
Septimius Severus, ii., 272.
Septuagint version of the Bible, notice of its completion, i., 15.
Serapeum, at Alexandria, described, i., 23; library of the, i., 24, 25; destruction of the, i., 25; figures of a sphinx from the, i., 156; figures in the, i., 156; discovery of the, i., 157, 158.
Serapis, head of, illustrated, i., 30; recluses in the temple cells of, i., 32.
Sesostris preserved from destruction, i., 123.
Set, antiquity of the name, i., 100; or Seth, worship of, i., 100, 101.
Seth, or Typhon, held in abhorrence at Edfoo, ii., 323, 325.
Seti I., events in the history of, i., 101; canal of, ii., 19, 21; and the Suez Canal, ii., 23; or Sethos, portrait of, ii., 50; figure of, offering incense, ii., 211; sarcophagus of, ii., 213; mummy of, at Deir-el-Bahari, *ib.*, ii., 286; view of the forecourt and entrance of his "house" at Kurnah, ii., 276; events of his reign, ii., 277; plan of his tomb, ii., 294; description of his tomb, ii., 300.
Seyyid Ahmed El Bedawee, history of, i., 84, 85.
Sha'aban, Sultan, illuminated MS. of his time, ii., 74.
Shafe'ee, mausoleum of the Imam, i., 313.
Shafe'ees, sect of the, ii., 73, 75.
Shakalsha, The, ii., 289.
Shakespeare, quotations from, describing the boat of Cleopatra, i., 20.
Shalmaneser, the two-humped camel in Assyria at the period of, i., 55.
Sham fights, enormous expense of, i., 13.
Sharakee, or high grounds, i., 68.
Shasu, robber tribe of, ii., 277.
Shaving, method of shaving boys in Cairo, ii., 44, 45.
Shawer, events in his life, i., 230.
Shebti, or sepulchral figures, duties of the, ii., 55; illustrated, ii., 56.
Sheherezadeh, tales of, ii., 317, 375.
Shephard's hotel, Cairo, ii., 26, 28.
Shepherds, ii., 301, 303.
Sherkook, i., 230.
Sheykh, tomb of a, i., 66; ii., 320.
Sheyk-el-Beled, the title of, i., 296.
Ship-building scene, described, i., 162, 168.
Shipping of Hatasu, ii., 254, 257; native, ii., 62; scenes, ii., 147.
Shishak and his enemies, ii., 297.
Shoeblacks, Arab, ii., 24.
Shoobra Castle and avenue, ii., 9—11.
Sidon, the port of, choked, i., 3.
Silk, manufacture of, encouraged, i., 221; damask pattern of the eleventh century, i., 222.
Singers, modern Egyptian, ii., 312, 314.
Sirbonian Lake, the, ii., 25, 26.
Sistrum, ii., 231.
Situlus, ancient inscribed, ii., 37.
Siout, or Siyut, railway to, ii., 133; view of a court at, ii., 184; visited, ii., 184—189; view before the gate, ii., 185; distant view of, ii., 187; midday prayer at, ii., 188.
Slave trade, abolition of the, ii., 35.
Smyth (Professor Piazzi), his ideas concerning the great pyramid, i., 147.
Snake, charmers, ii., 105, 288; dervish with a, ii., 112.
Snefru, or Senefou, king, builds pyramid of Meydoom, i., 121; statuary of his time, ii., 45.
Soane Museum, ii., 286.
Sohag, visit to, ii., 195; view of, *ib.*
Solar disk, The, ii., 325.
Somali coast, ii., 36; Ceylon traffic of, with Egypt, i., 28.
Song of the Zikr, ii., 112.
Songstress, a favourite, i., 287—289.
Sook, or bazaar, ii., 142.
Sosigenes, astronomer, assists Cæsar in the new calendar, i., 19.
Sostratus of Cnidus builds the Pharos, i., 6.
Soul, Mohammedan belief concerning the, ii., 103.
Spain, palm-trees in, i., 55.
Sparrow-hawk, Egyptian, ii., 324.
Speos Artemidos, valley of, ii., 175; grotto of, ii., 176—178.
Sphinx, figure of a Hykshos Sphinx, i., 99; described, i., 100; view of the, i., 151; account of the, i., 153—155; from the Serapeum, figures of a, i., 156; re

presentation of sculpturing, a, ii., 49; figure of a, ii., 262; at Ghizeh, ii., 266; at Karnak, ii., 271.
Sphinx-like face, portrait of a, i., 152.
Spitta (W.), describes the Zikr, ii., 111.
Sshnin, or lotus, i., 66.
Stalactite ornament, origin of the, i., 227; employment of the, i., 228.
Stalactites, ii., 220.
Stamboul, marble pillars sent to, i., 237.
Statuary, ii., 42, 43; and sculpture, ancient, ii., 48, 49, 51.
Stone, methods of transportation and weighing of, i., 142, 143; ii., 246, 335, 337; colossus at Memphis belonging to England, i., 123; figure of, i., 124.
Strabo on the Mareotic wine, i., 60.
Straton, the philosopher, i., 15.
Students, native, ii., 66, 67; life of at El-Azhar, ii., 77; diminishing in number, ii., 78.
Stuffs, costly, i., 222.
Suez Canal favourably entertained by Said Pacha, i., 45; process of construction of the, i., 46.
Suez, a street in, ii., 23; fortifications of the isthmus of, ii., 23; passage of the canal described, ii., 24; hotel life at, ii., 25; walk through the city, *ib.;* view on the canal banks, ii., 36.
Sugar-cane, harvest, ii., 157, 160.
Sukkarize, view of the door of the alley of, i., 235.
Sun, worship of the, i., 127.
Sunnites, success of the, ii., 73.
Sword of ceremony, a, i., 283.
Sycamore-tree of Matareeyeh, i., 184.
Sycamore-trees, ii., 192.
Syene, well of, ii., 349.
Syria, caravan commerce with, i., 219.

T.

Tablets with kings' names, ii., 212, 215, 216.
Taboot, or water-wheel, i., 68.
Taharka, or Tirhakah, King, ii., 303; portrait statue of, ii., 52, 53.
Tale-telling, the art of, encouraged by the rapid changes of Egyptian fortunes, i., 287, 288.
Tangier caravans, i., 219.
Tantah, fair at, i., 63; historical description of, i., 80, 82; view of the market at, i., 81.
Tanis, notice of the site of its ancient harbour, i., 2; view of the ruins of, i., 96; the tablet of, i., 104; historical notice of the site and monument, i., 97, 98—103; view of the excavations at, i., 98; notice of, ii., 279.
Tapestries, excellence of the, i., 219.
Tarboosh, use of the, in place of turban, ii., 35.
Tartars introduce the camel into the Dobrudscha, i., 57.
Taus, priestess of Isis, i., 159.
Telegraph posts in the desert, view of, ii., 18.
Tel-el-Amarna, ii., 178.
Tel-el-Heyr, Hykshos camp at, i., 101.
Tenees, or the city of Isis, ruins of, i., 109; celebrated for its gold tissues, i., 110.
Tents of dignitaries, ii., 112, 113. *See* Amroo.
Tewfik Pacha, origin of his dynasty, i., 42.
Texts of the chapters of the ritual in tombs, ii., 298, 300.
Thais, the *hetaira*, wife of Ptolemy Soter, i., 14.
Thaues, priestess of Isis, i., 159.
Thebes, testimony of the paintings in the tombs, i., 103; views at, ii., 239 *et seq.;* visited, *ib.;* ancient buildings of, ii., 244; deities of, ii., 245; antiquities of, ii., 263; fall of, ii., 303—305.
Theocritus, quotation from, i., 9, 11.
Theodosius, decree of, against heathen images, i., 25.
Theon, the mathematician, i., 34, *n.* 2.
Theophilus, Archbishop of Alexandria, destroys the Serapeum, i., 25.
This, in Upper Egypt, rise of the Pharaohs in, i., 99; Memphis colonised from, *ib.;* city of, ii., 207—211.
Thomas, the patriarch, dedicates a church in Alexandria to the Virgin, i., 34.
Thoth, god, writing the name of Rameses II. on the fruit of the Persea, ii., 57; figure of, ii., 370.
Thoth-Hermes, functions of, ii., 58.
Thothmes I., notice of, ii., 260.
Thothmes II., name of, on a scarab, ii., 56; seal of, ii., 248; notice of, ii., 249, 250.
Thothmes III., events in his history, i., 103; erects the obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, i., 23; notice of, ii., 250, 260, 261; buildings of, ii., 258, 260.
Thothmes IV. and the sphinx, legend of, i., 154.
Thousand and One Nights, The, i., 287.
Threshing, mode of, ii., 189.
Thya wood, notice of the, i., 30, *n.* 3.
Ti, Mastaba of, i., 159, 160, 164, 167.
Tii, wife of Amenophis III., portrait of, ii., 50.
Tochon d'Annecy, on Egyptian currency, i., 64.
Todrus, the Kopt, and his son Moharreb, ii., 240.
Tomb of Ibrahim Aga, i., 306; of the Khalifs, i., 269, 300; of a Mameluke, i., 309; miraculous, i., 308—311; of a sheikh, i., 66, 305; of the Apis bull, i., 158; visited, ii., 169; paintings, destruction of, ii., 171; subjects on the walls of, ii., 176; scenes depicted in, ii., 252; styles and arrangements, ii., 254; description of interiors of, ii., 297, 298.
Tools, variety of, ii., 227.
Toomân Bey, last of the Mamelukes, i., 246.
Tourah, quarries at, i., 142; quarries of, ii., 153; view of, *ib.;* legend of Greek captives in the quarries, i., 186.
Tray for rings, in shape of a female, ii., 259.
Trees of the Delta, i., 70; illustration of the mode of felling, i., 134.
Triad of Esneh, ii., 308.
Tribes of Nubian Egypt, ii., 341, 342.
Trilingual tablets, ii., 53, 54.
Tuaa, portrait of the queen, ii., 274.
Tuirsha, the, ii., 289.
Tunisian pilgrim, portrait of a, i., 89.
Turkey seller, a, ii., 191.
Turkeys, ii., 191, 193.
Tutmosis, or Thothmes, I., portrait of, ii., 50.
Typhon, myths of, i., 148; ii., 210.
Tyre, the port of, choked, i., 3.

U.

Una, Tomb of, i., 133.
Unas, or Onnos, builds pyramids of Dashoor, i., 121.
University of El-Azhar, ii., 63 *et seq.*
Uræus, or sacred snake, description and figure of, i., 122.
Urbib, a converted Jew, his benevolence, i., 38.
Urkhu, a nobleman, inspecting his fields, an illustration, i., 133; described, i., 138.
Userenra, or Rathures, builds pyramids of Zaweyet-el-'Aryan, i., 120.
Usertesen I., erects an obelisk, i., 186; statue of, ii., 171.
Utahorresenet, an Egyptian officer of state, narrative of, i., 73.

V.

Valley of the Speos Artemidos, ii., 175; of the kings, description of the approach to the, ii., 295, 296.
Vansleb (G. M.), notes of his visit to Egypt, i., 184.
Vases, ancient, illustrated, i., 29, 219; for the toilet, ii., 54, 55; for ointment, ii., 56.
Vatican, Pastophorus statue of Neith in the, i., 73.
Venice, growth of her ports, i., 42; supplied with silk stuffs from Alexandria, i., 57.
Victims, illustration of the slaughter of, i., 133.
Vienna, Arabian embroidery at, i., 57.
Village, description of a, i., 69, 70; in the Delta, view of a, i., 68; in upper Egypt, ii., 167.
Vintage, ancient Egyptian representation of the, i., 60.
Virgil, quotation from, i., 60.
Volney (G. F.), note of his visit to Alexandria, i., 31.
Von Kremer, his testimony respecting the camel, i., 57.
Von Minutoli (H. M.), Prussian general, his explorations, i., 156, 157.
Vyse (Col. H.), measurement of pyramids by, i., 141.

W.

Wady Sebooah, temple at, ii., 269.
Wahhabee sect, The, i., 312.
Walee, legend of a, i., 305.
Walees, half-witted, ii., 132.
Wall pictures and sculptures from tombs, i., 162—168.
Wasta, village of, ii., 155, 158.
Watchers for the new moon, ii., 119.
Water, enjoyments on the, i., 164; description of scenes on the, i., 170; and wells, public supply of, i., 252, 253.
Water-carrier, a, ii., 93, 291.

Waterfowl, abundance of, at Lake Menzaleh, i., 108.
Water vessels, figures of, i., 10.
Water-wheel, illustrations of a, i., 69, ii., 237; for irrigation, in the neighbourhood of Damietta, i., 110.
Watering roads, method of (illustrated), i., 43.
Wealth of Egyptian princes, i., 277.
Weapons, various (illustrated), i., 221; of Queen Aah-hotep, ii., 51.
Weaving, ancient method of, ii., 171; art of, ii., 175, 176.
Wehhabites, expedition against the, ii., 8.
Well of a house, ii., 81, 82.
Werdanee, mosque of, ii., 70.
Wezeers, rise of the power held by the, i., 230.
Wheat, illustration of an ear of, i., 93.
Widow mourning, illustration of a, i., 62
Wig, ancient use of the, ii., 45; of an Egyptian lady, ii., 47.
Wilkinson (Sir J. G.), numbers given by, to the tombs of the kings, ii., 297.
William of Tyre, his account of the palace of Cairo, i., 237.
Wine of Egypt, i., 60; use of, i., 224, 226.
Winkler (Wilibald), his description of the poet Freudenberg, i., 83.
Wolves, Egyptian, ii., 179, 186, 187.
Women, a group of, illustrated, i., 136; devotion of, i., 249.
Wood, petrified, ii., 145, 146.
Wood-carving, specimen of ancient, ii., 48.
Wooden statues, ii., 42, 43, 46.
Wrestling, scenes of, i., 164.
Writing, implements, used as hieroglyphic characters, i., 134; method of, among the Arabs, ii., 69.

Y.

Young (Thomas), studies the hieroglyphics, i., 79, ii., 39.

Z.

Za'ka, miraculous tomb at, i., 309,
Zakazeek, description of, i., 88, 89.
Zaweyet el'Aryan, Pyramids of, i., 120.
Zaweeyet el-Meyteen, ii., 160.
Zemzem, legend concerning the spring, i., 202.
Zenab, portrait of, i., 78.
Zikr, or mystical recitations, i., 307, 314; description of the, ii., 109—112, 128; varieties of the, ii., 110, 111.
Zodiac, head of Serapis in a, illustrated, i., 30; of Dendera, ii., 235.
Zoega (G.) on Egyptian currency, i., 64.
Zoobeyr, self-sacrifice of, i., 193.
Zuweyyid, grave of, i., 309.

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